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GEORGE G. COOKMAN.

COOKMAN disappeared from our midst by a terrible disaster, in the prime of his manhood, and at a period in his ministerial career when the star of his fame seemed about to culminate and attract the gaze, not only of the Church, but of the nation. We are not aware that any portrait of him has before been given to the public; it is not fitting that such a man should be left in his watery grave without

VOL. VII.—7

some such published representation, however humble.

He was born in 1800, at Hull, England, and came of a good old Wesleyan stock. His father, a man of wealth and of high respectability, was a Methodist local preacher, and his early domestic education tended to form the son for the work of his life. While yet very young he gave evidence of his peculiar capabilities for

public speaking, on the platform of Sunday-school and juvenile missionary anniversaries. Some of these efforts of his childhood are said to have excited extraordinary interest.*

In his eighteenth year the death of a young friend left a profound religious impression upon his mind, which resulted in his conversion. When about twenty-one years old he visited this country, on business for his father, and while at Schenectady, N. Y., received the impression that it was his duty to devote his life to the Christian ministry. He began there, we believe, his labors as a local preacher. In 1821 he returned to Hull, and entered into business with his father, exercising his talents meanwhile zealously in the Wesleyan local ministry. He continued in his father's firm during four years, but with a restless spirit; his ardent heart panted for entire devotion to Christian labors. So profound was his conviction of duty in this respect that it visibly affected him; and his father, prizing him with an Englishman's regard, as his eldest son, and the representative of his family, but perceiving that he "*must go*," gave him up, and bade him depart with God's blessing. Having witnessed the heroic labors and triumphs of the Methodist preachers on this continent, he resolved to join them, and forthwith took passage for Philadelphia. After laboring a few months in that city as a local preacher, he was received into the Philadelphia Conference in 1826. He continued in the itinerant ranks, without intermission, the remainder of his life, laboring with indomitable energy, and constantly increasing ability and success, in various parts of Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, Maryland, and the District of Columbia.

Mr. Cookman was slight, but sinewy in person, and capable of great endurance. His arms were long, and gave a striking peculiarity to his gestures. His eye was keen and brilliant, his craniological development good, but not remarkable, and his lean features were galvanic with an en-

ergy which, Englishman though he was, never allowed any obese accumulations to form beneath them. He had too much soul to admit of excessive fatness. Frown not, ye Falstaff captains in the armies of Israel!—excessive fatness, we say; for we do not object to a substantial, vigorous rotundity—we have pleaded for it heretofore. Corpulency aggrandizes the body, but libels the soul; a gross, visible, self-obtruded libel is it amid the activities of this age, except when hereditary; albeit reverend dullness and dozy dignity often wrap themselves in its soft integuments. Good nature goes with it sometimes; yes, and so it does with stupidity in general. Pity on the good man who carries about with him this body of death—and yet how many such, like certain prelatial characters in Dante's purgatory, wander wearily about bearing intolerable burdens, and seeming to say with every heaving breath, "We can bear no more!" "Would he were fatter," said Cæsar of Cassius; but Cæsar himself was lean, and he feared the leanness of Cassius, because it had meaning in it—"he thinks too much." Cookman's agile movements scouted with defiance the morbid monster, and kept it ever in distant abeyance. Every nerve and muscle of his lithe frame seemed instinct with the excitement of his subject; even the foot often had its energetic gesture, and he took no little perambulatory range when the limits of the desk or platform allowed it. The latter was his favorite place; never did popular orator revel more in the licensed liberties of the platform. All his powers were brought out there, and lavished upon the occasion with absolute prodigality,—strong argumentation, dazzling imagery, satire, pathos, wit,—holding his hearers in a spell of close, clear thought, shaking them with resistless strokes of humor, melting them instantaneously into tears, or, by some energetic or heroic thought, throwing the whole assembly into tumultuous agitation, and provoking from it irrepressible responses. If at such times his manner tended to boisterousness, it seemed compatible with the scene: it is not the zephyr, but the mighty rushing wind that shakes and bends the forest.

There was in his voice a strenuous, silvery distinctness, and even music, which enhanced much the effect of his more powerful passages. In a large house, or

*An engraved likeness of him has, we believe, been in existence; but only locally among his personal friends. Our own is as good a one as could be obtained at this date. It is from a painting by Buchle, of Baltimore, now in possession of David Creamer, Esq., of that city, by whose politeness we have been permitted to engrave it.

at a camp-meeting, where he was usually the hero of the field, he could send its pealing notes, with thrilling effect, to the remotest hearer. The hall of representatives at Washington never echoed more eloquent tones or more eloquent thoughts than when he occupied its rostrum during his chaplaincy to Congress. He was peculiarly successful in these congressional ministrations. Notwithstanding the vast variety of character and prejudice concentrated at the national metropolis, during the legislative sessions, he was a universal favorite. All men about him felt that whether in the humble Methodist pulpit, or amid the magnificence of the national capital, he was *himself*; and men will generally, if not always, waive their personal prejudices in the presence of talent which stands forth before them in its simple genuineness, while few things can more effectually defeat real ability than attempts to exaggerate it by dissembling artifices. The trickery is not only morally ugly by its disingenuousness; but the popular sagacity, much keener than is commonly supposed, quickly perceives it, and takes an egotistical but honest pride in defying it. Mr. Cookman's sermons before Congress were thoroughly prepared; they were often truly great, but directly to the purpose, and stamped throughout with the honest, earnest individuality of the man. There was much of special adaptation in them. He was always apt in seizing on casual events for the illustration or enforcement of his subjects; but his congressional discourses were peculiarly distinguished by the success with which he availed himself of the exciting incidents of the place and season. These discourses had also a deep moral effect as well as oratorical interest. Several of his distinguished hearers, both in Congress and the executive department of the government, were awakened to a personal interest in religion by his powerful appeals.

He had good sense, and a good amount of it; but his imagination was his dominant faculty. It furnished him incessantly with brilliant illustrations. Besides the minute beauties with which it interspersed his ordinary discourses, it sometimes led him into allegories which might have entertained the dreams of old John Bunyan. The martial Bible Society address at New-Brunswick, in 1828, to

which we have referred; the mission ship, in his famous Baltimore Conference speech of 1829; the widow and her daughters, in his American Sunday-School Union speech of 1831; and the personification of Liberalism, (the prodigal son of the "Spy Bigotry,") in his New-York Sunday-school address of 1832, are examples. It can hardly be doubted that had he devoted himself to the production of some work in this rare and difficult department of literature, he might have become a worthy disciple of the glorious old dreamer of Bedford jail. This allegorizing mood, however, befits the poet better than the orator.

In his private life Mr. Cookman had many attractions. His piety was deep, and he was always ready for any good word or work; but his religion never interfered with his enjoyment of life. He relished good fellowship, enlivening conversation, and the entertainment of books. He adhered through life, we believe, to the primitive Methodist costume; it was not the most graceful for his lank person, but under this Quaker-like external primness he carried a large and generous heart—a heart which seemed ever juvenile in the freshness of its sentiments and the ardor of its aspirations.

On the 11th of March, 1841, he embarked in the ill-fated steamer *President*, and was never heard of more.

The following is the martial part of Cookman's famous Bible Society speech:

"What, then, is the amount of the argument? We say, let each sect and party maintain its own distinctive position, and pursue its own plans of operation, in its own way, to the very uttermost. Let us agree to differ. We are none of us infallible. It is possible we may all be a little wrong, for it is as natural for man to err as to breathe. But how are we to set each other right? By the silent, quiescent neutrality of a nominal union? Nay, sir, in such a motionless reservoir the waters of life would stagnate. Let them rather run and encounter the winds of opposition and the rocks of controversy, and they will clear, and purify, and sparkle. Truth never did nor ever will lose any of its power by open and liberal discussion, even on religious points. Give it open field and fair play, and it shall overthrow the empire of infidelity, and conquer this world of sin.

"Let, then, the Bible be the rallying point of Protestant Christians. Let them dispute for truth, not victory; let the God of peace preside in every controversy; yet let all be conducted in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace. Let each go to his post of duty, and without interfering or quarreling with his neighbor, do his uttermost under his own particular standard; let there be no strife, for we are all brethren, and the world is large enough for us all.

"The union, then, which I would propose would be a union in spirit, rather than a union in doctrine; let each party of Protestant Christians make its own distinctive effort in its own way, rather than in a promiscuous union of the general mass. For, sir, depend upon it, David will not fight in Saul's armor, and we can no more make men act precisely alike than we can force them to think precisely alike. Will you allow me, sir, another illustration in confirmation of these views of Christian union? When we look abroad upon the signs of the times, I think we shall see the religious as well as the political world on the eve of convulsion and conflict. Thank God, the Christian world have heard the trumpet of alarm: they are mustering for the battle, and by one simultaneous effort they are coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty; and never, since the days of the apostles, was there so general a movement as at the present crisis. The energy of divine truth is powerfully operative through the varied enginery of Bible, missionary, tract, and Sabbath school societies. There is a shaking among the kingdoms, and the world feels the earthquake shock. Nor, sir, are the powers of darkness asleep—they have taken the alarm."

"I believe, sir, we are on the eve of a general engagement. Now, sir, borrowing the allusion, will you permit me to marshal the Christian army on those principles of union I have endeavored to sustain? Let, then, our Bible societies, with their auxiliaries, be a line of forts established along the enemy's frontier as bulwarks of defense. Let them be military magazines, well stored with spiritual weapons and gospel ammunition, general rallying-points for the whole army, and strongholds from whence our missionary riflemen may sally forth on the enemy. Let our Sabbath schools be military academies, in

which cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord. Let the tract societies be as so many shot-houses for the manufacture of that small but useful material.

"Having thus, sir, disposed of the out-works, let us endeavor to arrange the army. Suppose, sir, for example, we begin with the Methodists; and as they are said to be tolerable pioneers and excellent foragers in new countries, and active withal, I propose that we mount them on horseback, and employ them as cavalry, especially on the frontiers. And as our Presbyterian brethren love an open field, and act in concert, and move in solid bodies, let them constitute our infantry; let them occupy the centre in solid columns, and fight according to Napoleon's tactics, in military squares, ever presenting a firm front to the enemy. Our Baptist brethren we will station along the rivers and lakes, which, we doubt not, they will gallantly defend, and win many laurels in the lake warfare. Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church shall man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries. But, sir, we want artillery men. Whom shall we employ? The light field-pieces and the heavy ordnance must be served. I propose, sir, that we commit this very important department to our brethren of the Dutch Reformed Church; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valor worthy their ancestors, when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea, and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean. And now, sir, the army is arranged. We have one great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose orders we are all bound to obey. Our standard is the cross, and onward is the watchword. Let us give no quarter; we fight for death or victory.

"At the same time let us preserve our original order. United in spirit and design, let us be distinct in movement. Let not the cavalry, infantry, and artillery men mingle in one indiscriminate mass. Let each keep his proper position, adopt his peculiar uniform, act under his local colors, and fight in his own peculiar manner. Thus we shall act with consistency and vigor, without discomposing each other, or disordering the ranks.

"Let a strict religious discipline prevail throughout the camp, for we must not suffer that shameful reproach that we recommend to others what we practice

not ourselves. Accordingly, let us, like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents.

"And now, sir, let us to the field of action. May the God of battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell 'shake to their center'!

"Sir, it was at the close of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times that a celebrated military chieftain, from his point of observation, saw with deepest anxiety the shattered remains of his noble army ready to sink under the protracted fatigue of a three days' fight. At this eventful crisis he summons around him his council of officers. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'these brave fellows can hold out no longer.' Pulling out his watch, 'Gentlemen, it now wants fifteen minutes of six o'clock. If the Prussians do not arrive before six, I must sound a retreat. Gentlemen, to your positions.' He stood—he looked at his watch—he looked to the field—he looked upward to heaven, and implored help from the great Arbiter of battles. It was an awful moment. Minute succeeded to minute. His hard-earned laurels, the honor of his country, the destinies of Europe, hung trembling in the balance. At length the cry bursts on his listening ear, 'The Prussians are coming!' He starts from his knees; he flings away his watch; he cries, 'All's well—the day is ours.' Sir, let us keep the field, maintain our position, do our duty, and all will be well—the day shall be ours. Before I sit down I have a duty to perform to that portion of the army here assembled. I have to forewarn them that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. I will endeavor to describe this diabolical spy as well as I can. He is remarkably old, having grown gray in iniquity. He is toothless and crooked, and altogether of a very unsavory countenance. His name, sir, is BIGOTRY. He seldom travels in daylight, but in the evening shades he steals forth from his haunts of retirement, and creeps into the tents of the soldiers; and with a tongue as smooth and deceptious as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavors 'to sow arrows, firebrands, and death' in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise those in open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the cavalry against

the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry. And in so doing he makes no scruple to employ misrepresentation, slander, and falsehood—for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning. Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him. I hope if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers they will ride him down, and put him to the sword without delay; I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and should he dare to approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-flanked battery; and the Dutch Reformed greet him with a whole round of artillery. Let him die the death of a spy, without military honors; and after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble!

"And as allusion has been made to the Society of Friends, permit me, in conclusion, to relate an anecdote, connected with a highly-respectable member of that body of professing Christians, which illustrates all that I have endeavored to maintain.

"A gentleman employed in raising funds toward the erection of a new Episcopal church, waited upon a member of the Society of Friends, of known philanthropy and liberality. Having stated his object and presented his subscription paper, the Friend, after a pause, very gravely said, 'Friend, thee knows we cannot consistently with the sentiments of Friends help to build thy steeple houses.' The gentleman politely expressed his regret, and was about to withdraw, when the Quaker recalled him by saying, 'Friend, let me see thy paper again—doth it not state that there is an old steeple house to be pulled down?' The gentleman answered in the affirmative. 'Ah!' says our Friend, 'then I have it: here, I give thee twenty pounds; but observe—you carefully mark, I give this not to build the new steeple house up—no, no; but to pull the old steeple house down.'"

In his New-York Sunday-School Union address he reassails the *spy* *Bigotry* in the person of his son *Liberalism*.

"But, sir, before I close my observations, truth and candor compel me to state, that in the way of the accomplishment of this glorious consummation there exists a formidable impediment. I refer, sir, to the prevalence of that latitudinarian spirit now operating in the Protestant Churches; a spirit which too frequently compromises the integrity of Christian principle, and, consequently, neutralizes the decisive force of Christian action.

"Permit me, sir, to illustrate my meaning. It was announced some years ago that *old Bigotry* was dead and fairly buried. I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing this audience that it has been discovered of late that he left behind him an only child—a prodigal son, who is arrived at man's estate. This son is known by the name of *Liberalism*. Young Liberalism is the very antipodes of his old father. He is handsome, polite, insinuating—and, although somewhat superficial, possesses that polish and tact which impose on general observers. He speaks all languages, subscribes to all creeds, holds a levee with all sects and parties, is friendly with everybody, but stands identified with nobody. He professes to abhor religious controversy, and disposes of all doctrinal questions by a motion of indefinite postponement. He can swallow the wafer with the Papist, receive the cup with the Protestant, and thrust the Westminster Confession and the Methodist Discipline into the same pocket. You can never find Liberalism at home, or, rather, 'he is never at home but when from home.' He sails all waters under all colors; he exhibits the papers of all nations, but he hails to no port, he chartered to no country—and, therefore, we strongly suspect that he is, in reality, a *pirate*.

"In a word, sir, to speak without a figure, we are fully of the judgment that this spurious liberalism is a grand obstacle in the way of the conversion of the world. Truth, sir, is unique, and, to be efficient, must stand forth in all its prominent peculiarities. If you soften down her features, you destroy her beauty and paralyze her usefulness. We believe that, in the present constitution of the Church, the arrangement of sects and parties is, upon the whole, for the best. It checks the growth of heresy, excites a spirited competition, and prevents the aggrandizement of eccle-

siastical domination. There was a time when we thought otherwise, particularly in its application to our Sabbath schools; when we supposed it to be unwise to introduce doctrinal peculiarities into the minds of children, and that a liberalizing system would be for the better. But, sir, we see our error and confess it. We *dare* not mitigate the matter; we *must* teach the *whole truth*. The infidel spirit of the times demands that we hold fast *the form* of sound words. Our children require this at our hands."

His Mission Ship speech was not so happy a conception; but by his peculiar delivery had a thrilling effect on audiences in Baltimore and New-York. We give an extract:—

"We were saying, sir, that the age in which we live was distinguished by unprecedented improvements. One astonishing discovery has followed upon another, proving how amazingly the vast powers of nature may be made subservient to the purposes of art; and among these stands preeminent the steamboat, the bright production of the creative genius of the immortal Fulton. It is the eighth wonder of the world.

"While, sir, I as an individual reader up my meed of admiration, permit me to say, that there is a vessel now afloat which, though less celebrated on the pillar of this world's fame, has been productive of more real benefit to the best interests of mankind.

"She was built at the Foundry, city of London, under the direction of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley. She is constructed on precisely the same model, and built of the same materials, as the *old ship* which was launched in the city of Jerusalem by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, immediately after his resurrection, and afterward sailed and navigated by the fishermen of Galilee. She is, sir, to all intents and purposes, a *missionary vessel*, calculated for spiritual discovery and Christian colonization. She carries letters of marque, a chosen crew of missionary adventurers, and steers by the bright and morning star of Bethlehem. It is true, indeed, for the first few years her voyages were confined to the British seas. She alternately visited the islands of Ireland, Scotland, Man, Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey; in all which, under the blessing of God, flourishing colonies were es-

tablished. But, sir, the God of heaven never intended her for a mere coaster; she was destined to circumnavigate the globe. Accordingly, sir, at this juncture, the great Head of the Church raised up a body of men of high missionary feeling—spirits of lofty enterprise, hearts of universal charity. Need I name an Asbury, a Boardman, a Pilmoor, a Whatcoat, and last, not least, a Coke? These men, adventurous as Columbus, and greedy of souls as ever Spaniards were of gold, launched the missionary vessel into the great and boundless deep of the Atlantic; and, favored by propitious gales and an approving God, reached the shores of this new and far-famed world. Here, sir, they boldly planted the standard of Methodism. Here they found the fields white already to the harvest, nor had they long to complain that the laborers were few. God gave the word, and great was the increase of able and effective men in this western vineyard of the Lord. The word of the Lord was like fire among dry stubble—it cleared the woods—it ran along the banks of our vast rivers—it was irresistible—it crossed the northern lakes—it penetrated the southern swamps—it defied the frosts of Canada—it sealed the summits of Alleghany—and now, sir, let the pious observer behold the great family of Methodism, from New-Orleans in the south to Labrador on the north, sitting beneath their own vine and fig-tree—and truly may he exclaim, ‘What hath God wrought!’

“But, sir, we are digressing. We must return to the missionary ship, and, if you please, embark for Europe. Mr. Wesley, finding that the Lord was opening up missionary ground in distant lands, and being himself detained at home, by the weight of his societies, appointed Dr. Thomas Coke admiral of the ship, with a commission for foreign service. And truly we may say the office was made for the man, and the man for the office. He was a Welchman by birth, and a cosmopolite in feeling. I saw the admiral when I was a boy, and hope never to forget him. He was, like Zacheus, a man of small stature; but, sir, there was a great soul in a little body. O who can forget the honest enthusiasm which glowed in his animated countenance, or the kindling glance of his benevolent eye? He was the apostle—he was the martyr of Methodist missions. For them he was willing to suffer the loss of

all things. In this spiritual adventure he risked his life, his purse, his reputation, his all. He stopped at no difficulty, and though on some occasions his vessel (as it respects money matters) was in the shallows, yet she never struck the ground. In the prosecution of duty he feared no danger. His favorite motto was, ‘I am immortal till my work is done.’ Appointed by the father of Methodism to this missionary command, he entered upon his office with humble boldness and generous enthusiasm. He hoisted the broad flag of *free grace* at his mast-head, and, spreading his white canvas to the winds of heaven, steered for America. And although tremendous storms drove his vessel out of her intended course down to the West India Islands, yet here we have to acknowledge the finger of God bringing real good out of seeming evil. For from that apparent accident sprung one of the most extensive, productive, and benevolent of modern missions, which has eventuated in the salvation of thousands of the African race. It would be endless to follow the admiral through all the cruising activity of his missionary life. Suffice it to say that he lived as he died, and died as he lived—a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The ocean was his sepulcher, but he being dead yet speaketh. Yet when he died the enemies of missions began to triumph. ‘We shall hear no more of Methodist missions,’ said they. ‘No doubt the enthusiastic old man and his mad schemes have failed together.’ But, sir, these self-made prophets proved themselves false prophets, for when our Elijah ascended to glory there were many Elishas to catch the descending mantle of his charity. The admiral was dead; but, sir, the good missionary ship floated her triumphant course over the main, and waved her joyous banner to the nations. She doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and landed a band of spiritual warriors on the East India shores. Thence standing for New South Wales and the Sandwich Islands, she stretched across to Madagascar, touching at South and Western Africa, in all which places she established Christian colonies. Nay, sir, she has sailed under the batteries of Copenhagen up the stormy Baltic, and established a Methodist mission in the very fastnesses of Sweden. She has passed under the guns of Gibraltar, landing her missionary warriors

on that impregnable fortress; and, finally, she has traversed those seas, and planted colonies on the very ground once trod by the feet of the holy apostles.

"But, sir, you are ready to think we are sailing out of all longitude and latitude. We shall, therefore, with your permission, bring our missionary vessel home to port, with one observation, namely, Is she to remain in port? Is she to be laid up as a dismantled hulk—a melancholy memorial of what our fathers were able to begin, and we are unwilling to finish?

"Methinks I hear some cautious calculator hint, 'Charity begins at home.' Granted, my brother; but remember, charity must not remain at home. When the pressing wants of home are tolerably supplied, let her go forth, like Noah's dove, on an errand of mercy to the four quarters of the globe. Such is the spirit of the missionary commission, and such was the practice of the missionary apostles. We are ready to admit that these United States have presented and do present a vast and comprehensive field for the incessant labors of our active itinerancy. We are ready to admit that the Indian tribes make a loud and pressing appeal for renewed and increasing exertion, and may God prosper that noble mission! but, sir, we are not ready to admit that this missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources and responsibility of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Granting, as we do, that much has been accomplished at home with very small means, is that any reason why *something* might not be accomplished *abroad* with greater? What, sir, surrounded as we are by the spirit-stirring activity of the age, are we to sit still at home and let other men take our missionary crown? Forever perish the thought! Sir, I this night propose that we forthwith put the missionary vessel to sea under the care of American pilots; and, sir, let her first voyage be eastward.

"There is on the western coast of Africa an American, and, I thank God, we may add, a *Christian colony*, which, under the blessing of Heaven, promises to be a focus for the evangelization and civilization of that benighted continent. The freemen of Liberia are standing on those shores, and uttering the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' That colony is precious to the heart of the philanthropist—it stands

the altar of a national atonement, and an imperishable monument of a nation's benevolence. And, sir, while the moral feeling of this republic is promoting its temporal interests, while the north is giving up and the south keeping not back, shall the Methodists of these United States be backward in answering the will of those gifted and qualified men who are crying, 'Here am I; send me?' Sir, nothing is wanting but the means, and I am persuaded the means will not be wanting. And, sir, are the South American republics to be forgotten? Do these present no claim upon our benevolence? Among the millions of this extensive continent is there no field for missionary labor? If these United States have given them the bright model of a civil constitution, shall they withhold the brighter boon of religious liberty and Christian knowledge? It is high time something should be done. Let our missionary vessel stretch along the coasts of South America. Let her touch at Havana, at Rio Janeiro, at Buenos Ayres, and leave her missionaries at all these places; let her double Cape Horn, and coast along the shores of the Pacific. Yea, sir, let her never drop her anchor until she complete the circumnavigation of this transatlantic world.

"But, sir, before we hoist our sails we are arrested by a very abrupt consideration—the *means*. Who shall pay the freight of the vessel? We have the men, but, sir, we want the money; for it is demonstrably certain that if the world is to be evangelized, it must be by *means*, not by miracles. And, sir, if we succeed in getting our missionary vessel under way, it will not be by fair speeches, or loud professions, but by fulfilling to the letter the laconic peroration of Dean Swift's celebrated sermon—we must, in one word, '*down with our dust.*'"

With such tact and humor, and illustrative aptitude, did he manage these anniversary occasions: but the reader, who never heard him, can hardly imagine the effectiveness of his manner—the strenuous tone of his ringing voice, the martial fire and energy of his gestures, the mixture of seriousness and semi-drollery (heightened by his Quaker costume and slight, straight figure, and long apelike arms ever in motion) with which he dramatized the whole scene before his wondering audience.



A PICTURE, BY KEATS.

YOUNG Calidore is paddling o'er the lake;
His healthful spirit eager and awake
To feel the beauty of a silent eve,
Which seem'd full loth this happy world to leave,

The light dwelt o'er the scene so lingeringly.
He bares his forehead to the cool blue sky,
And smiles at the far clearness all around,
Until his heart is well nigh overwound,
And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the waters' brim
And show their blossoms trim.
Scarce can his clear and nimble eyesight follow
The freaks and dartings of the black-wing'd swallow,

Delighting much to see it half at rest,
Dip so refreshingly its wings and breast
'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon
The widening circles into nothing gone.

And now the sharp keel of his little boat
Comes up with ripple, and with easy float,
And glides into a bed of water-lilies:
Broad-leaved are they, and their white canopies
Are upward turn'd to catch the heavens' dew.
Near to a little island's point they grew;
Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view
Of this sweet spot of earth. The bowery shore
Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
And light blue mountains: but no breathing man

With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
Nature's clear beauty, could pass lightly by
Objects that look'd out so invitingly
On either side. These gentle Calidore
Greeted, as he had known them long before.

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress,
Whence, ever and anon, the joy outsprings,
And scales upon the beauty of its wings.

The lonely turret, shatter'd, and outworn,
Stands venerably proud—too proud to mourn
Its long-lost grandeur: fir-trees grow around,
Ay, dropping their hard fruit upon the ground.

The little chapel, with the cross above,
Upholding wreaths of ivy; the white dove,
That on the windows spreads his feathers light,
And seems from purple clouds to wing its flight.

Green-tufted islands casting their soft shades
Across the lake; sequester'd leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral fox-gloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch-trees, or long grass which hems
A little brook. The youth had long been view-

ing
These pleasant things, and heaven was bedewing
The mountain flowers, when his glad senses
caught

A tranquet's silver voice. Ah! it was fraught
With many joys for him: the warder's ken
Had found white coursers prancing in the glen:
Friends very dear to him he soon will see;
So pushes off his boat most eagerly.
And soon upon the lake he skims along,
Deaf to the nightingale's first under-song;
Nor minds he the white swans that dream so
sweetly:

His spirit flies before him so completely.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE LOST.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

SWEET violets on a grassy mound
Beside a river pure and bright,
Perfume the airs that breathe around
At morning, noon, and night.

Awaken'd by the genial rays
Of spring-time, from the sod they burst,
And smiling, met our tearful gaze,
Of all the wild-wood flowers the first.

So they, for whom our tears are shed,
Have pass'd to purer joys above:
O, say not they are lost, are dead—
Theirs is a home of light and love.



ORPHANAGE.

THE above engraving, representing orphanage, is a copy of a group, in marble, which attracted no little attention at the last exhibition of the Royal Acade-

my of London. The artist is M. G. Physick. The group needs no explanatory comment—it speaks for itself—its every attribute is expressive.



ACADIA.

THE SCENE OF LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

IN traveling through Nova Scotia, the tourist is struck with the numerous memorials of the early French inhabitants. Ancient orchards, which had been planted by those industrious and peaceful settlers, are seen along the roadsides. Rows of tall Lombardy poplars, also, remind us of France; and in the alluvial plains of Cornwallis and Annapolis, our attention is called to long green mounds, or dikes, which had been constructed by the old French proprietors. Wherever, indeed, there is any old work of art, it is French, unless it happen to be a decayed blockhouse or fort, which had been erected for the purpose of oppressing that ill-treated people. One hears so much of the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, that it would almost seem as if there were nothing to be admired in any other class of American settlers; and yet in the original French occupants of Nova Scotia would have been found an example of great integrity, with a kindness of manner and a depth of piety seldom equaled; while the sufferings to which this people were subjected must ever command the utmost sympathy and regret.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Nova Scotia, under the name of Acadia, was the earliest French possession in America. There, a few adventurous families from the north of France had built their dwellings about sixteen years before the Puritans landed in Massachusetts. In process of time they had cleared the forest, multiplied in numbers, and in all respects approved themselves a thriving and peaceable community.

Through a long succession of years, nothing appears to have disturbed them in their solitary and hard-earned possessions. As French subjects, and professors of the Roman Catholic religion, they may have been to some extent obnoxious to the nearest English settlements, the inhabitants of which, from strong hereditary reasons, had a fierce abhorrence of "Popery;" but with these the Acadians had too little intercourse to be much influenced by the feelings or opinions they might entertain respecting them. Nor were they, for a long time, much disturbed by the contest in which the French and English governments became engaged for the acquisition of further territory, and

the consequent limitation of the power of each nation. This contest, however, was frequently interrupted by treaties and arrangements respecting boundaries, some of which had reference to the occupation of Acadia; and at length, by a stipulation made at the Peace of Utrecht, the province was finally ceded to Great Britain.

The change of sovereignty does not appear at first to have effected any material alteration in the condition of the people. It was intended to secure their obedience by intermixing them with English colonists; but the presence of a feeble garrison at Annapolis, and the emigration of hardly half-a-dozen English families, were for many years nearly all that marked the supremacy of England. The old inhabitants remained on the soil which they had

subdued, scarcely conscious that they had changed their rulers. They took, indeed, an oath of fidelity and submission to the English king; but in return they were promised indulgence in "the true exercise of their religion, and exemption from bearing arms against the French or Indians." On account of this, they became known under the name of the "French neutrals." For nearly forty years from the Peace of Utrecht, they were left undisturbed in the possession of their prosperous seclusion. "No tax-gatherer counted their folds; no magistrate dwelt in their hamlets. The parish priest made their records, and regulated their successions. Their little disputes were settled among themselves, with scarcely an instance of an appeal to English authority at Annapolis. The pas-



VILLAGE OF ACADIA.

tures were covered with their herds and flocks; and dikes, raised by extraordinary efforts of social industry, shut out the rivers and the tide from the alluvial marshes of exuberant fertility. The meadows thus reclaimed were covered by richest grasses, or fields of wheat, that yielded fifty and thirtyfold at the harvest. Their houses were built in clusters, neatly constructed and comfortably furnished; and around them all kinds of domestic fowls abounded. With the spinning-wheel and the loom their women made, of flax from their own fields, of fleeces from their own flocks, coarse but sufficient clothing. The few foreign luxuries that were coveted could be obtained from Annapolis or Louisburg in return for furs, or wheat, or cattle.

Thus were the Acadians happy in their neutrality, and in the abundance which they drew from their native land. They formed, as it were, one great family. Their morals were of unaffected purity. Love was sanctified and calmed by the universal custom of early marriages. The neighbors of the community would assist the new couple to raise their cottage, while the wilderness offered land. Their numbers increased, and the colony, which had begun only as the trading station of a company with the monopoly of the fur trade, counted perhaps sixteen or seventeen thousand inhabitants."*

* Bancroft's History of the American Revolution.

Longfellow thus celebrates their rural life :—

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin
of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of
Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows
stretch'd to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.

o o o o o o o o
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the
Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of
oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the
reign of the Henries.
Thatch'd were the roofs, with dormer windows;
and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded
the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when
brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes
on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white cap,
and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spin-
ning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy
shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels
and the songs of the maidens."

At length, England vigorously under-
took to colonize the country, and from
that time the independence of these simple
people began to be seriously affected. In
March, 1749, proposals were made to dis-
banded officers, soldiers, and marines, to
accept and occupy the vacant lands; and
before the end of June, more than fourteen
hundred persons, under the auspices of the
British Parliament, were conducted by
Colonel Edward Cornwallis into the har-
bor of Chebucto. "There, on a cold and
sterile soil, covered to the water's edge
with one continued forest of spruce and
pine, whose thick underwood and gloomy
shade hid rocks and the rudest wilds, with
no clear spot to be seen or heard of," rose
the present town of Halifax. Before win-
ter, three hundred houses were covered
in. At a place now called Lower Horton,
a blockhouse was also raised, and forti-
fied by a trench and a palisade; while, on
the present site of Windsor, a fort was
soon erected, to protect the communica-
tions with the town. These positions,
with Annapolis on the Bay of Fundy, se-
cured the peninsula to the English, a part
of which had now again become matter of
dispute between the French and British
governments.

To make sure of the submission of the
French inhabitants, it was suddenly pro-
claimed to their deputies convened at Hali-
fax, that English commissioners would
repair to their villages, and require them
to take the oath of allegiance uncondi-
tionally. This placed them in a perilous
predicament. They could not pledge them-
selves to join in war against the land of
their origin and love; and so, in a letter
signed by a thousand of their men, they
pleaded rather for leave to sell their lands
and effects, and abandon the peninsula for
other homes, which France, as they sup-
posed, would generously provide. But
Cornwallis would offer them no choice,
save between unconditional allegiance and
the total confiscation of their property.
"It is for me," said he, "to command and
to be obeyed;" and as he had the power
to enforce his unjust exactions, the poor
Acadians were subjected to the most
merciless severities. Their papers and
records, the titles to their estates and in-
heritances, were taken from them. In
cases where their property was demanded
for the public service, they were informed
that "they were not to be bargained with
for payment." An order to this effect,
says Mr. Baneroff, may still be read in
the council records at Halifax. They
were told that they must comply, without
making any terms, and that "immediately,"
or "the next courier would bring an order
for military execution upon the delin-
quents." And when on some occasions
they delayed in providing firewood for
their oppressors, it was told them from the
government, that if they did not do it in
proper time, the soldiers should "absol-
utely take their houses for fuel." Under
pretence of fearing that they might rise
in behalf of France, escape to Canada, or
convey provisions to the French garrisons,
they were ordered to surrender their boats
and firearms; which, accordingly, they did,
leaving themselves defenseless, and with-
out the means of flight. Not long after-
ward, orders were given to the English
officers to punish the Acadians at discre-
tion, should they in any case behave amiss;
if the troops were annoyed, vengeance was
to be inflicted on the nearest, whether the
guilty one or not, after the rate of "an
eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

These, and similar severities, were in
course of perpetration for nearly seven
years. Meanwhile the French, who dis-

puted the right of the English to a portion of the country which they claimed, took military occupation of the isthmus that formed the natural boundary between Acadia and the province of New France. Hence, however, their forces were ejected with little difficulty in 1755, and thenceforward the Acadians seemed to be left without the possibility of redress. In their extremity, they cowered before their masters, hoping forbearance; not unwilling to take an oath of fealty to England, yet in their single-mindedness and sincerity, still refusing to pledge themselves to bear arms against the land from which they sprung. The English were masters of the sea, were undisputed lords of the country, and could have exercised clemency without the slightest apprehension. But the men in power showed no disposition for acts of generosity or conciliation. Indignant at the obstinate consistency of the people, they sought only to reduce them to a humiliating dependence, and in the plenitude of their tyranny resorted to a project which the judgment of humanity must denounce as treacherous and dastardly. It was planned in secret, and no warning was given of their purpose till it was ready for being put into execution.

It was, in fact, determined, "after the ancient device of Oriental despotism," to carry away the French inhabitants of Acadia into captivity to other parts of the British dominions. In August, 1754, Lawrence, the lieutenant-governor of the province, had written to Lord Halifax in England: "They have laid aside all thought of taking the oaths of allegiance voluntarily. . . . They possess the best and largest tract of land in the province; if they refuse the oaths, it would be much better that they were away." The Lords of Trade, in reply, veiled their wishes under the form of decorous suggestions. "By the treaty of Utrecht," said they, referring to the French Acadians, "their becoming subjects of Great Britain is made an express condition of their continuance after the expiration of a year; they cannot become subjects but by taking the oaths required of subjects; and therefore it may be a question, whether their refusal to take such oaths will not operate to invalidate their titles to their lands. Consult the chief-justice of Nova Scotia upon that point; his opinion may serve as a foundation for future measures."

In the day of their affliction, France remembered the descendants of her sons, and asked that they might have time to remove from the peninsula with their effects, leaving their lands and homesteads to their conquerors; but in his answer, the British minister claimed them as useful subjects, and refused them the liberty of transmigration.

Some of the inhabitants pleaded with the British officers for the restitution of their boats and guns, promising fidelity if they could but retain their liberties; and declaring that not the want of arms, but their consciences, should engage them never to revolt. "The memorial," said Lawrence in council, "is highly arrogant, insidious, and insulting." Nevertheless, the memorialists, at his summons, came submissively to Halifax. "You want your canoes for carrying provisions to the enemy," said he, deridingly, though he knew no enemy was left in their vicinity. "Guns are no part of your goods," he continued, "as by the laws of England all Roman Catholics are restrained from having arms, and are subject to penalties if arms are found in their houses. It is not the language of British subjects to talk of terms with the crown, or capitulate about their fidelity and allegiance. What excuse can you make for your presumption in treating this government with such indignity, as to expound to them the nature of fidelity? Manifest your obedience by immediately taking the oaths of allegiance in the common form before the council."

To this demand the deputies replied, that they would do as the generality of the inhabitants should determine. The next day, however, foreseeing the sorrows that awaited them, they offered to swear allegiance unconditionally; but they were told, that by a clause in a certain British statute, persons who have once refused the oaths cannot be afterward permitted to take them, but are to be considered as Popish recusants; and as such they were immediately imprisoned. The chief-justice, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many innocent families, insisted that they were to be looked upon as confirmed "rebels," who had now collectively, and without exception, become "recusants." Besides, as they were still eight thousand or more in numbers, and the English did not exceed three thousand, they stood in the way of "the progress of the settle-

ment;" "by their noncompliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they forfeited their possessions to the crown;" and after the departure "of the fleet and troops, the province would not be in a condition to drive them out." "Such a juncture as the present might never occur;" so he advised that the French inhabitants should not be permitted to take the oaths, but that the whole of them should be removed from the province. After mature consideration it was resolved in council to act on this suggestion; and in order to prevent the ejected people from attempting to return and molest the settlers that might be set down on their lands, it was determined that it would be most proper to distribute them among the several colonies on the continent.

To secure the success of the scheme, an ungenerous artifice was adopted. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, they were peremptorily ordered—"both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age"—to assemble in specified localities on the 5th day of September (1755). Not knowing for what purpose, they innocently obeyed. For example, at Grand Pré, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church, and the doors were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, rose up, and thus addressed them: "You are convened together to manifest to you his majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live-stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in." And he thereupon declared them the king's prisoners. What a sound of mocking irony there must have rung through that expression, "his majesty's goodness!" The pitiful privilege which that goodness granted might as well have been withheld, since in effect it did not render them any the less destitute. Their wives and families were also the king's prisoners—numbering with themselves nineteen hundred and twenty-three persons. The doom which had been some time preparing for them took them completely by surprise.

They had left home, as they supposed, but for the morning, and now they were never to return.

Longfellow has described the scene almost literally:—

"So pass'd the morning away. And lo! with
a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the
meadows a drum beat.
Throng'd ere long was the church with men.
Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,
and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh
from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and
marching proudly among them
Enter'd the sacred portal. With loud and dis-
sonant clangor
Echo'd the sound of their brazen drums from
ceiling to casement,—
Echo'd a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the
will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from
the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the
royal commission.
'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by his
majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you
have answer'd his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural
make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know
must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will
of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and
cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you your-
selves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you
may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable
people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his
majesty's pleasure!
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice
of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling
of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and
shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with
thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their
inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the
words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and
anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rush'd
to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and
fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer."



THE CHURCH.

But a still more bitter day was coming. It was fixed that on the 10th of September a part of the exiles should be embarked. "They were drawn up six deep," writes Mr. Bancroft, "and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping, and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors went next: the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive."

The spectacle is thus described in *Evangeline* :—

"Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried;
and there on the sea-beach
Filed in confusion lay the household goods of
the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships
did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from
the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near
to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of
drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children throng'd. On
a sudden the church-doors

Open'd, and forth came the guard, and marching
in gloomy procession
Follow'd the long-imprison'd, but patient, Aca-
dian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are
weary and way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants
descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their
wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising
together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the
Catholic Missions :—
'Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength, and
submission, and patience!
Then the old men, as they march'd, and the
women that stood by the way-side
Join'd in the sacred psalm, and the birds in
the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of
spirits departed.

"Half-way down to the shore *Evangeline*
waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour
of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession
approach'd her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with
emotion.
Tears then fill'd her eyes, and, eagerly running
to meet him,
Clasp'd she his hands, and laid her head on his
shoulder, and whisper'd,—
'Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one
another,
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-
chances may happen.'
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly
paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas!
 how changed was his aspect!
 Gone was the glow from his cheek,
 and the fire from his eye, and
 his footstep
 Heavier seem'd with the weight of
 the weary heart in his bosom.
 But with a smile and a sigh she
 clasp'd his neck and embraced
 him,
 Speaking words of endearment where
 words of comfort avail'd not.
 Thus to the Gasperau's mouth moved
 on that mournful procession.

"There disorder prevail'd, and the
 tumult and stir of embarking.
 Busily plied the freighted boats;
 and in the confusion
 Wives were torn from their hus-
 bands, and mothers, too late,
 saw their children
 Left on the land, extending their
 arms, with wildest entreaties.
 So unto separate ships were Basil
 and Gabriel carried,
 While in despair on the shore Evan-
 geline stood with her father.
 Half the task was not done when the
 sun went down, and the twilight
 Deepen'd and darken'd around; and
 in haste the reflux ocean
 Fled away from the shore, and left
 the line of the sand-beach
 Cover'd with wails of the tide, with
 kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
 Further back in the midst of the
 household goods and the wagons,
 Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer
 after a battle,
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels
 near them,
 Lay encamp'd for the night the houseless
 Acadian farmers."

"The embarkation of the inhabitants
 goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton from
 Fort Cumberland, near which he had burn-
 ed three hamlets; "the most part of the
 wives of the men we have prisoners are
 gone off with their children, in hopes I
 would not send off their husbands without
 them." Their hope was vain. Near
 Annapolis, one hundred heads of families
 fled to the woods, and a party was de-
 tached on the hunt to bring them in.
 "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer
 on this occasion; "and if they can but
 find a pretext to kill them, they will."
 Did a prisoner seek to escape?—he was
 shot by the sentinel. Yet some fled to
 Quebec; more than three thousand had
 withdrawn to Miramichi and the region
 south of the Ristigouche; some found rest
 on the banks of the St. John's and its
 branches; some found a lair in their native
 forests; some were charitably sheltered

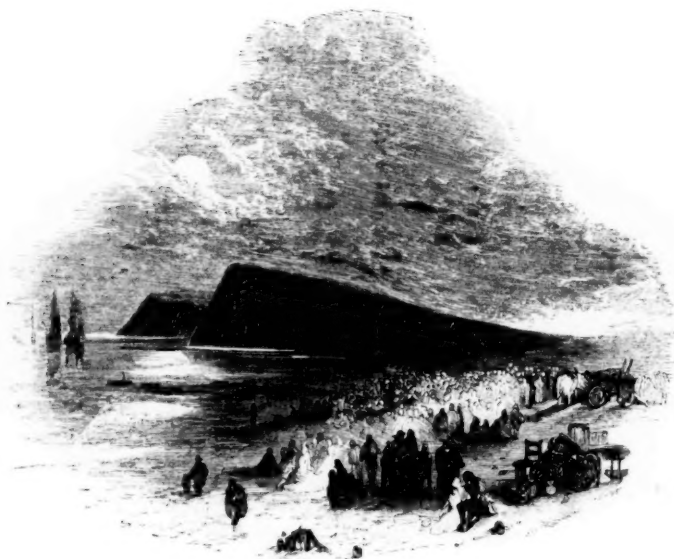
VOL. VII.—8



ACADIANS IN CHAINS.

from the English in the wigwams of the
 savages. But seven thousand of these
 banished people were driven on board ships,
 and scattered among the English colonies,
 from New-Hampshire to Georgia alone;
 one thousand and twenty to South Carolina
 alone. They were cast ashore without
 resources; hating the poor-house as a
 shelter for their offspring, and abhorring
 the thought of selling themselves as labor-
 ers. Households, too, were separated;
 the colonial newspapers contained adver-
 tisements of members of families seeking
 their companions, of sons anxious to reach
 and relieve their parents, of mothers mourn-
 ing for their children."

Poor wanderers! how they sighed for
 the pleasant villages whence they had been
 so cruelly driven out, and where they had
 so long dwelt so peacefully! But the hand
 that had expelled them was sternly raised
 to hinder them from returning. Their
 villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus,
 were laid waste. Their old homes were
 heaps of ruins. In one district as many
 as two hundred and fifty of their houses,



THE SEA-SHORE.

and more than as many barns, were entirely consumed. Their confiscated livestock, consisting of great numbers of horses, sheep, hogs, and horned cattle, were seized as spoils, and disposed of by the unscrupulous officials. "A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest-trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows." The whole land was cast back into the wilderness, and, had the dispersed inhabitants gone back to it, they would have hardly recognized a spot within its boundaries.

The exiles could not rest in their captivity; but relentless misfortune pursued them, by whatever way they sought after deliverance. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love for the spot where they were born, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting on from harbor to harbor till they reached New England; but just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were once more driven out from their new homes. When Canada

surrendered, the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Ristigouche were pursued by the scourges of unrelenting hatred. Those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented an humble petition to the Earl of Loudoun, then the British commander-in-chief in America; and in return, his lordship, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be consigned to service as common sailors on board of ships-of-war, and thus be kept from ever again becoming troublesome. No doubt existed of the king's approbation of these proceedings. "The Lords of Trade, more mercile than the savages and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that the zealous endeavors of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success." Wherever they turned, or whatever they did, these despoiled and outcast people encountered nothing but calamity. In their abject desolation, it even seemed to them that their cause was rejected by the universe. "We have been true," said they, "to our re-

ligion, and true to ourselves, yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance." Their hard fate might well impress them with even that disheartening conviction; yet it was not nature's doing, but "man's inhumanity to man," which in so many other instances "has made countless thousands mourn." Theirs, truly, is as sad a story as it can readily fall to one's lot to read; and, as such, it cannot fail to excite interest and sympathy in all who can feel compassion for the desolate and oppressed.

By these deeds of violence, the French were extirpated from Acadia. Only a few in obscure nooks escaped; and the descendants of these till the present day retain the language, the manners, and the religion of their forefathers—a curiosity in the present social system of Nova Scotia. Such is the historical basis of Longfellow's sweet poem of *Evangeline*, and one of the most affecting pages in American annals.

WATT AND THE STEAM-ENGINE.

THE name of WATT is inseparably associated with the application of steam to the highest and most practical ends. Though his parents were in a position to give him a comparatively liberal education, his delicate constitution interposed a serious obstacle to his progress. His attendance at school was very irregular, and sometimes he was absent for several successive months. But what he lost in the class, he more than made up in the chamber. His mind was intensely active, and his habits of inquisitiveness opened to him the stores of knowledge; nor could he turn away from any subject of inquiry till he had completely mastered it. He needed only to be prompted, and to him everything became the beginning of a new and devoted study. Mathematics and mechanics were his favorite pursuits; nor was his father backward in providing him with the necessary means for the prosecution of those little experiments in which in early life he was engaged. Such was his application to study, that he speedily made himself acquainted with every branch and department of science.

It would be both interesting and instructive to sketch the life of this illustrious man from the time that he was engaged to a mathematical and nautical

instrument maker in London down to the period when he withdrew from business into the dignified ease and retirement of private life, that, in the circle of those whom he loved, he might enjoy that social intercourse in which he so truly delighted. To the last he preserved not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gayety which had illuminated his happiest days. It has been said, that he had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretension; that there was nothing of effort or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanor; and that in the manners of no man could there have been a finer expression of reposing strength and of mild self-possession. We can easily conceive, therefore, with what emotions Sir Walter Scott looked upon "the man whose genius discovered the means of multiplying our national resources to a degree, perhaps, even beyond his own stupendous powers of calculation and combination; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the summit of the earth—giving to the feeble arm of man the momentum of an Afrite—commanding manufactures to arise—affording means of dispensing with that time and tide which wait for no man—and of sailing without that wind which defied the commands and threats of Xerxes himself. This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician, whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world, the effects of which, extraordinary as they are, are perhaps only beginning to be felt—was not only the most profound man of science, the most successful combiner of powers and calculator of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes—was not only one of the most generally well-informed, but he was also one of the kindest of human beings." In his eighty-first year, the alert, kind, benevolent old man—surrounded by a little band of northern literati—"had his attention at every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist; he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another a celebrated critic—you would have said that the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his



WATT'S MONUMENT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

life. Of science it is unnecessary to speak; it was his own distinguished walk." From his wide and varied attainments he was fitted to move in any circle; and there was no circle in which he was not received as one of the higher types of our humanity. Literary honors and distinctions were conferred upon him in profusion. Shortly before his death, he was elected a member of the National Institute of France; and in quitting the world, he left behind him a reputation as unlimited as the domain of science or the empire of civilization.

But it is not so much with the character of the man that we have to do, as with his inventions; nor so much with the details of those inventions, as with their application and practical working. His discoveries may be full of interest, as the mere fruits of genius; but when we think of their influence on civilization, and science, and social happiness, we have a

theme which challenges the highest efforts of eloquence, and which no force of eloquence can fully express.

There is scarcely a boy that occupies a form in one of our common public schools that is not familiar with the steam-engine; but how few have reflected on the magnitude and the effects of its motive power? The expansive force of steam, in raising water or any other liquid body, by pressure, above its natural height, was known even before the Christian era. And though in France some few efforts were made to use steam for mechanical purposes; though about the middle of the seventeenth century the Marquis of Worcester constructed his semi-omnipotent engine, by which one volume of water rarefied by fire could drive up forty volumes of water; though thirty years afterward Savary exhibited to the Royal Society his model of an en-

gine for draining mines, and raising water to unusual heights; though Papin, the French engineer, improved upon Savary, by making the steam act through the cylinder and the piston; and though the ideas of both these men gave birth, in the mind of Newcomen, to a machine in which there was a distinct vessel for the generation of the steam, and which was intended to raise water from greater depths, it was not till the steam-engine came into the hands of Watt, that it took on that mighty and all but perfect form which resulted from his manifold improvements.

It is well known that water is converted into steam by the action of heat; and that a cubic inch of water, weighing rather more than two hundred and fifty grains, may be turned into an equal weight of steam; while, in the act of transformation, it absorbs so much heat as to increase more than seventeen hundred times in bulk. In other words, a cubic inch of water may, at the boiling point, be converted into a cubic foot of steam, and it is this difference of bulk which gives us the true idea of the power of the steam-engine. And yet this expansion of the liquid body would be of little service, unless there were corresponding means of effecting a subsequent reduction of the steam. This reaction is produced by cold, which robs the steam of so much of its latent heat as to render it incapable of maintaining the vaporous form, and so reduces it again to water. But the steam once formed is, in Watt's engine, carried along a pipe into the cylinder, and passes through a valve so contrived as to regulate the quantity of steam admitted, according to the amount of power required. The cylinder is inclosed on all sides, having an internal piston, wholly shielded from the external air. The downward pressure of the air is lost, but, in lieu of it, steam is admitted above the piston as well as below. The cylinder is preserved constantly warm, and the condensation of the steam is effected in a separate cylinder, kept in a cistern of cold water. Supposing that steam admitted above the piston presses it down, a valve is then opened, by which the steam is conducted to the condenser and instantly cooled, whereby a vacuum is formed above the piston. Meanwhile steam is being admitted below the piston, and as the latter has now a vacuum above it, it is forced upward by the pressure from beneath. The commu-

nication between the condenser and the upper part of the cylinder is then cut off, and another opened with the lower part, whereby another series of changes occur, the steam driving the piston upward and downward alternately. To the piston is attached a metallic rod, which shares the reciprocating motion given to the piston, and hence any machinery attached to the remote end of the piston-rod is thus moved to and fro through an equal space with great rapidity.

But let us turn to the motive power of this machine. In the arts it takes the lead of all other inventions. And if we think of the economy in time, and labor, and cost which it insures, its merits are literally unspeakable. It is ascertained that the steam power at present employed in England is equal to the labor of eight millions of men, or one million six hundred horse power. And if it be true that a horse requires eight times the quantity of soil for producing food that a human being does, it follows that the food required for one million six hundred thousand horses would be equal to the food necessary for twelve millions eight hundred thousand men.

The draining machine of Newcomen, which was sent to Watt in 1763 for some repairs, he found to be a clumsy, noisy, inefficient apparatus; and in twenty years he had made and patented all those improvements which rendered his engine fit for those various and wondrous applications to which it is now devoted. But for these improvements, Britain could never have produced those manufactures which challenge the competition of the world, and find a market on the most distant shores. If human labor, or even horsepower, were employed instead of machinery, the manufactures could not be produced at so cheap a rate; or if the mechanism were less perfect, the article would be inferior in quality and in texture. "The rapid growth and prodigious magnitude of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain are beyond all question the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of industry. When she undertook the cotton manufacture, she had comparatively few facilities for its prosecution, and had to struggle with the greatest difficulties." But discovery and mechanical genius came to her relief. And though little more than half a century has elapsed since

the British cotton manufacture was in its infancy, it now forms the principal business carried on in that country.

As might have been expected, Newcomen's engines, which were used in all the mining districts, were soon supplanted by those of Watt; and, to say nothing of the efficient operation of the one in contrast with the other, such was the saving effected in time and labor, that the proprietors of the single mine of Chasewater, in the county of Cornwall, offered to pay \$12,500 per annum to Watt and his partner for the use of each engine. This was equal to one-third of the value of the coal saved by the new apparatus; from which it would appear that hitherto no less a sum than \$37,500 had been expended yearly in waste fuel.

It was now the object of Watt to render his machine applicable to general purposes. He not only succeeded in making the engine move in a straight line instead of a curve; not only procured a double action by the alternate admission and condensation of steam above and below the cylinder, and so gave a twofold power for the same size of cylinder; but he conceived that one-third of the steam might be shut off from the boiler before the stroke of the piston, whether upward or downward, was completed; since the expansive force of the two-thirds which were admitted would be sufficient to perfect the rise or fall of the piston. Though Watt did not carry out this idea, it has since been effected; and, marvelous to say, there are machines in Cornwall, England, which are worked on this principle of expansion, and by which a bushel of coals is made to perform the labor of twenty men working for ten successive hours, which is equivalent to performing a man's daily work at the cost of a single cent. If Watt left this improvement to be carried out by others, his genius provided an apparatus, which he named the governor, by which to regulate the quantity of steam admitted from the boiler to the cylinder; and it is this regulator, and a skillful employment of fly-wheels, which constitute the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the manufactures of our epoch. It is this which confers on the steam-engine a working movement which is wholly free from irregularity, and by which it can weave the most delicate fabrics as well as communicate a rapid

movement to the ponderous stone of a flour-mill. It may be true that in its applications to mills and factories, steam is more expensive than water-power; but this is more than compensated by the ease and steadiness with which it is worked, as well as by its being independent of situation or season, of time or place.

There is no evidence that the idea of a rail ever entered the mind of Watt, in connection with his locomotive engine. That it might be employed on the common highway was as far as his thoughts reached. But what are now the achievements of railway transit! Now we can cross the Atlantic, and force our passage to the most distant shores of the globe by steam. Nor can steam navigation be said to have yet reached its perfection. Its future development may throw its present triumphs into the shade, and be pregnant with results which no human reason can calculate or determine. At the beginning of the present century it was the labor of two men to throw off about two thousand sheets a day from the printing press; and now, by the application of steam, we can insure more than double the number in a single hour.

But space fails us to enumerate and describe the various applications of this wondrous motive power. What M. Arago predicted in his address on the claims and merits of Watt, to the members of the Royal Academy of Sciences in France, has all been fulfilled. In the short period of a few weeks he has penetrated as far into the bowels of the earth as before his time would have required a hundred years of painful labor; he has there opened up spacious mines, and in a few minutes cleared them of immense volumes of water; has brought up to light those boundless stores of mineral wealth which till then lay concealed in the virgin earth; has twisted those immense folds of gigantic cable by which the ship of the line embraces in safety her anchor in the midst of the tumultuous waves; has with this power united a delicacy which weaves the microscopic filaments of the delicate muslins and aerial lace; has brought swamps into culture, and rescued fertile countries from the most deadly miasm; has converted villages into towns, covered the country with elegant mansions; and advanced towns to large, beautiful, and wealthy cities.



THE WINGED LION.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT NINEVEH.

NINEVEH, to a great extent, was long hidden from the world. The inquisitive, the learned, the enterprising, sought for a true history of it in vain. No one had a clear sight of Nineveh—no one saw exactly what it had been in its meridian glory—until, through the researches of Botta, Layard, and others, an opening was made in the gathered darkness of ages, and the Assyrian city was palpably disclosed before the eyes of the astonished world. Here, in these unparalleled explorations, come out to view fragments of its architecture and sculptures; there, are revealed glimpses of its social, political, warlike, and even domestic life; while yonder, the very records of its history are being unrolled, and we are actually beginning to read portions of its annals.

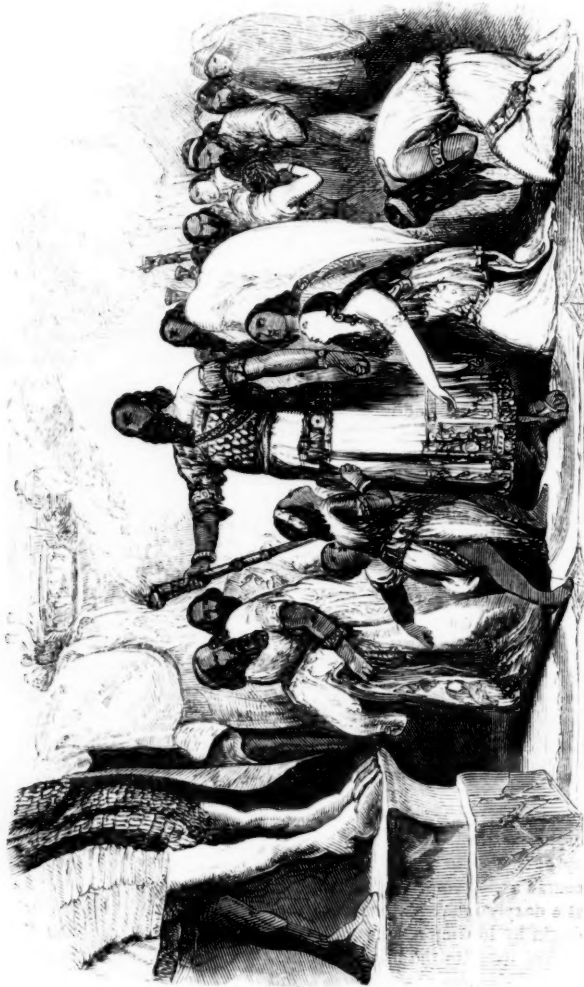
It is our purpose in this paper to tell, in brief, the story of Nineveh, so far as we know it; of course a very imperfect story at present, but a deeply interesting one.

We shall begin by looking at our subject as it presented itself to the minds of scholars before the recent discoveries were made. As Herodotus, in his great historical work, makes but few allusions to Assyria, and none which throw light upon its early history, but little assistance has been afforded by him. If he ever wrote a book expressly on Assyrian affairs—of which he expresses an intention in such portion of his writings as we possess—

that book has perished. The main authorities, then, for what was until of late known on the subject before us, were Berosus and Ctesias. The former was a Babylonian, living at Athens in the time of Alexander the Great; and being a priest of Belus, he possessed a large amount of Chaldean lore. He wrote a history of the Chaldees, of which, unfortunately, we have only a few fragments; in these, however, are found some scanty notices relating to the condition of the Assyrian power and people. The second ancient author was Ctesias, perhaps a cotemporary of Herodotus, who flourished in the fourth century before Christ. He is called, by Strabo, the historian of Assyria and Persia. He wrote a large work, of which the first six books were devoted to the former subject. The work in its entirety no longer exists, but, happily, an abridgment of it is preserved, so far as Persia is concerned, in the works of Photius. Of the part referring to Assyrian matters, there is no abridgment in Photius, but very large use of it is made by Diodorus Siculus, who may be regarded, in his account of Assyria, as giving the substance of his predecessor's labors. "Of later writers," says Dr. Layard, "who have touched upon Assyrian history, Diodorus Siculus, a mere compiler, is the principal. Eusebius, and the Armenian historians, such as Moses of Chorene,

have preserved a few valuable details and hints; they also obtained their information from elsewhere, but in some instances from original sources not altogether devoid of authenticity. Many other authors could be cited who, in their works, have casually alluded to events in Assyrian his-

tory, or have introduced brief notices concerning the Assyrian empire; but any particular account of them, or any analysis of the information they afford, would only weary the reader. It is remarkable that none of the authors alluded to, do more than mention by name any of the Assyrian



SELF-IMMOLATION OF SARDANAPALUS.

kings, with the exception of Ninus, Semiramis, and Sardanapalus, whom traditions have made celebrated, and whose deeds, like those of all prominent characters in an epoch before sober history commenced, have been invested with superhuman features, or have been mixed up with fables."

A great change has now come over our knowledge of Nineveh and Assyria, through the wonderful discoveries of recent explorers, and revelations of the mighty and teeming past are still in the course of progress. The inscriptions upon which Colonel Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks and

others, are laboriously employed, are of surprising value. They are, in fact, historical records full of particular and minute information. The sculptures and paintings, too, are of the greatest importance in reference to Assyrian history, because they afford abundant pictorial illustrations of the whole life of this wonderful people, from the sovereign down to the slave.

It is not our intention, in this elementary sketch, either to lead our readers into the bewildering mazes of chronological controversy, or to pass over in silence the wonderful stories derived from Ctesias. We believe that there is a real historical element blended with the mass of fables; and in the case of Nineveh, possibly, some day, such new light may be obtained from the discoveries going on as may give the critical historian the power of separating what is authentic from what is spurious. In the mean time, the best course to be pursued, perhaps, is to set down ancient tradition as we find it; giving, along with it, the distinct caution that it must not be altogether received as genuine history.

Ctesias was a Greek physician; and being taken prisoner in the rebellion of the younger Cyrus against his brother, was kept in captivity at the Persian court for seventeen years, where he enjoyed the favor of Artaxerxes Mnemon, in consequence of the surgical skill he had displayed in healing a dangerous wound which that monarch had received. It was in Persia that he collected the information respecting the Assyrians which has been handed down to us from him, and therefore it has this historical value at least, that it shows the notions of Assyria and of its early state entertained by the people who established their own power upon its ruins. Moreover, it indicates the ideas on the subject which possessed the minds of some of the Greeks.

I.

HERE, then, followeth the story of Ctesias, concerning Nineveh and its kings:—

Once on a time, in very distant ages, there was a king called Ninus, who ruled over the Assyrians, and was a man of great power, courage, and ambition. He was at the same time very wise and prudent, and carefully trained up the young men in his dominion to the use of arms,

VOL. VII.—9

and to the practice of all warlike exercises. Finding the Arabians to be a powerful people, he cultivated their friendship, and entered into alliance with Ariæus their prince. Uniting their forces together, these two warriors marched into Babylonia; but at that time the great city of Babylon was not built, though there were many towns in existence with numerous inhabitants. These, however, not being well fortified, easily fell a prey to Ninus and Ariæus, and the two invaders conquered the country, and exacted tribute of the people; they also led away captive the king and his family, and afterward put them to death. Next they went to war with Armenia, whose king, Barzanes, they forced to wait upon them with costly gifts, and allowed him to remain on his throne only upon condition of being the vassal of Ninus. Media was then subdued; and, according to an almost invariable rule, the thirst of conquest increasing the more it was gratified, the insatiable monarch set his heart upon being master of the whole of Asia. Very many, accordingly, were his successful campaigns, extending from the Tigris to the Hellespont, and from the Nile to the Caspian Sea. The Bactrians were the only people who successfully resisted this mighty hero; and they were indebted for their temporary safety to the formidable nature of their mountain fastnesses.

Ninus, having sent away the king of Arabia, began to build for himself, on the banks of the *Euphrates*, (so Ctesias says by an odd mistake, instead of the *Tigris*,) a great city with high walls and very lofty towers; the former one hundred feet, the latter two hundred feet in height, and altogether fifteen hundred in number. The city measured seventy-four miles in circumference; and so broad were the fortifications, that it is said, three chariots could drive along them abreast. The builder called the city Nineveh, after his own name; and after its completion he returned to war with the troublesome Bactrians, whom, in spite of their mountain strongholds, he was determined to subjugate.

Now, in connection with this enterprise, there occurred a remarkable event. Among the officers of Ninus, engaged in it, was one who had married a woman of extraordinary beauty and wisdom, called Semiramis. Her birth, it was alleged,

was more than mortal, for she was supposed to have sprung from a goddess, and to have been miraculously nourished in her infancy by a flock of doves. She had come to Nineveh, where she had smitten the heart of Menon; and now that his services were required against the Bactrians, he had brought his charming and heroic wife along with him to the camp. There had been wondrous preparations made for reducing the capital of Bactria. Soldiers and chariots without end had been brought before it, but still the place held out against the invaders. Semiramis watched what was going on in the Assyrian army, and also detected certain points in the Bactrian fortifications which the soldiers had negligently left defenseless; and being a very brave and intrepid woman, she induced certain of the Assyrian troops to follow her up the sides of the rock on which the city stood, by which piece of strategy she managed to take possession of the citadel. When this became known to King Ninus, he, of course, was curious to see so marvelous a woman, and she was accordingly introduced into his presence. As might have been anticipated, the monarch fell in love with this brave beauty; poor Menon hung himself in despair; and the monarch speedily married the widow. It was thus that Semiramis became queen of Nineveh. Ninus died soon after his marriage with her, and left her the occupant of his throne. Semiramis was as ambitious as her royal husband; and, as he had built a very great city, she determined, in order not to be outdone, to build another; and hence, under her direction, rose the mighty Babylon. Many other magnificent works she likewise accomplished, and among the rest a road called Semiramis's way. She spent much time in visiting her dominions, and even traveled into Egypt, where she was told by the oracle in the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, that she would vanish from among men, and be honored and worshiped by some of the Asiatics, whenever her son Ninyas—whom she had borne to Ninus—should plot against her life.

We learn from Armenian history, that the present town of Wan, in Armenia, which is built upon the plateau of a large precipitous rock on the borders of a beautiful lake, occupies the site of an ancient city, embracing a royal palace of great magnificence, founded by Semiramis, and,

after her, originally named Schamiramjerd. Here, in the delicious gardens which she had planted in the fertile plain contiguous to the city, and which she had watered with a thousand rills, she often sought refuge from the intolerable sultriness of a Mesopotamian summer, returning again, on the approach of winter, to her palace at Nineveh.

Ambitious of rivaling her husband's conquests, as she had been of emulating his architectural achievements, she led a great army into India, after having made vast preparations in the way of soldiers, stores, warlike engines, and bridges, wherewith to cross the rivers; but one thing she had not, which she knew was abundantly possessed in the country whose martial power she was about to encounter, and that was, a supply of elephants. So, in lieu of the real animals, she set to work and had sham ones made. Three hundred thousand great black oxen were killed, and the skins being joined, were put over camels, and so stuffed as to look as big and burly as elephants. All this was cunningly done within an inclosure, so that nobody should see it who would be likely to divulge the imposition to the Indian king. Stabrobates, for such was his name, prepared to receive the terrible heroine; he added to the number of his elephants, and at the same time sent messengers to reproach her for her conduct, and to declare that if she fell into his hands, he would certainly crucify her. But she persevered, nothing daunted by his threats, and fought the Indians in a bloody battle on the banks of the Indus, where she completely vanquished them and took a multitude of prisoners. The king feigned a retreat, and she followed. Drawn to the other side of the river with the mock elephants, the smell of the hides frightened the Indian horses, so that at first the queen seemed likely to establish her victory; but the battle took a turn; the Assyrians were thrown into confusion, the ox-hide covered camels became worse than useless, and the king and the queen encountered each other on the field, and fought hand-to-hand, until the latter was compelled to flee, wounded in the shoulder. She escaped alive to Bactria, where her son employed a eunuch to attempt her assassination. Jupiter Ammon's oracle was now fulfilled, and the queen, it is stated, rose into a goddess. She made

her exit from the world in the form of a dove, and became afterward an object of worship to her people.

This wonderful woman was succeeded by Ninyas, who turned out to be as slothful as his father and mother had been active and enterprising. He locked himself up in his palace, and spent his life in licentious pleasures, only securing his safety by a cunning plan of changing his officers and his army, who, when dismissed, were obliged to take an oath of fidelity. His successors were voluptuaries like him, and were thirty in number, of whose lives and exploits we know nothing, until we come to Sardanapalus, who was more luxurious and idle than any of his royal predecessors. He became so effeminate that, it is related, he dressed like a woman, painting his face and imitating a female voice. Belesis, a priest, and a proficient in the astrological science of the time, assured Arbaces, a brave but disaffected warrior, that he was destined to dethrone the monarch and to take his place. The ambitious satrap listened to the gratifying suggestion, and prepared for the fulfilment of the prophecy. He stirred up the Medes and Persians to revolt, and Belesis favored his designs by pursuing a like course with the Babylonians. So a great rebellion was fomented; when, strange to say, the indolent and sensual prince manifested all at once the most manly courage, and resolutely took the field against his enemies, and beat them in three several engagements. Belesis, however, encouraged them to persevere, and Arbaces prevailed upon the Bactrians to join in the revolt. These people, whom Semiramis had conquered, and whose proud spirits felt that they had centuries of wrongs to avenge, now attacked her last successor, besieging the gates of the city of Sardanapalus.

The situation of the monarch, thus environed by determined foes, became desperate; but still he hoped, because he trusted to an old prediction which said that Nineveh could not be taken until the river became her enemy. "The siege continued two years," says Diodorus, following Ctesias; "in the third year it happened that the river, overflowing with continual rains, came up to a part of the city and tore down the wall twenty furlongs in length. The king hereupon con-

ceiving that the oracle was accomplished, in that the river was an apparent enemy to the city, utterly despaired; and, therefore, that he might not fall into the hands of his enemies, he caused a huge pile of wood to be reared in his palace court, upon which he heaped together all his gold, silver, and royal apparel, and inclosing his eunuchs and his concubines in an apartment within the pile, then ordered it to be set on fire, and so burnt himself and them together; which, when the revolvers came to understand, they entered through the breach in the walls and took the city, and clothed Arbaces with a royal robe, and committed to him the sole authority, proclaiming him king."

Athenæus, who perhaps still more fully gives Ctesias's tradition of the fall of Nineveh, tells us that he erected a pile within his palace, on which he placed one hundred and fifty golden beds and as many golden tables; that in the midst of it he built a hall of a hundred feet, in which he had couches for himself, his wives, and his concubines; that it was all fenced round with timber, so as to be unapproachable; that within it were collected four thousand myriad talents of gold and ten thousand of silver, besides an immense quantity of furniture and apparel; that the pile, when the king had ordered it to be set on fire, burned for fifteen days, and was supposed to be the offering of a holocaust to the gods, so that the people generally were not aware at the time of the self-immolation of the monarch.

Such, then, is the story of Nineveh, according to those who appear to have depended on the authority of Ctesias; and we have here, no doubt, the traditions that prevailed among the Persians.

II.

LEAVING these realms of uncertain story, we proceed to state a few general facts, now tolerably well ascertained, in reference to Assyria and Nineveh.

According to the fragments of Ctesias, preserved by Diodorus Siculus, there were thirty-three kings from the accession of Ninus to the fall of the empire, and their reigns occupied 1306 years, terminating in 876 before Christ. The statement of Herodotus is, that after the Assyrians had ruled over Upper Asia 520 years, the Medes first began to revolt from them—an event which took place about 710 B.C.

The difference between the two spaces of time here mentioned is very great; and if Herodotus be supposed to refer to the first origin of the Assyrian power, and if his testimony is to be deemed conclusive, then the chronology of Ctesias must be utterly set at naught, and the great antiquity so often claimed for Assyria and Nineveh must be entirely given up. But it has been well observed, that the words of Herodotus by no means need to be regarded in reference to the commencement of the Assyrian dominion, but only to its extension *over other parts of Asia*. If so, the discrepancy between him and Ctesias would be diminished, and his authority would not be opposed to a much earlier date for the *founding of the original power* than for the sweep of the subsequent empire. At any rate, Herodotus does not disprove the remote antiquity of the Assyrian state; and, on the other hand, we have very strong proofs in favor of that antiquity, so far confirming the account by Ctesias. Intrinsically, there is nothing improbable in the idea. Why might not a martial tribe plant themselves by the waters of the Tigris, in the very infancy of our world, after recovering from the desolation of the flood? It seems a very likely thing—quite in harmony with the little we know of those times—that a brave and enterprising band of people, so situated, should grow into a strong kingdom, and stretch out the line of their conquests far and wide.

Of the great antiquity of Egypt there can be no doubt; yet from "the earliest period we find her contending with enemies nearly, if not fully, as powerful as herself; and among the spoils from Asia, and the articles of tribute brought by subdued nations from the north-east, are vases as elegant in shape, stuffs as rich in texture, and chariots as well adapted to war, as her own." In fact, to reject the notion of the existence of an independent kingdom in Assyria at the very earliest period, would be almost to question whether the country were inhabited; which would be directly in opposition to the united testimony of Scripture and tradition. Moreover, upon the celebrated tablet which stands at Karnak, a name has been deciphered by Champollion as *Nen-i-iu*, or *Nineveh*. Though the identification of it with the Assyrian city has not been deemed quite satisfactory, owing to its

position at the commencement of a line, where it may be only the termination of some other name, yet the coincidence is remarkable, and, as it stands at present, is not without its historic value.

By the best of all authorities, a very high antiquity is assigned to the commencement of the Assyrian nation. "Out of that land (Shinar) went forth Asshur and builded Nineveh." Josephus, also, says of Amraphel, king of Shinar, mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, that he was a commander in the Assyrian army, probably a satrap, or viceroy, which, if it were so, would be in harmony with the subsequent boast of Assyria, "Are not my princes altogether kings?" Certainly, as early as the fifteenth century before Christ, we find Balaam referring to the power of the Assyrians. Dr. Layard, after the laborious investigations which led to the production of his first work, expressed himself as decidedly of opinion, from an examination of the ruins of Nimroud, that the oldest of the palaces on that spot was built at least 1200 B. C., and is probably much more ancient. In his second work he refers to inscriptions giving the name of a king who reigned 1121 B. C. At that time, it is pretty clear that Nineveh had attained to great power—that it was not then an infant state just struggling for existence, but one that was founding for itself a mighty empire. Consequently, it must have been in existence long before; growing up by degrees into magnitude and palmy splendor. At the time, then, when the Philistines were at war with Israel—when Samson was performing his miraculous exploits, slaying his enemies with the jawbone of an ass, and carrying away on his shoulders the gates of Gaza—long ere the kingly line was established in Judah, and the royal and sacred city of Jerusalem began to crown the rock of Jebus—long ere the people witnessed the victories of David and the magnificence of Solomon—at that time assigned as the era of the Trojan war—when Athens was scarcely known—when for Rome there remained five hundred years ere its first stone should be laid—a gorgeous city, with marble palaces and monuments, was washed at its foot by the waters of the Tigris, and the inhabitants could talk of their fathers having dwelt there in what were then times of old.

Another important point in Assyrian history appears now to be settled, and that is, a double kingdom or dynasty and a two-fold overthrow. The discrepancy between Ctesias, who places the fall of Nineveh in the year 876, and Herodotus, who dates it 606, was felt by Patavius and Usher, who sought its removal by adopting the hypothesis that there were two empires, and two overthrows in succession. This has been pronounced an assumption without evidence, and indeed, so far as written books are concerned, there is no distinct and explicit proof to that effect; but Dr. Layard has discovered it in the character of the ruins he has brought to light. He states, that the remains of buildings are so different in their sculptures and mythological and sacred symbols, as well as in the character and language of the inscriptions, as to lead to the inference of there having been at least two distinct periods of Assyrian history; that the people inhabiting the country at these periods were of distinct races, or belonging to varieties of the same race, and that intercourse with the Egyptians had considerably changed them; that the earlier palaces of Nimroud were in ruins before the foundation of the later ones; that these later edifices were constructed out of the ruins of their predecessors; and that while the more ancient structures discover no signs of any conflagration, the more recent have evidently been destroyed by fire.

It deserves also to be mentioned, that tombs were found over the earlier edifices, showing that soil had accumulated there, so as to become receptacles for the dead; the contents, too, of the sepulchres revealing relics of art quite distinct from those in the Assyrian style. The only evidences of a former overthrow likely to exist, if such an overthrow took place, are thus afforded, for we scarcely expect to find among the inscriptions of a proud people, like the Ninevites, any express record of their own humiliating defeat and desolation.

Having thus prepared the way for it, we shall, in our next number, present, from the results of the labors of Layard, Rawlinson, and others, compared with the remains of ancient history, what has been at present pretty satisfactorily ascertained as an authentic summary of Assyrian history.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE OUTCAST.

BY ALICE CARY.

SATURDAY night has come, and the last sunstreaks have drawn themselves down the snowy hills of Clovernook, and where they lately shone the darkness is falling and unfolding very fast. The chickens are gone to roost among the cold, comfortless boughs of the trees nearest the barn; the cows are milked, and in most places the work-horses, feeding in the stable, have had an extra currying, preparatory to Sunday morning, when they are expected to walk soberly and straightly to the village church, drawing after them, in the newly-washed and tar-smelling wagon, father and mother, and all the children, from the eldest son—as proud of his darkening beard, and “boughten” coat and hat, as he will be in years to come of more stylish appareling or senatorial honors; and the little girl on her mother’s knee, more pleased with the brass buttons on her father’s coat, and her own red shoes, than she will be, perhaps, with her point lace and shining brocade, when a few years hence she shall dance at the president’s ball.

Another week has gone; great, in its little events, to the unambitious people who are now done with its hopes and fears, its working and planning—with their tending of sick beds, and making of wedding gowns—as great to them as the largest experience to the largest mind; and who knows but that in the final summing up of good and evil, the highest glory will be set down to the account of those who have thought always of the pride and place of this world as the child does of the marvels of the fairy story; for what, after all, can be got out of this life but usefulness? With all our racking of the soul, we cannot solve the problem of foreordination and free will, of good and evil, of life and death. I am not sure that they are not wisest, as well as best, who are “contented if they may enjoy the things which others understand” in part, and let alone the mysteries which all effort to unfold but folds anew.

It was about the middle of February, and along the northern slopes of the hills, at the roots of big trees, and close in the shadow of the fences, lay parts of the

skeleton of the great white winter snow. For all their searching, the sheep had not found a single patch of green grass as yet, and the mother cow had brought home to the stable her young calf, without waiting to be invited, so sharply went the winds along woods and meadows.

The smoke issued briskly from chimneys-tops, and the heaps of dry wood near the doors, and the lights shining pleasantly out along the frozen ground, told of quiet and comfort within. Here and there an ax was busy at the woodpile, or a lantern shone over the dry sunflower stocks by the garden fence, as some less orderly farmer than the rest went from house to barn, for the doing of some little chore forgotten or neglected.

Mostly, however, it was quiet, and cold, and dark, except at one or two windows of the house, and the snow and frozen earth ground together powdered the lonesome road before the late travelers. Of these there was, probably, on the night I write of, not more than one to be seen; if there were others, it is with one only my story has to do. If you had seen him you would not have noticed him much, I suppose; they who saw him did not; and yet he seemed very tired, and he bent under the bundle hung across his shoulder, as if he had trudged a long way; for this bundle was not large, and it could not have been the weight of it that so crooked his shoulders. You would have thought him old, doubtless, for his face was browned and careworn, and an old slouched hat and tangly hair and beard gave him the air of years. You would probably have said, if you had chanced to look out of your own room and observed him shuffling his tired way through the gray chilly moonlight, "There goes a man with a sack on his back; I wonder if he knows where he is going and what after?" for so we see our fellows, brothers and friends in the great circle of humanity, going burdened and bent, past our warm hearths every day, and to us they are only as men with sacks on their backs.

Once or twice he stopped where the lights shone brightest, as if he would go in; but having cut the air with his disengaged hand, as if he were done with some vagary, he went on, his heavy feet leaving a trail in the snow and dust, crooked as if he were purposeless. And so, alas, he was, and wondered, as

much as any one, when that he slouched his hat lower and turned thought introspective, where he was going, and what for. Ah, that was the worst of it! footsore and burdened as he was, he had no object, not even a shapeless outline for his future. He might be going into the lap of the best fortune in the world: such things have been done, so he has heard, and he smiles at the bright suggestion; but reduce it to a where, and when, and how—the possibility loses all probability; it is not at all likely any good luck will happen to him; everybody says he deserves no better fate than he has, and he supposes he does not. He had an object once, which was to get away from everybody that knew him—from his mother who sometimes cried and sometimes scolded about him, from his father who said he was going down hill as fast as he could, and the sooner he got to the bottom the better for his family and himself too; and from the black eyes that looked proudly and scornfully upon him the last time he dared look up into their sin-searching and sin-hating brightness.

This last humiliation, more perhaps than anything else, made him rise in the middle of the night, some weeks ago, bundle together a few necessary effects, and steal like a thief away from the house where he was born—unblessed of his mother, and with no God-speed you, from his honest old father. But back of the scorn of the black eyes, the complaining of the mother, and the sentence of the father, there are intemperance, and idleness, and profligacy, that brought all about; why these should have been he don't know, he did not mean to be a bad son nor an untrue lover; he don't say he was; he don't really think he was; but he knows other folks say so, and so, trying to be indifferent to what men and women think of him, to all the past and all the future, he changes the load on his shoulder, and trudges on.

About half a mile down a narrow lane, that turns out from the main road, he sees a house, small and apparently rude, but with light shining so brightly and cheerfully through all the windows, he is almost persuaded to turn that way; he don't know why nor what for, only it seems for a moment that he has got home. The watch dog sees him from his post at the gate, and sends him forward with a suspicious and unfriendly growl. He fancies he hears a song in the illuminated cottage,

it may be the wind in the treetops; however, he won't stop to see, for what are songs or lights to him! He is half disposed to lie down on the frozen ground, at the wayside; but it is so cold and so hard; and he has always known the comfort of a warm bed—he cannot quite do that yet. He passes a good many snug farm houses, but the front doors are close shut, and he feels just as if they had been closed to keep him out. But by and by he is very tired, and his diffidence grows less and less under the necessity of rest; he don't much care where it is, nor who accords it, but he must have rest, somewhere; that is the strongest feeling he has. The wind blows against him harder and colder all the time, and he concludes that has become his enemy too, as long ago he was settled into a conviction that mankind were leagued against him. 'T is a pity that he himself is his own worst enemy; but he cannot see it, and that is a pity too. Presently he sees a commodious house, brightly painted, and with lights streaming from the front windows right before him; the curtain is drawn aside, and he discovers a man in black and goodly apparel, reading in a large book, it is likely the Bible, he thinks; but more than that, he is sure he is very tired and hungry and must have food and rest. Without more ado he approaches the door and thumps with his stick confidently and boldly. No hearty voice answers, "Come in!" and as he crouches, in dim expectancy, he hears the crackling of the wood in the fireplace, and the prattle of children. The door opens soon, very carefully and very narrowly, and the man in the black coat looks out distrustfully and asks, "What do you want?"

"I want to stay all night," answers the traveler.

The door is pushed round a little and the man in the black coat says, "We have no accommodation for travelers."

"But I am tired and hungry," urges the traveler.

"We are sorry," says the man in the black coat, speaking for himself and all his house; and so closes the door.

The tired man thinks he hears the key turn, but he is not quite sure. His senses are bewildered, and he hardly knows whether or not he saw a dish of apples, and another of cakes, on the table before the fire, but he thinks he did, and that he also

saw a prim-looking woman, in a silk gown, shaking her head at the man in the black coat, while he held the door so cautiously open.

The house was not like a farm house, exteriorly nor interiorly, and he is almost sure it is the parsonage; but he is not quite sure about anything, poor fellow. He is sure enough, however, to anathematize all piety as hypocrisy, and he says with an oath he don't care for all the preachers in the world; he will get to heaven as soon as any of them; and he wishes the white neckcloth of the man in the black coat might choke him that very instant. And then he imagines how he would take possession of the parsonage, and sit by the warm fire and eat apples and cakes, and never pay one cent for preaching as long as he lived. One thing he would do, he knows, he would entertain poor travelers. It is the duty of everybody, he says, to do some good, and if it were in his power to benefit anybody he would be glad to do so. He does not think, poor deluded creature, why it is not in his power.

He has climbed a long hill, and gone over a hollow, where there is a one-arched wooden bridge, and where he heard the tinkling of no water; even that has shut itself away from him, under ice; he almost expected a murderer to come out from beneath the dark arch, but there did not; and now he ascends another hill, abrupt and high; and as he nears the summit he sees a good many lights shining, and presently becomes aware that he is entering a village. A number of covered wagons almost block up the road before him; each is loaded with boxes, and barrels, and farming implements, full as it can be, and from among them, or from under the wagon, looks out a huge dog—the faithful guardian while the teamster sleeps. Immediately overhead creaks the sign of entertainment; here is no restriction; he has found a door open at last. He is so glad to throw down his budget and seat himself at the fire, that he heeds little the fumes of whisky and tobacco with which the room is reeking. The idlers there make him welcome, and offer him cigars and punch, and in return for their kindness, he grows merry and talks freely and indiscreetly; sometimes profanely; and so the night wears into midnight, and the merry-making has become a carousal. We will not linger over it, it is too sad to see manhood so

debase itself; intellect burning itself out in evil passion, and the likeness of the angel becoming more groveling than the brute.

Sunday morning comes; the heavens are full of clouds, and of winds; very rough and cold they are blowing everywhere; but roughest and coldest through the leafless locust trees that grow along the fence of the Clovernook graveyard; so thinks the poor fellow who lies beneath one of them, his stick by his side, and his bundle for a pillow—all the wild merriment that filled the tavern last night dwarfed to a drunken dreaming. The people ride by to church, one wagon load after another, and now and then some one says, "There is a drunken man;" but many pass without seeing him at all, and no one stops to see whether he is alive or dead. He is lying nearly opposite the narrow lane where he paused last evening, seeing the light in the rude house, half a mile away. If he were roused up he would not know how nor why he came to be where he is, nor do I myself know unless it were that Providence directed his staggering, when he was found to be inebriated and penniless and driven away from the tavern where he had paid his last sixpence for his present imbecility.

Heavy and mournful through the dull air sounds the church bell, like a summons to penance rather than a cheerful call to thanksgiving; the troubled sleeper hears it and thinks doomsday has come, and groans and turns on his comfortless pillow. A stout gray horse, with an eye that looks kinder and nobler than has been given to some reasoning creatures, climbs steadily the steep hill in the lane, and trots briskly forward, the neat little wagon behind him rattling in a loud and lively key; out into the main road he comes, and turns toward the call of the bell; but as he passes the graveyard he looks around as if seeing the man lying there and pitying him.

"Dear me!" exclaims the woman who is driving the gray horse; and she draws up the reins and is on the ground in a moment; so is the young woman who sits beside her, and she indeed is the first to climb the clay bank and reach the dead man, as she thinks he is; and as truly he is dead—to all that a man should be alive for.

"O, mother, mother," she cries, clapping her hands joyously, "he is only asleep,

after all! O I am so glad! what makes him lie here, mother?"

"I don't know, my poor child," answers the good woman, wiping her eyes; "I am afraid he has been drinking at the tavern;" and stooping over him she shakes him by the shoulder.

"Yes, mother, I will get up in a minute," he answers, without opening his eyes.

"How funny," says the young girl, laughing aloud; "he thinks you are his mother."

"Mercy," says the deacon, peeping from the front of his dearborn, "if there is not Mrs. Goforth and her daughter Elsy, talking with a drunken man; don't, children, don't any of you look at her." And he touches his horse smartly on the flank, and does not apparently hear Mrs. Goforth call to him.

She is at a loss what to do, and well she may be; for though she has tugged and lifted the man to a sitting posture, he cannot retain it for a moment, unsupported by her; how then is he to stand or walk? The air is bitter cold, and he may freeze to death if she leaves him. She asks him who he is, and how he came there? but he says he don't know; and pulls at her shawl and looks in her face like a bewildered child; and repeats that he will go as soon as he can walk, that he is sure he is not harming anybody.

"But you are harming yourself, my son," says the good woman; "that is the trouble."

"Why, it is not any trouble to you," replies the young man, "because what I do ain't nothing to nobody." And he relapses again into his horrible unconsciousness.

The bells were already done ringing; but Mrs. Goforth was not a woman to go to church and leave a man freezing to death by the roadside; she could not, to use her own words, have any comfort of the meeting whatever; and though she did not like to stay away from her place, she thought it was right to do so under the circumstances; so, having turned about her gray horse, she brought the little wagon as close to the clay bank as she could, and she and Elsy, half dragging and half lifting the poor outcast, got him into it, in some way.

It had come to the ears of the parson, before the hour for service, that a man was lying drunken by the road-side;

and the fact afforded a text for the severest denunciation of all sinners, especially of this sort. He did not once reflect, let us hope, how large a share he had had in bringing his fellow-mortal, and fellow-sinner too, to the condition and exhibition of infamy which he so unmercifully condemned.

The meaning of the vacant seat of Mrs. Goforth was hardly construed, for in the preacher's mind, when taken in connection with other absences of late, it argued conclusively a growing indifference to the Lord's sanctuary. This was wrong, and uncharitable, as the reader sees; but none of the congregation saw it then, or felt it then. Good Mrs. Goforth was casting her bread upon the waters, with no thought of future reward; but after many days, as we shall see, reward came.

Monday morning it was still cloudy, and not only so, but snowing—a little fine icy snow, that struck sharply like sand against Mrs. Goforth's small windows; for she lived in a small house, and the windows were not much larger than a lady's pocket handkerchief. It was but a cabin, indeed, built of logs, very rudely; and humble as it was, and small as it was, Mrs. Goforth would have thought herself rich to own it. Yet she did not own the house, nor the meadow, nor the wood adjacent, nor much in all the world, except a heart that was large, and truthful, and loving. She did not complain, however, that she did not own a great house and a hundred or more acres of land, like most of her neighbors; she was cheerful, under the necessity of hiring a small lot, and milking her own cow, and feeding her own chickens, and working a good deal in the garden. Now and then she procured a few days' work on the farm, but for the most part she and Elsy managed to get along alone. And very comfortably they did get along; no young woman in the neighborhood looked tidier than the widow's daughter, and surely none was prettier; in summer, no dress in all the church was whiter than her's, and no hat was so nice and so tasteful, albeit it lacked the flowers and the rich ribbons of some there. She was a dreadfully giddy young girl, to be sure, and her mother had often to recall her eyes to her hymn-book from a new dress or shawl which for the first time had made its appearance in a neighboring pew; perhaps sometimes

from the fascination of an admiring glance resting on herself; so the older and more staid young ladies said, at least, though Elsy stoutly denied it. She did not care whether the young men saw her or not, she often said, but that she could not help seeing them when they were in the same house with her. And anybody who saw her blue laughing eyes, would have readily believed she could not help it.

Jacob Holecom, for that was the name of our purposeless traveler, awoke to self-consciousness early on Monday morning—perhaps with the tinkling of the snow on the window-panes, perhaps with the remorseless stirrings of his own mind, and the dreamy memory of a face that looked kindly upon him.

First, he saw the whitewashed ceiling above him, and felt that he was not at home, in his own chamber, which was large and substantial; and as he sunk back on his pillow, his eye caught the neat stitching in the pillow-case, he wondered whose hand did it, and involuntarily linked it with one he had dreamed of as loosening something that choked him, when he lay on a very cold hard bed somewhere: he could not tell when or where. He could not tell much better where he was now; that he was in the flesh he was sure, for his hands had the mark of the ax and the hoe-handle; but the room was new to him, and how he came there passed all his recollection. Raising himself on one elbow, he peeped curiously about, pleased as a child with a new baby-house.

The second thought was of his unfitness for the place—all was so neat—there was such an atmosphere of purity about him—and the bed itself was so sweet and so white—what business had he in it? There was mud on his face and in his hair, that had come from some sorry resting-place, of which he had but a faint recollection now.

He could not do much in the way of personal renovation; but all he could do, he did, brushing his soiled garments and hair, and drawing upon his small bundle for such cleanly articles as it contained. This done, he felt quite at a loss, and looking out into the snow-storm, half wished he were in it, rather than in a place of which he was so unworthy.

Mrs. Goforth and Elsy had been an hour astir; the cow was milked, the fire burning bright on the hearth, the table spread

near it, and the coffee sending up its pleasant steam with the smoke, when the footsteps of the unknown traveler arrested their attention; and a soft rap on the door and the announcement that breakfast was waiting, fell strangely enough on the ears of the bewildered Jacob; it was just as if his own mother had called him, except that she had not spoken his name.

More ashamed than he had ever been in his life, he obeyed the call, and with downcast eyes and a blushing cheek, presented himself, expecting, notwithstanding the mild call, to receive summary dismissal, with severe reproof. But a cordial good-morning, and invitation to partake of the breakfast that awaited, caused him almost to think he was still dreaming, and in his hesitation, he behaved so awkwardly that Elsy would have laughed in spite of herself another time, but now, she did not know why, but she felt not only pity for the stranger, but in some sort responsible for him. He did not look like an evil-disposed person to her; she did not believe he was one; and she did not care what anybody said, she would not believe it. Now no one had said anything about the young man that Elsy knew of, and it was strange her thoughts should run before and suppose an accusation, and take up a defense; but such was the fact, and such are often the curious facts with which love begins his impregnable masonry.

As Jacob partook of the breakfast (without much appetite we may suppose) he kept inventing stories, one after another, with which to make himself appear better than he was, in the event of being questioned by his hostess in reference to his past life, which questioning he momentarily expected.

At first he thought he would say he was turned out of his father's house for a supposed fault, of which he was guiltless, and that he had traveled till quite exhausted by cold and hunger, when, in a fit of temporary delirium, he had lain down by the road-side, and that that was the last he knew; he would offer to pay for his entertainment after breakfast, and affect surprise at finding his money gone; and say that it had been stolen from him during his insane sleep. But Mrs. Goforth talked of the late storm, and of her fears that the apples and peaches would have been killed—of her plans for gardening and farming—in short, of her own affairs altogether; so

the lies Jacob had invented died in his heart. If she had breathed one word of blame of him, they would have come out, black as they were.

His next plan was to modify the story somewhat; he would blame himself a little more, his parents a little less; and he would say he laid down, because he was too tired to go on, and growing numb with the cold, had fallen asleep; that he discovered that morning his money was all gone, though how he had lost it, he did not know. This gave him a little more satisfaction, and he was just on the point of commencing an exculpation, unasked, when Elsy brought to the table some warm cakes she had been baking, and offered the nicest of all to him; he felt obliged to refuse: and when with her own hand she laid one on his plate, he felt the second story all going to pieces.

He now wished heartily the meal was concluded, and resolved to steal away the first moment he could do so, without saying a word. He had no money with which to pay for his entertainment, and what were apologies and thanks? Nothing; he would steal away unobserved, and somewhere, and some time, try to amend.

He did not know when nor where, nor once ask himself, why then and there would not be as good a time and place as there would ever be.

When the breakfast was done, Mrs. Goforth gave him the best chair and the warmest corner; and having told Elsy to run over to farmer Hill's, and see if he could not spare his son John to chop for them that afternoon, she went herself to the "milk-house," a little cellar that lay under a mound of snow, a few steps from the door.

The opportunity Jacob had longed for was come; he stole back for the bundle he had left, took it up, and there was nothing in the way of escape, nothing but a natural nobility of soul that was not all gone yet. There was the white bed, Elsy's own bed, he knew, which she had given to him; and there was the pot of winter-flowers, blooming bright in his face; and there was the Bible on the snowy cover of the table; all mute, to be sure, but they seemed to rebuke the purposes he had formed nevertheless. No, he would not, and could not, steal away like a thief, which he was not. Was not the house, and all that was in it, trusted

in his hands? If there had been any suspicion manifested toward him, it would have been easy to go; but he could not return basely the frankness and confidence he had met. He would see Mrs. Goforth—tell her truly his destitute condition, nothing else—give her his thanks, which was all he could give, and somewhere seek for honest employment.

So resolving, and wishing the resolution were executed, he sat, when his hostess returned, followed almost immediately by Elsy, her cheeks blushing red with the rough kisses of the wind, and her eyes sparkling, notwithstanding the disappointment she had met. John Hill had gone to town an hour before, and who was to chop their wood she could not tell; but she looked at Jacob when she said so in a way that implied a suspicion of his ability to solve the problem.

Jacob ventured to say he would like to work long enough to pay for his entertainment, if he dare ask such a favor; it would not be asking, but doing a favor, Mrs. Goforth said; and throwing down his bundle, the young man took up the ax.

The old dog that had kept a suspicious eye on him all the morning, arose now, and with some little hesitation followed him to the woodpile, whence the sturdy strokes, issuing presently, made agreeable music in the widow's house. That day, and the next, and the next, he kept at work, and that week, and the next, faithfully the stranger had performed all the duties intrusted to him; but he had spoken no word concerning his past life.

Many of the neighbors expressed surprise that Mrs. Goforth should pick up a man in the high road, and hire him to do her work; they could not account for it, except by saying she was a strange woman; they hoped she might not be paid for her foolishness by finding her horse gone some morning, and her hired man with it. But when she was seen going to church, and this hired man riding in the wagon with her own daughter, there was such commotion in the congregation as had not been known there for many a year. Some of the women, indeed, passed by the pew where the widow and daughter sat, pretending not to see them, and such sayings as that "Birds of a feather flock together," and "A woman is known by the company she keeps," and the like, were whispered from one to another, all having reference

to Mrs. Goforth and the drunken man, as everybody called Jacob. But the good woman had little regard for what her neighbors thought, so long as her own heart did not accuse her, for, "what have I done," she said, "except practice what they preach?"

All the truth about the young man, after his arrival in the neighborhood, was speedily bruited about, and lost nothing as it went. Elsy believed not one word of it, for a nicer or a smarter person than Jacob Holcom she had never seen in her life. If she could believe it was true, she would not talk with Jacob so freely; but she knows better; and even if it were true, she thinks those who talk of it might find some faults nearer home to attend to.

It was about the middle of the sugar-making season—night, and raining. Jacob had been busy there two or three days, so busy that he had scarcely been at the house, except for the doing of the necessary chores; taking luncheon now and then with him, but not remaining long enough at the house to eat with the widow and her daughter. The day we write of he had not been at home since morning; he must be very tired, and very hungry, and very lonesome, Elsy thinks; and she goes to the window often, to see whether he is not coming, but she don't see anything of the torchlight gleaming over the hill—and Jacob is used to make a torch of hickory bark to light him on his way home at night—so she keeps standing and looking out into the dark, and the rain, hoping her mother will say, "You had better run across the meadow, Elsy, and see whether some fearful accident has not happened to Jacob;" but her mother keeps at her knitting, by the fireside, and don't say anything of the sort; her heart has not fluttered her steady common sense into unnatural fears. At last she can bear the sense of the darkness and the rain no longer, for who knows, she thinks, but that Jacob may have had another of those dreadful fits, and so fallen into the fire, or the boiling water. "Mother," she says, "it is not raining much now: I think I will take Carlo, and run over the hill and see if I can tell whether Jacob is in the sugar camp; if I see him from the hill top I will come straight back."

"Very well, my child," replied Mrs. Goforth, "but I don't think anything has happened to him."

Elsy was not long in tossing a shawl over her head, nor long in reaching the hill top; she did not once think of the darkness nor of the rain; one moment she paused, and stood on tiptoe, looking earnestly into the great red light that shone against the trees, and flickered along the ground of the sugar-camp. She did not see Jacob, and therefore sped on, faster than the wind.

Before the stone furnace, where the sugar-water was boiling, a rude hut had been constructed, which afforded protection from the storm; and here, seated on a low bench, watching the jets of flame as they broke from the main body of fire, quivered a moment, and went out, sat Jacob Holcom, when Elsy, her hair dripping with rain, and her face pale with fright, presented herself before him.

"What can have happened?" he asked in surprise, taking her hand and drawing her to the seat before the fire.

Elsy's cheek grew red when she found that she was come of a foolish errand, and she stammered the truth—her fears for him—as the best excuse she could make. It was Jacob's turn to be confused now, and taking up a handful of the straw that carpeted his rude hut, he pulled it to pieces, his eyes bent on the ground, and stepping aside till he was quite out of the shelter.

"O, don't stay in the rain," said Elsy, "sit here by me, there is room enough."

Jacob sat down, but kept his face averted from the gentle confidant eyes of his companion. "I am sure you have not told me true," said Elsy, "and that you are not well. O, if you should have another of those dreadful fits!"

Well might she have thought, poor simple-hearted child, from the strange behavior of the young man, that a fit was about to seize him, for as she looked tenderly up in his face, he covered it with his hands, and she presently saw the tears coming out between his fingers.

All at once she divined the truth, she thought she had wounded him by speaking of the fit, for people said it was a drunken fit, and Jacob might fancy she believed it.

How to begin she did not know, but to sit in silence and see Jacob weeping like a child, was not to be thought of, so she stammered in some way that she did not know as anybody had said anything against him, and if they had she did not

believe it, she did not care what it was. And the more she said she did not care what was said against him, that she believed he was all that was good and true, the more discomforted the young man seemed. If she had joined her denunciations to the rest, he could have denied their justice, perhaps; but to be thought so much better than he was, made him more sadly humble, more truly good, than he had ever been in his life.

He assured Elsy, in a broken voice, that he was quite well, but that he was not worthy of the interest she had taken in him, though he thanked her for it.

"Poor Jacob," thought she, "I am sure his mind is wandering; he not worthy, indeed! then I don't know who is." And she went herself out into the rain to mend the fire, and afterward arranged her shawl against the crevices of the wall by which Jacob sat, so that wind and rain should not blow too roughly against him.

"Sit here yourself," said the sugar-maker, rising from the seat, and drawing Elsy toward it; "do, I pray, for I cannot; I would rather stand out in the rain."

"O Jacob, what do you mean?" asked the girl in affright; "sit down beside me; the bench is long enough, and tell me what it is troubles you." And there, the rain beating around them, and the fire brightening, and fading, and brightening again, as it fell, Jacob told all the story of his life, sparing himself no whit.

But if he has done wrong sometimes, thought Elsy, what of that? I suppose every one has some faults, and if everybody has turned against him I am sure there is the more need I should not. In fact, she believed he made his vices greatly larger than they were; but even if he did not, it was so magnanimous to confess them, and to come back to virtue. Verily, she admired and loved Jacob more than ever before. When he came to tell of the black eyes that had made all the woods about his home brighter than the May sunshine could do, till their loving beams changed into sharp arrows, and pierced him through and through, Elsy's little foot tapped smartly on the ground, and her own eyes looked as indignant as it was in their power to do, for in her heart she felt that the woman who could scorn Jacob, no matter what the provocation, did not deserve to have a lover. It is to be supposed that Jacob saw

all this plainly enough, for such thoughts shine right in one's face as plainly as written words; nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, no doubt, he said, "And you, Elsy, would have spurned me just as she did, if I had been a lover of yours?"

"How can you ask me, Jacob?" she replied, "I should have felt that you needed me most when that you were not strong enough in yourself to resist temptation."

"Dear angel!" said Jacob, and the bench, which a little while before was not big enough for two, might have accommodated three very well as he spoke. But there is no need to repeat what more they said; suffice it, they forgot to make a torch to light them home, each confidently believing the full moon was shining in all her splendor, they saw the way so well.

When Jacob rapped next at the parsonage, it was not to entreat a night's lodging, and the door opened so wide, and the parson smiled so blandly, he could hardly believe it was the same house or the same man he had seen before; and when he sat next in the pew, at church, with Mrs. Goforth and Elsy, not Elsy Goforth any more, there was nobody in all the house that did not see them, and smile, and shake hands.

Jacob never had another fit, and the manly dignity and propriety of his conduct soon won for him, not only the esteem and admiration of all the neighborhood, but led the people to believe they had wronged him in their first accusation; and they kindly bestowed upon Mrs. Goforth the reputation of having a gift for curing fits, and many were the applications for advice she received in consequence. When she assured them that she practiced no art, and that simply doing as she would be done by, was all her wisdom, there was invariably disappointment and sorrow, so hard is it to understand the potency of a thing so easy; in truth, the hardest of human possibilities, and the most wonder-working. Five years after the mysterious cure, Jacob Holcom owned one of the prettiest little farms near Clovernook, and in all that time Elsy and he had never had any disagreement, except when he affirmed that she was an angel, which she always stoutly denied; but she was a good and true wife, and that is but a little lower than an angel.

THOMAS HOOD, THE POET AND PUNSTER.

THOMAS HOOD is the greatest word-twister the world ever saw. He detects analogies in words and ideas with the rapidity of intuition. He produces his most startling effects by antithesis—the sudden contrast and explosion of opposites; and by virtue of his organization he is just the personification of antithesis:—large wit and small hope—that means laughter next-door to tears; mirth with a mournful ring to it; merry fancies holding the pall of laughter, or letting its coffin gently into the grave; light gracefully fringing the skirts of darkness; life deftly masking the hiding-place of death.

Even in moments of solemn agony he often broke out into bewildering freaks of farce, and made such genuine merriment, that the lookers-on may fail to see that the heart is breaking down in the tragic depths that lie below the sparkling surface. Women at such times, not being able to possess their souls to the same stretch and strain, will burst into hysterical laughter, when they want to be weeping bitter tears. Hood always appears to me to have so deep a sense, such a painful sense of the terrible earnestness of existence, that it would be unbearable if he could not get some humor out of it, and *phantasie* some light and merry moods of mind. His wit is often set to this tune, but so perfect is his representation, that you do not see how thin is the partition which divides your laughter from his sorrows, and that he is making fun of his own troubles, some of which are deep as death. In the sunshine of spirit which he calls forth, he sets his tears as very jewels of wit. Like Garriek, he can laugh on one side of the face and cry on the other; and some of his touches of mirth surprise you into tears. In his "Ode to Melancholy," he sings—

"Even so the dark and bright will kiss—
The sunniest things throw sternest shade;
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!
There is no music in the life
That sounds to idiot-laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

I have remarked that he produces his greatest effects by antithesis: (indeed, that word is the sum of human life—the law

of the universe—the history of the world. God and the Devil—Good and Evil—Truth and Error—Man and Woman—Attraction and Repulsion, these are our sublimest illustrations of antithesis;) here are a few examples. In the “Song of the Shirt,” he tells us that the singer sat

“Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.”

And she cries,

“O, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!”

What handwriting on the wall is this—

“A wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.”

In the “Dream of Eugene Aram,” he makes the murderer say of his victim—

“A dozen times I groan’d. The dead
Had never groan’d but twice.”

And, speaking of the dead body,

“There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill.”

But, turning to a more cheerful subject, we shall find this antithesis come to a climax in the “Parental Ode to my Son, three years and five months old.” Here we have the prose and poetry of childhood written in parallel lines, and startling but truthful contrast. Unless the reader is accustomed to have to write against time, and the brightest strains of thought jangled by a child, or children, boisterously appealing to the parental anxiety, it will be difficult to reach the full fruition of this delicious ode. But it’s worth going through the necessary process, to reap its full enjoyment:—

“Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he’s poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light
Untouch’d by sorrow, and unsoil’d by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)—

“Thou little tricky Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing-bird that wings the air!
(The door! the door! he’ll tumble down the
stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he’ll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love’s dear chain so strong and bright a
link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)—

“Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth’s Elysium ever sunny
(Another tumble—that’s his precious nose!)—

“Thy father’s pride and hope!
(He’ll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp’d from nature’s
mint
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He’ll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He’ll climb upon the table, that’s his plan!)
Touch’d with the beautiful tints of dawning
life
(He’s got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

“Toss the light ball, bestride the stick
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk.
(He’s got the scissors snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south;
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star;
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove!
(I’ll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he’s sent above!”)

Bacon has remarked, that there is no exquisite beauty that has not some strangeness in its proportions. Hood is a master of this unexpectedness, whether it startles with its laughter in his rich grotesquerie, or surprises with its rapid and crushing lyrical energy in thunder-strokes of thought. He said his epitaph should be—“Here lies the man who spat more blood and made more puns than any other.” He was indeed a marvelous punster—monarch of Pun-land. All great humorists and wits have been fond of this wit of words. Shakspeare was always making them, and Douglas Jerrold will speak a bookfull per day, when in the mood.

It was a great pity that he should have been compelled to break up his poetic fire into such small sparks and brilliant scintillations. He had to pick up his living at the point of his pen, and puns sold better than poetry. He could turn any and every-

thing to punning account, and scattered them by mouthfuls wherever he went.

Hood has been charged with being irreligious, because he was unmerciful to the "unco gude" in their own conceit—those who make long prayers in the marketplace, and pull long faces in the vestry—those who wear their religion like a Sunday cloak, which is brushed up once a-week, and put on when the apron of trade is cast aside; the pile of which cloak he would occasionally stroke backward, and ruffle its equanimity. He ridiculed pretence; he hated humbug; he exposed all lying abominations, all Pharisaical cant—but religion? never. Take the ode to "Rae Wilson," which we consider one of the finest defenses of genuine religion ever made. Remember that a man is building for truth when he destroys that which is false; and that is just what Hood does in this ode. The wolf's clothing, the mask of hypocrisy, and the suit of sanctimony, are here stripped off the quacks and pretenders, and consumed to ashes in the fires of his scorn and wit.

Such a picture as the following is scarcely likely to be in favor with

"The hypocrites that ope heaven's door
Obsequious to the man of riches,
But put the wicked, bare-legg'd poor,
In parish stocks instead of breeches."

But who shall deny that it has many likenesses, and why should it not be thus framed?—

"Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading ammon,
A blackleg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week;
A saving bet against his sinful bias.
'Rogue that I am,' he whispers to himself,
'I lie, I cheat—do anything for pelf;
But who on earth can say I am not pious.'"

Many golden nuggets of wit and wisdom might be picked out of the poem of "Miss Kilmanseg" and her precious leg"—that splendid satire on the love and worship of wealth, bowing down to the golden calf, so prevalent in the time of Hood, but which is happily unknown to the world in which we live at present. It is supposed that "Miss Kilmanseg" and Jerrold's "Man Made of Money" gave the death-blow to that vice which was wont to turn so many of those human beings into two-legged guinea-pigs, who preferred that transformation to the more hirsute one

accorded by Circe to the devotees that besieged her shrine. The father of Miss Kilmanseg is thus finely sketched:—

"And Sir Jacob the father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter;
And then, in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fullness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.
He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection;
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true,
About a rich complexion."

So great was his wit, so excellent his fooling, that many are apt to forget how richly he was otherwise endowed—how rare was his ethereal fancy—how deep the faculty divine—how clear the poet's vision. But he lived by literature, and he made puns when he should have been writing immortal poems. As a specimen of his serious sweetness and delicate fancy, take the "Death-Bed."

"We watch'd her breathing through the
night,

Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

As a companion piece we quote two remarkable stanzas, to note, in addition to their calm chaste beauty, the allusion to the smell of earth coming and going as health ebb'd and returned. A near relation of mine, three days before death, begged for a sod of earth, and she hugged it, smelling it as though it had been a bunch of flowers, continually praising its fragrance until she died.

"Farewell, Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mold above the rose!

"Welcome, Life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mold."

Hood's longer poems possess evidence that he could rise into the region of pure imagination. The "Haunted House" is a true outcome of the creative faculty. "Hero and Leander" is also a very lovely poem; perhaps too full of fond conceits and quaint turns of thought, but the old subject shines out bravely in the jewels that it wins from the poet's dalliance. It is as wealthy in poetic thought as the sea is of gems, and it has heart home-thrusts of pathos unexcelled. In the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" there is a bloom of poetry freshly caught from fairy land, as it existed in the dewy morning of imagination.

The life of the poor! how full it is of peculiar poetry. What a poet he will be who shall one day burst upon the wondering world, and tell the tearful story—tearful for joy and for sorrow! Tell the heroic histories there inscribed on poverty's prison walls, to hear which, alone, life were worth living for. Write the unwritten poetry, chronicle the unknown greatness and the wasted bravery, the love strong as death, the sacrifice deep as the grave, the lonely wrestlings with the devil, the burnings of precious life-furniture, just to make a blaze wherewith to scare away the wolf hunger that was howling at the door, and glaring in at the window, for some beloved's sake! The temptation, the struggle, the fall, and the victory, on hidden stages of human life. What a picture to weep exulting tears over, is that in "Alton Locke," (copied from life,) where the poor seamstress, though starving, rejoices that she is ugly and deformed, and, therefore, unmarketable among those who purchase the defiled name of Love! and many such an iris of loveliness has been painted on his dark background of poverty, many such a moral glory has gilded the shining ones of the damp cellar and foodless garret.

Hood has but snatched a leaf from the great book of poetry that has been buried in this hiding-place, where it was little imagined to be concealed; and the world will applaud the effort forever. Who would have thought that a poor outcast

girl, friendless and homeless, pelted by the pitiless wind and rain, pointed at by the finger of scorn, hounded out of society, till she madly plunged off Waterloo Bridge, and hid her frenzied eyes in the cold but welcoming hands of death, would have called forth a strain of poetry that should thrill to the heart of universal humanity, and melt the hard stern world into tears? The thing had occurred many a time and oft, and the announcement had been made at a million breakfast-tables, without any lifting of eyes or eyebrows. The callous Levite Society had seen a hundred such wrecks—a hundred such suicides, who had taken the leap, in the dark midnight, from the fatal Bridge of Sighs, and it had passed on its way with mirth and music, sinning and suffering, glorying and rejoicing, but all unheeding of the victims and the wreckage that were strewn by the wayside. But the poet—the good Samaritan—comes by, and the wounded are soothed by his healing hand, and the dead have decent burial, with the unction of melodious tears. The dark, the mean, the abject, are instantly radiated, and the dead past lifts a radiant brow, in the light of his loving countenance. It is the blessed and Christlike privilege of poetry to take to her bosom whatsoever the world hath cast out. In her large heart is room for what the sects are too narrow for. She will take the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the leprous, and restore them to the human fold. She will discover a soul of good in things evil, and penetrate to the fountain head of the waters of love, in the nature where it is choked up with weeds and dust. She will seek to win back the fallen and degraded, and set the spirit once again upon the throne it has lost. And thus, from the death of a poor forsaken suicide, does the poet Hood draw lessons of charity, and pleads with such a tender pity, as though it were the voice of a loving sister, till the hardest heart is touched, and tears stand in the eyes of those who seldom weep.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gentle and humanly—
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly!"

Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny,
 Rash and undutiful:
 Past all dishonor,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.
 Still, for all slips of hers,
 One of Eve's family—
 Wipe those poor lips of hers
 Oozing so clammyly.
 Perishing gloomily,
 Spurr'd by contumely,
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest.
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast!
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving with meekness
 Her sins to her Saviour."

With what a shudder the prayer went through startled society, pure and pleading, as the sound of vespers breaking on the saturnalia of bacchanals. Hood was little known to the world as a poet, until it but recognized him one morning chanting this thrilling strain on the Bridge of Sighs.

Then came that terrible "Song of the Shirt," straight home to men's business and bosoms, fastening shirt-like close to naked nature. It was a lightning-flash of revelation, rifting the dark of a long and dismal night, which was made up of ignorance above, and misery below. In the middle of that grim night did that fearful glare and piercing eye wake up the wealthy and the great from their luxurious beds and "lazy purples," and, as they looked down from their high windows, the poet showed them the human lives they were wearing out—the blood of little children wrung out to dye their costly crimson—the human hearts that were daily breaking—the thousands of humanity's sons and daughters that were born to be used up, starved, and transported annually, as surely as corn is grown to be eaten—how their path through the world, and the pavement of their palace fronts, were strewn with the wrecks of trampled human-kind—how the track of their chariot-wheels was followed with groans, and curses, and tears of blood—how it was their brethren who were forever broken on the wheel of their car of progress—their sisters who stitched their lives into their work for nine cents per day, and were driven into the midnight streets and lanes to sell the sweet name of love for bread, in order that they might eke out

their means of subsistence. From their lofty windows they stared aghast; some, indeed, cursed the voice of the poet that had so rudely broken their voluptuous dream, and they slunk back to their silken pillows. But the rest stared on, and could not turn away. The "Song of the Shirt" was the first summons of the army of the poor which had besieged the citadel of wealth. The very music of it was like the march of ten thousand men, who come, with dogged step, set teeth, and flashing eyes, to demand redress for their long sufferings and wrongs. It had an ominous sound. Men looked at one another, and, for every poor one pale with want, there was a rich one white with fear. The wealthy had not known, or did not care to know, what want and wretchedness existed around them, and how small a space they were from the gnashings of hunger, the effluvia of disease, and the seething fires of revolution. They saw not, or shut their eyes to the scenes in which the bravest human heart might well despair, go mad, curse God, and die—where the children of labor, born in tears, are dragged up in misery, often sapped of their nature's finer feelings, or hurried by them into sin and crime, in the spring of life, robbed of their manhood, and left to toil on, starving, and starving still toil on, till they end their life's dark destiny in the pauper's grave, or the convict cemetery. None but the poor know what the poor endure. But this song led England to see that there were, in London alone, thirty-three thousand five hundred poor women, working for from five to ten cents per day. That the splendid fabrics of her manufacture were partly composed of human life—that England's hands were red with the blood of her martyred children, that her throne was built on broken hearts, and the root of her greatness drew its sustenance from rotting humanity—it ran through England like the trumpet that calls to judgment, or like the voice of the prophet of old, seeking for the ten righteous men to save the doomed city, and it was successful in finding them in time to avert the coming destruction. It touched the truest and tenderest string in the heart of aristocracy. Society began to investigate the appalling truth. It went down into the dens of poverty, and saw what a real hell was there. It discovered, that side by side with boasted magnificence was the most

bideous squalor, and the most alarming misery.

The "Song of the Shirt" called forth a tide of feeling so strong and impetuous, that it threw down and overleaped many an ancient barrier that had so long divided the rich from the poor. It was an equivalent for the horrible poor-law system, which severed the last human link between them—a link that existed even in feudal times, when the lord and the serf did meet sometimes at the castle-door, and charity and gratitude shook hands.

Who can compute the influence that these songs exerted for good, or how powerfully they contributed to bring about the many benevolent and noble schemes put forth and adopted, to alleviate the distress that existed? That it was great, we know—how great, we can never know. This was the waking at midnight; and society caught a glimpse, by the light of the poet's lamp, of that great morning that has yet to break upon us, when we shall look upon the face of each other, and see them in a new light, and know that we are brothers—brothers who have been tearing each other in the hand-to-throat strife, with the gloom hanging so thick and heavy about us, and the infernal din ringing so loudly in our ears—brothers who, having drifted into this maelstrom of competition, like the brothers in Poe's tale, are struggling in a death-struggle for the last spar of safety, endeavoring to rise on the floating wreck of each other's fortunes. What a fearful waking for many that will be!

In conclusion, let us look for a moment behind the curtain of our poet, when he played Mr. Merryman, who in the pages of *Punch*, and in his public and private whims and oddities, created more laughter in his time than any other ten men put together, and we find that his mirth and merriment were often like that of the poor clown who had to make merry on the stage while his child lay dead at home, and make the sides of his audience shake with laughter, while his own inside was trembling with weakness. Necessity, the stern, imperious taskmaster, stood over poor Hood, and made him laugh for his living; but he always turned the sunny side of his life to the world, while he himself sat in darkness. When very frail and feeble, and in the illness from which he never recovered, he thus gives us a bit

of his cheerful philosophy. In the preface to "Hood's Own" inimitable collection of prose and verse, and grotesque etchings, he says:—

"In the absence of a certain thin 'blue-and-yellow' visage and attenuated figure—whose effigy may one day be affixed to this work—you will not be prepared to learn that some of the merriest effusions in the forthcoming numbers have been the relaxations of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health—the carnival, so to speak, of a personified *Jour Maigre*. The very fingers so aristocratically slender, that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the '*ills that flesh is heir to*;' my coats have become great-coats; my pantaloons have turned into trousers; and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow, and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely-old port wine, I am of a bad color, with very little body. But what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody in words and sketches the creations or recreations of a merry fancy; those gaunt sides yet shake heartily as ever at the grotesques, and arabesques, and droll picturesques that my good genius (a Pantagruelian Familiar) charitably conjures up, to divert me from more sombre realities. How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness? By what other agency could I have transported myself, as a cockney would say, from *Dullage to Grinage*? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case; indeed, the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look upon the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale; there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind luckily had no mind to give in. My physician tells me that anatomically my heart is hung lower than usual; but what of that? The *more need to keep it up*. . . . Gentle reader, how do you like my laughing philosophy? The joyous cheers you have just heard come from a crazy vessel that has clawed by miracle off a lee-shore, and I, the skipper, am sitting down to my grog, and recounting to you the tale of past danger, with the manœuvres that were used to escape the perilous point."

And thus he bore up and held on, cheerfully and bravely, to the last, under many a terrible circumstance. Though the vessel of his life was frail and weather-worn, he would not desert it cowardly, but steered it right on into the harbor, which, we trust, was that haven of promise where the storms never rage, and sorrows come not, and there is no more pain, but the storm-tossed spirit folds its weary wings, and the toilworn mariner of life's sea finds rest upon the bosom of eternal peace.

[For the National Magazine.]

REVIEWS EXTRAORDINARY.

BY ONE OF OUR STATED CONTRIBUTORS.

NO. I.—THE CITY DIRECTORY.

REVIEWING is not exactly in our line. We are not sure that we have any taste for it. Other qualifications, however, we have in abundance. We know where there is a good library. We own a pair of scissors; also a paste-pot; and desirous of imparting a little more solidity to the pages of the Magazine, we shall occasionally dabble in that business. It must be understood, at the threshold, that it is by no means our intention to lower the standard of this species of writing. To our fraternal cousins who are seated so snugly high up on the Parnassian hill, the reviewers *par excellence*, we beg leave to say, that while it will be our aim to imitate their show of erudition, their literary quasi-omniscience, and their profundity, we shall, like them, disdain any attempt to popularize our lucubrations. In ordinary magazine articles intelligibility is deemed essential; but, in a review of the first class, and we shall deal in nothing else, it is a matter of very secondary importance. Hence we intend, generally, to be abstruse; sometimes prosy or prolix; and, perhaps, if our "vaulting ambition" does not o'erleap itself, occasionally, incomprehensible. If we cannot make the stream of our thoughts run deep, perhaps we may contrive to make it muddy, which will answer the same purpose, and equally prevent the reader from seeing our bottom. To propitiate still further "the ungentle craft" above referred to, and at the same time to indicate, with becoming modesty, our qualifications, we premise that after the manner of the most approved reviewers, we have not read the volume before us. No, indeed! we cut right into it, and go at our work, *a la* Southey, without prejudice or prepossession. We did turn over its pages, in an idle hour, when we had nothing else to do, and made a pencil mark here and there; but on our veracity that was all.

Having settled these preliminaries, we enter upon a critical analysis and a dissection, *secundum artem*, of the *New-York City Directory* for the present year.

As to the external appearance of the

work, its *physique*, we are bound to say that in our judgment it is too fat; by which we mean that its thickness is disproportionate to its length and breadth. It is, as we say of a female figure of similar dimensions, rather dowdyish. This may have arisen from the necessity of the case.

In fact, we see not how it could have been otherwise without increasing the size of the pages, or using thinner paper, and perhaps a smaller type; but, of course, if the learned author had done either of these things, he would have been liable to a more severe criticism. As to the integuments of the volume, they are substantial and ornamental. The ornaments, however, are not in the best taste. They are advertisements of sundry keen men of business, who, knowing how much more frequently people look at the outside than the inside of a volume, paid well for the privilege of having them printed on the cover. It would be hard, indeed, in these hard times, to censure the indefatigable editor for yielding to this temptation. He might have emblazoned the pasteboard with the excelsior arms of the state, or the corporate seal of this great city, but it is not certain that the legislature or the common council would have paid him for the compliment. At any rate, we have no reason to suppose they made him any offer in that behalf.

The typography of the work is entitled to our unqualified approbation. It is clear, and to those who have no defect in their visual organs, quite legible. We have not detected a single typographical error; but this may be owing as much to the fact that there is no table of errata at the end as to our own perspicacity. Finally, to close our remarks upon the esthetics of this ponderous duodecimo, we may add, if the reader will pardon the novelty, not to say the uniqueness of the remark, it is got up in the publisher's usual and well-known style of elegance.

To speak of the volume mathematically, or descending from the genus to the species, arithmetically—it contains seven hundred and eighty pages; which would have amounted, if they had been numbered after the manner of Elliott, in his great history of the great secession, as the reader may readily perceive by multiplying by two the number aforesaid, to fifteen hundred and sixty. Each of these pages will average, we think, eighty lines, each

line indicating, with wonderful precision, the local habitation and the name, and in most cases the profession, trade, or business of the denizens of this metropolis. Fifteen hundred and sixty multiplied by eighty, will give the reader an approximation to the probable number, not of our citizens, for there are thousands who are merely boarders, and whose names do not appear, but to the number of householders, demi-householders, semi-demi householders, and occupants of single rooms.

It would divert us too far from our purpose, although it would, doubtless, greatly divert the reader also, to enter at large upon the question of the relative advantages of boarding and keeping house. Were it not well known that we are paid by the page, we might add, too, in the language of our great exemplars, whose compensation is graduated in the same way—it would occupy too much space. The philosophy, however, of omitting from a directory the names of those who merely board, and who do not, as the phrase is, keep house, is worthy of serious consideration. We have brought our profoundest powers of ratiocination to bear upon the question. Not to detail the process by which we have reached our conclusions—and here we might plead want of space again—we simply state the conclusions themselves. First, then, to begin at the end, the proximate cause may be traced to the idiopathy of the learned editor; with equal clearness the penultimate cause may be referred to the idiocracy of the purchasers, *in posse*, of his volume; and the final cause, by which, of course, we do not mean final in the common acceptation of that word, to the idiosyncrasy of many of the boarders themselves, some of whom live in continual dread, lest “the very stones prate of their whereabouts.”

Our author's independence of spirit and manifest impartiality are worthy of commendation. Having laid down rules for the prosecution of his work, he adheres to them rigidly. Like Abdiel, nor numbers, nor example swerve him from his course. Patriotism, personal predilection, the claims of kindred, even the almighty dollar, are alike ineffectual. The poor widow who occupies one room in a dark alley, where her tin sign informs the passing traveler that “washing and ironing, and going out to day's work” are done here, has her own position on his page, and is

treated with as much respect and courtesy as the occupant of the finest mansion on the Fifth Avenue. The millionaire and the miserable mountebank, clergymen and circus clowns, judges and junk-dealers, police-officers and prostitutes, rabbis and rowdies, are placed in juxtaposition. Native Knickerbockers are sandwiched between Milesian hod-carriers and itinerant Italians, who grind a living out of the howlings of a hurdy-gurdy and the mirthful mischief of a monkey, rigged out in ragged red regimentals. Here, with more truth than in the meeting-house with free-seats, or even the grave-yard, are the words of the wise man verified, “The rich and the poor meet together.”

Let us not be understood, however, as accusing our author of a lack of discrimination. Far from it. While he gives to every individual his due, and no one has any cause to find fault with him, he has devoted a thousandfold more time and toil to some families than to others: and there is a reason for it, a reason lying upon the surface. Take, for illustration, the family of the Smiths. That mind must be tinged with a very grassy-green that would object to the space they occupy, or to the labor bestowed upon them. Why, there are in this city a thousand heads of families, house-keepers, bearing that honored patronymic. In this number we do not include those whose ancestors attempted an improvement upon the orthography, by changing the vowel and writing it Smyth; nor those who add to it the final *e*, and make it Smythe; nor those who drop the aspirate, and call it Smit; nor those who have a monosyllabic aversion, and are known as Smithers and Smithson; nor yet those who affect the Scandinavian combination, and perplex us with the crookedness of Schmit, Schmitt, and Schmidt.

Why the surname under consideration should be so much more plentiful than any other, is a grave question. The judicious Snooker, to whose learned work, *De Patronymico*, the reader may refer at his leisure, gives, perhaps, the best solution of the question. We are free to confess, however, that for ourselves we are not satisfied with it. The cause, we opine, lies deeper; and we are half inclined to adopt the theory of Fugleman, as modified by the acute Toady. See his elaborate article in the Royal Society's Transactions, vol. vii, p. 397, et seq. His remarks

on Tubal-Cain, the son of Lamech and Zillah, (Genesis iv, 22.) are certainly very acute, and throw a flood of light upon the question. He, not Toady, but Tubal-Cain, was certainly a Smith; and his name, without doing any greater violence to the Hebrew language than we have a perfect right to do, may be made to indicate a solution of the problem.

There is less difficulty in disposing of a theory first broached by O'Gandy, in his flippant treatise. The theory is, in brief, that the Johnsons, the Jacksons, the Petersons, the Tomsons, the Williamsons, and names of that class, were all originally Smiths. Thus argues O'Gandy: the first Johnson was a son of John Smith, Robertson a son of Robert Smith, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is wonderful how easy the literary world may be humbugged. O'Gandy enjoyed the reputation gained by his plausible blarney until he died, and, in fact, for twenty-two years afterward. Then appeared the elaborate work of that most patient and pains-taking German, Flückerman, and overthrowing the premises upon which the Emerald islander had built his superstructure, it is not too much to say, that O'Gandy was routed—horse, foot, and dragoons. It is right to add, that possibly Flückerman himself may be floored by a countryman of his own, who has been engaged upon the subject for the last quarter of a century. The quantity of lager beer and tobacco already consumed in this investigation by the German referred to—his name is Flünck—is a sure guaranty that the work, when finished, will be a great addition to patronymic literature.

It was Lindley Murray, unjustly accused of plagiarizing from Horne Tooke, who first gave to our juvenile mind the definition of a noun. It is the name, he says, of anything that exists. However true that may be in the abstract, and for the sake of the argument we admit that all nouns are names, we must be permitted, nevertheless, to say, that the converse of the proposition, to wit, that all names are nouns is not true. The volume before us contains ample proof on that point. Some names are verbs, many of them participles, a few adverbs, and a great many are adjectives, or, as we heard them called at a public-school examination the other day, qualifiers. Thus there are some half-dozen families in the city known as Sweet,

but there is only one Sour as yet. He is a baker, and we have tasted of his bread; but *de gustibus, &c.* Several rejoice in being called Good; and although there are none Better, Best is a very favorite appellation. Then in this same category we have, as surnames, Bitter, Civil, Clever, Rich, Poor, Wise, Wild, and True. The cardinal points of the compass have their votaries. North and West take the lead. There are only two East, and but one South. To make amends, however, for this paucity, our author gives us East-burn, East-er, East-erbrook, East-man, East-mond, East-on, and East-wood. The compounds of South are still more numerous. We have South-back, South-ard, South-em, South-arden, South-erland, South-ern, South-ington, South-by, South-mayd, South-erton, South-well, South-wick, and South-worth. The more desirable colors seem to be Black, White, Brown, Gray, and Green. There is one solitary Blue, and one Purple. Yellow, for a reason that we need not name, has not yet been appropriated.

Among the qualifiers we may add also, Mr. Jolley, Mr. Lawless, Mr. Sly, Mr. Sealy; although this last falls more appropriately, perhaps, into the piscatorial department, together with Messrs. Long, Broad, Wider, Short, and Shorter. The participles, such as Spelling, Reading, Going, Hunting, Willing, Billing, and Cooing, &c., are too numerous to dwell upon; and notwithstanding the many dissertations upon the interjection, many of them very profound, we confess that until the work before us fell into our hands, we were not convinced of the propriety or even the feasibility of employing any of them—the interjections aforesaid as patronymics. We are satisfied now. Haw and Gee have both been pressed into the service, and for aught we know to the contrary they answer the purpose admirably. Of course, Mr. Haw lives on the right hand as you go up the street, Mr. Gee on the left hand as you go down.

The natural association of ideas leads us from the lessons in English grammar which we derived from Murray to the moral instructions given to us at the same period. Among them we remember many a caution against the use of nicknames. We were taught to regard it as vulgar and unkind. From the volume before us we are taught differently. Nicknames

are respected and respectful, yet we find it hard to overcome our early prejudices. We tolerate Mr. Nelly, Mr. Dickey, Mr. Polly, and Mr. Molly, because of the softening quality of the latter vowel, but we should feel half condemned in addressing by their proper names, and all of them are residents of our city whom we may meet at any moment,—Messrs. Moll, Tom, Bill, Betts, Dick, Jack, Pegg, Cuff.

It will be pleaded that there was evinced a degree of moral courage quite unusual in this time-serving world by the adoption of this class of designations. It is true. There is a degree of moral courage also in retaining them, not equal, we think, however, to that displayed by the proprietors of such names as Lackey, Coward, Bulley, Dung, Folley, Deadman, Grim, and Blood. There is a savor of such absolute contempt for public opinion among this latter class, amounting almost to heroism, that it compels from us a kind of respect to which we cannot feel that a mere nickname is entitled.

But what's in a name? As saith the love-sick Juliet,

"That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

And herein she utters a sentiment, the truth of which, so far as mere nosology is concerned, cannot be questioned. But, begging the damsel's pardon, we have something more to do in this bustling sphere than merely to use our olfactories. If she had been acquainted with the "City Directory," she would have seen cause to modify the sentiment. The suggestion of that able commentator on the dramas of Shakspeare, Fiddledederius, accounting for this remark of the fair daughter of the Capulets, is worthy of consideration. It is, that in her day, woman's rights had not been so completely trampled under foot as they are at present. Females did not then lose their identity and their names when matrimonial cords were thrown around them. Not then could it be said of the virgin emerging from the hymeneal altar as afterward in the pathetic lines of the poet, referring to a fair lass and her betrothed—

"She changed for him her maiden name,
From Shoulders to Joline."

We cannot hope to abrogate the present system by any arguments. The world, that is, that part of it which does the

voting and the legislating, is set in its way, wise in its own conceit, and withal stiff-necked. For the present, at least, woman must be content, if she will be married, to drop her own patronymic and take that of her lucky lover; and this too, whether, as Juliet says, it smells as sweet, or not. The work under review, however, and we are happy to say it, presents palliatives for the evil of which we speak, and for which as yet there is no remedy. For instance, what do our fair readers think of such names as the following, all of which are found in the volume before us? Love, Dove, Lovely, Dear, Deary, Joy, Darling, Divine, Bliss, Comfort, Content, Holy, Virtue, Eden, and Paradise. Are they not nice names? So far as we are concerned, any young marriageable maid may make her own selection, provided of course that the young man, like the renowned Barkis, be "willing."

We were never able until this present moment to account for the horror to which our confreres who live by reviewing, give utterance, when they get hold of a big book that has no index. In our salad days we deemed an index of no consequence. If it was worth studying, we could make an index to the volume to suit ourselves, or carry it in our head for that matter. But an index is a wonderful help to a reviewer, and on this point we must find great fault with the "New-York City Directory." It has no index. If we want to find names, ornithological for instance, or geological, ecclesiastical, or culinary, we are obliged to hunt all through the volume and pick them out. But this would not pay. The reader must be satisfied, therefore, with an approximation to perfection until the next edition, when possibly the talented editor may be induced to remunerate some penny-a-liner for supplying his work with the desideratum referred to.

To do the best we can, however, under the circumstances,—and it is the great Addison who says, The best can do no better,—we may say that our author is peculiarly rich in ornithology. We have not only Birds in the abstract, but also Cock, Hen, Eagle, Owl, Wren, Brant, Crane, Crow, Drake, Duck, Goose, (only one,) Gosling, (several,) Heron, Jay, Lark, Martin, Rook, Partridge, Swan, and Peacock.

Zoologically considered, our author has been equally happy. The names in this department which have not yet been appropriated are few and unimportant. We have the Lion and the Lamb, the Bear, the Wolf, the Stag, the Bull and the Bullock. There is no Cow yet, but we have Kine, together with Camels, Colts, Foxes, Bucks and Does, Griffins, Kids, and Hogs.

In the piscatorial department we have Fish of course, and Whales, Sharks, Herrings, Mackerel, Salmon, Bass, Turbot, and Pike. We were disappointed not to find any Shad; and that in a city where they are cried about the streets every day in their season there should be no Porgies, is unaccountable.

For our own convenience we blend in one the departments dendrological and pomological. Not fabulously, as in the parable of Jotham, (see Judges ix, 8,) but in sober verity the trees of this city might come together and select a king. At the call of the roll there would be present the Apple, with its congeners Appleby, Appleton, and Applegate; the Beech and the Beecher, the Birch, the Cherry, the Chesnut, the Ash, the Holly, the Lemon, the Pine, the Larch, the Plum, the Rose, the Thorn, and the Bramble. Whether the regal mantle would fall upon this last, as it did on the occasion referred to, may be doubted by the reader without offense to us. We have, of course, our own opinion.

The four seasons furnish their share of patronymics. We have Spring, Summer, and Winter, but Autumn is missing. We were at a loss to account for this until, in turning over the pages of our author, we find he has given us in its stead several Falls. The months are not so well represented. There are only five out of the twelve who have yet found their way into the Directory. They are Mr. March, Mr. May, Mr. June, Mr. July, and Mr. August. The culinary department is rather meager: we have, however, Leeks, Sage, Beans, Pease, Fennel, Garlick, and a few Murphys. Physiologically considered, the volume is rich: there are Lightbodies and Lightfoots, Heads, Brains, Beard, Tongue, Foot, Hand, Fingers, Kidney, Heart, Livermore, Leg, Blood, Gore, Lights, and Hasletts, reminding the classical reader of the lines of the poet, describing the conduct of the

wolf toward Little Red Riding Hood of precious memory:

"He quaff'd her blood, he munch'd her gore,
And up her lights and liver tore."

Speaking necrologically we have, as already intimated, Mr. Deadman, and quite a number of Corses, (*poetice*, for corpses,) together with Shrouds, Crape, Coffin, Graves and Tombs.

The reduplication of the final letter in many patronymics opens a wide field for controversy. The question is, When and for what reason originated the practice of doubling the final letter in such names as Henn, Penn, and Fenn; or Legg, Pegg, and Gregg; or Lott, Mott, Nott, Pott, and Van Cott? A host of others might be added, but these may suffice; and the order in which we have placed them will, perhaps, satisfy the reader that we are no converts to the theory of Schnapps on this delicate and difficult question. Indeed, we are not sure that we quite understand that ornament of Scandinavian literature. Not that Schnapps is too strong for us in his logic, for that we can dilute to any extent, but he is hard to translate, harder we think by many degrees than even the divine Oleander. We are perfectly willing that the reader should judge between the theory of Schnapps and our own; we say it in all modesty, and having thus placed the two in juxtaposition, we leave them for the cogitation of the thoughtful student. His conclusion will neither be antagonistic to our own, nor do injustice to Schnapps.

On the still graver question—the pluralization of surnames—we must be indulged in a few remarks. Why should any man have arrogated to himself duality, if not plurality, by appending a final *s* to his singularity? Omitting, for want of room of course, all mention of the many minor theories on this subject, we may advert to the three that are most prominent, and which have had, if we may so say, the most learned advocates. For the sake of conciseness, and to assist the memory of the reader, we shall call these theories, or denominate them, rather, the perfunctory, the apostrophical, and the ophiscular.

The perfunctory theory is that which refers the origin of plural names held by singular men to the universal practice of editors and authors. Each, as is well

known, when he assumes the quill and scissors, makes use of the pronouns We, Our, and Us, instead of I, My, and Me. The transition from the pronoun to the noun was easy and obvious. Mr. Toodle, when he left the workshop, and undertook the editorial department, called himself We, and thus being perfunctorily plural, he styled himself Toodles, and his descendants have followed his example. Thus also, Brook became Brooks, and Crook Crooks; Snook was euphemized into Snooks, and Toot into Toots. The main objection to this theory, and the readers of Kidney's great work upon the subject will admit its force, is its lack of universality, taken in connection with its manifest solsecretiousness.

Turning now from the perfunctory to the apostrophical theory, we are free to admit its plausibility; and yet, great as are the authorities ranged in its favor, from the acute Snobby to the no less astute Simplehead, we must enter, conscientiously, our most decided demurrer to the line of argumentation on which the theory is suspended. The name Hodges, for instance, may have been written originally Hodge's. We will not dispute on that point. So also Bang's may have meant, in the first instance, the son of Bang, and Cole's, with the apostrophe, may have indicated a lineal descendant of Cole—old King Cole, perhaps, of whom the poet sings so sweetly. But with all deference we submit that the theory does not eliminate a fact brought prominently before us in the volume under review. That fact is, that while there is no Mr. Adam, there are quite a number, each of whom assumes to be Mr. Adams, in the plural. On this hypothesis, indeed, this should be the patronymic of us all. Are we not all Adam's descendants? a question not to be asked. It is remarkable too that the names of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, have not been used as surnames, but, each having undergone the pluralizing process, we have in their stead more than a score known as Mr. Abrahams, Mr. Isaacs, Mr. Jacobs. The names of the twelve disciples have been pressed into the service, but with no degree of uniformity; a fact which seems to have been overlooked by Simplehead, and not to have received the attention it deserved from Snobby. Thus we have, both in the singular and in the plural, Mr.

Simon and Mr. Simons, Mr. Andrew and Mr. Andrews, Mr. John, Mr. Saint John, and Mr. Johns, Mr. Phillip and Mr. Phillips; then there are in the singular only, Mr. James, Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Thomas, while Peter seems to disdain singularity, and is found only as Peters. Judas, of course, is among the missing, and Lebbeus has not as yet found his way as a surname into the "City Directory."

Thus much for the theory under consideration. Though we say it who should not, it is pretty effectually disposed of, and there remains for our cauterizing power only the ophisecular hypothesis. We shall make short work of it. Indeed, our bile editorial is stirred to its lowest depths. Ophisecular (from the Greek *ὄφις*, a snake) is slanderous in itself. It refers to the hissing of that disagreeable reptile, and in its application implies that the English language has an undue partiality for hissing sounds, the letter *s* and the soft *c*. A stigmatizing, silly, solecistical sarcasm this is, isn't it? Essentially slimy in its inception, it is simply suicidal in its systematizing synopsis. But like the poet who

"Never dares
To be as funny as he can,"

lest his readers should burst with laughter, so we dare not uncork all the vials of our wrath upon this subject. Our publishers are not willing to risk the consequences. We only add, therefore, in the mildest vein of which we are capable in our present bilious state, that the ophisecular theory is no more to be compared to either of the others, and they are both utterly unsatisfactory, than the slim, slender sausages served up for breakfast and supper on the Sound steamers are worthy of being named on the same day with those magnificent cylinders, redolent of garlic, which give celebrity to the city of Bologna.

We must not close our article without a word or two on our author's style. It is concise and terse in a remarkable degree; laconic beyond anything ever given to the world in the palmiest days of the Lacedæmonian republic. In fact, the entire volume may be held up as an embodiment of the soul of wit. If our author seldom reaches the true sublime, he never descends to the ridiculous—except when

the necessities of the case compel him. We part with him in excellent humor, but let not authors and publishers deceive themselves with the idea that as reviewers we are a compound of honey and balsam. On the contrary, if we chance to light upon a volume that shall give us free scope, we shall show them that our slashing powers, though in embryo yet, are enormous.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness and mind of gentle mold.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency;
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex'd
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next;
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then, are the words which he will say.
O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be:
And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

I have a son—a second son—a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—
How silver-sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,

And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little songs of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love.
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son—a third sweet son—his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what look he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow:
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal;
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery;
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain;
O! we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again.

THOMAS MOULTRIE.

LETTERS FROM THE CRIMEA.

JOHNN BULL seems to be thoroughly aroused by the disastrous and apparently interminable conflict in the Crimea. The English papers and periodicals, from the huge quarterly to the smallest *feuilleton*, are filled with invectives against the government. Arguments, entreaties, denunciations, ridicule, and satire are poured forth incessantly. From *Colburn's New Monthly* we extract the following epistles, purporting to be written by an ensign to his parents at home. They are keenly satirical, but truth gives sharpness to their edge:—

Before Sebastopol, February, 1855.

DEAR GUARDIAN,—I write to you in obedience to injunctions in your recent letter, which I received with Aunt Priscilla's; but it's not that I have much to say either of myself or the siege. The siege is just as it was when I wrote in December, progressing backward; and I'm the same, but I'm very plucky, and ready to hold out against any odds. Pluck does not always answer, though, for food and warmth, and some of the best of us go off into the grave, pluck and all.

The worst frost set in the 5th of January. I was off duty for that night (you can chalk it up) and went with the rest of us to bed—that is, we lay down on the ground, under our threadbare tent, and covered our heads with the blanket. The cold was so intense, that, tired as we were, it was impossible to get to sleep, and we awoke frozen, in the morning. The blankets were frozen, where we had breathed, our clothes were frozen, and our boots (some new ones we had managed to bag, out of Balaklava) were as rigid as pokers. Jamieson, one of our ensigns, crawled in stiff, from the trenches: he had been ailing for weeks, only there was nobody to take his duty. We got up then, and tried to force ourselves into the frozen boots, but it was no go; and I went out, barefoot, to look up a fellow who waits on me and Gill. The snow and ground were hard and crunchy, and I had no feel in my feet. Who should I come upon but Major Gum—we are always meeting him when we don't expect it—and he called me a young fool, and asked if I wanted to see my feet drop off, or else what brought me out without my boots when he knew I'd got a pair. So I asked if he would please to show us how our boots were to be put on, and he came into the tent. It was a tent of misery. Everything in it more wretched than another: the bare ground; the clothes standing up of themselves, stiff; the white faces looking out from their dirty blankets; some raw pork and biscuit in the pan; a charcoal fire, with a tin pot on it; and Jamieson lying down in the corner. Gum saw how ill he looked, and asked what he had had to eat. "Nothing, to speak of, for a long while," Jamieson said, for he could not swallow the rations, and was too weak to forage out anything else. "Have you no coffee?" inquired Major Gum.

"What's the good of coffee to us?" cried Tubbs, who never minds what he says to our superiors—he would accost the field-marshal, as soon as look at him, if he could get a chance of doing either—"it's green, major." And out he tumbled a heap of useless berries at the major's feet. "What do you drink, then?" cried Gum to Jamieson, crossly—"water?" "I don't know where he would get water from, major," answered Tubbs, "unless he put snow in his mouth, and let it melt." "What's that in the tin pot?" returned the major, looking at the stove. "That's for him, sir," said Tubbs, "and for us all too; we want it just as bad as he does, only we have more pluck. It's tea, and will be three goes, as big as thimbles, apiece for us, when it's doled out; and we got it at a thundering cost at Balaklava." "O, come, Jamieson, cheer up!" cried the major, who's not a bad man at bottom, "you'll be all right again soon. There's scarcely one of us who is not ill, but we manage to knock along." Well, if you'll credit it, dear sir, with that, Jamieson breaks out a-sobbing, and then began to excuse himself. "It's not for the fever, major," he says, "or for the pain, but it's the weakness; and the thoughts of home overcome me. I could have died fighting as well as any of them, but it is hard to go of neglect and starvation—to go off by inches. I had a letter from home yesterday—"

Nobody knows what Jamieson was coming out with, about his letter, for at the moment, Tubbs, who was brewing, upset the tin pot, putting out the fire and the tea together, and poor Jamieson looked round, with his greedy eyes, as if he could have beaten the charcoal for getting all the drink. So there was an end of our breakfast, for we had used all our charcoal.

Of the horses that remained to us, poor ill-used wretches, dozens died that night, and were found stiff in the daylight; and the men were shovelled up from the trenches with their noses or toes, or ears or hands frostbitten, and had to go into field-hospital—such as it is. I have got a fur comforter, which I bought from a fellow who died—that is, I bought it at the sale of his effects—and I wrap that round my ears and nose, and have managed to come out of the trenches with them whole; but when the fur gets wet with the breath, and freezes, it's like a piece of raw-edged glass to the lips and face.

That day the surgeon saw Jamieson, and said he must go down to Balaklava hospital, but there was an everlasting fuss to get him there. He could not go without an order, and there was nobody to give it; so he stopped in camp for ever so many days. He ought to have had some medicine, but there was none—there never is. It gets wasted somehow. I'll give you an instance. One day news came that a vessel had arrived in Balaklava with medical stores. Down tramped the surgeons, crowding over everybody, because they got their physic in, and we didn't get our provisions; but weren't they in a passion when they reached the ship, and came to see their medicines! All the bottles were broken and their contents were swimming in the hold, and the powders and pills, and salves and leeches had got loose, and were floating in it: all a smash and a mash together. It was no-

body's fault at all, dear sir, only the ship's: she would persist in pitching and rolling, the captain said—and how was he to help her?—it was her nature. It's true that some heavy stores of shot and shell had been stored in the same compartment with the bottles and pill-boxes; but that was only an error in judgment, and what business had the ship to flounder and pitch? The surgeons were excessively crest-fallen, and said they should report; but as nobody's authorized to receive such reports, they got no hearing.

After a week spent in the mud at camp, with a blanket over him, and a piece of tarpauling tied round his throat, which was sore, Jamieson got taken down to Balaklava. The French lent us some mules, and he was swung behind one, and the procession started. I hate to meet these processions: the fellows look more like corpses than living men; and a good many become corpses before they get to Balaklava. Jamieson had a jolt for it; for the mules were obstinate, and would put their feet in all the holes, and as some are knee-deep, you may judge of the effect.

Three days afterward I went to see Jamieson. My stars! what a wonderful place that Balaklava hospital is! If I get ill, I'd rather lie and die in camp than be shoved there. I could n't find where he was lying, and the place was so crowded, and the filth and confusion so great, it was difficult to get along: besides the groans. I turned to struggle out again, for my breath and sight were leaving me with the stench, when I saw an arm lifted toward me from the floor, where the chaps were lying. It was Jamieson. Poor old chum! death was stamped on his wasted face, and he signed to me to stoop down over him. "Well, old boy," said I, thinking I'd cheer him up, "are you almost ready to come out to camp again, and take a spell at the trenches?" "I shall never go out of here again," said he, his great mournful eyes straining eagerly on me, "till they carry me out feet foremost." "O, that be blowed," I answered, making my words as merry as I could; "never say die. How do they treat you here?" "As well as they can, I think," he said. "I don't want to complain, for it's not their fault. A doctor has seen me once, and said I might have some tea, and I have had a drink twice in the three days." "Do they dose you well?" I went on. "They have got no medicines to dose us with, and no comforts for us, and there are as good as no doctors. You never saw such a lot, Pepper, as are taken away every morning dead. I don't believe one in twenty need have died, had there been anybody to bestow upon us common care. I know I should not." "Now don't give way like that, Jamieson," I said; "you'll live to make old bones yet." "Pepper," he cried, shaking his ghastly head, "you know where we live; if you escape the common fate here, and get back to London, go and see my mother, and tell her I died in Balaklava hospital. Don't tell her how things were, out here: it would only grieve her, to hear that three parts of those who are under the ground were coolly murdered, and nothing less. You know it, Pepper. But let that pass—for me, all is nearly over. Give my love to my dear mother, and tell her I should not so much care to

die, if I could have seen her again, and heard her say she forgave me for all the uneasiness I have ever caused her."

All this made me fell queer, dear sir, fearing it might be my turn next; so I thought I'd cut it, and wished Jamieson good day. But he called me back, to say if anything good came out for him, any hamper, we were to divide it; and that I might have his trousers, which were as good as new, (so to speak,) having only three holes in them, two in the knees and one behind. He died that night.

Some cheering news was brought one morning into camp—that the *Golden Fleece* had come into Balaklava harbor, with hundreds and thousands of sheepskin coats for us officers, presents from Trieste. As many of us as could stand the sea of mud, tore down to Balaklava, and there we boarded the good ship, and were regaled with a view of the bales. The captain said he was anxious for somebody to come and relieve him of them, and we stopped till there was no chance of their being got out that afternoon. After days of impatience, and no coats appearing, we made another journey, and, if you'll believe it, dear sir, the ship had sailed, taking the coats back in her. The quartermaster-general's department had refused to land them, as it had not been paid the compliment of receiving official advice of their arrival. We turned away, exploding with wrath, shivering and shaking in the bitter cold, feeling the deficiencies in our garments all the more keenly for having had our imaginations exalted up to sheepskin coats. Some of us have got coats, such as they are, served out to us now; but they are not the sheepskins of the *Golden Fleece*. I think they were all made to fit one man: some can't stretch into them any way, so they tie their sleeves round their necks, as the lazy Italians do, and let the coat swing behind. The boots are the worst, such as have reached us; and our poor devils of men have to go barefooted. They are made too small for the feet, and can't be dragged on anyhow—but the men have to pay for them. Once, when we were all shoeless, a ship's load arrived at Balaklava harbor. And there the ship stopped, and the shoes in her, for the captain could get nobody to relieve him of his cargo. One official said it was not in his department; another said he could get no orders from Lord Raglan; a third, that no bill of lading had been sent to him; a fourth, that he never acted but under direct orders from Her Majesty's Government; and a fifth said, the army had got plenty of everything. So the captain went storming and swearing out of port, with his ship and his shoes, and our naked feet rejoiced on in their nakedness.

The obedience to official routine here is admirable, and will be a feather in the war's cap as long as its history shall last. Not a thing is done without direct orders from home—from the war minister, or the horse guards, or the secretary of state, or their secretaries. The dispatches must be written on official paper, syllables divided, letters as large as corks, a wide margin, have a seal as big as a saucer, and be tied round with red tape. Failing the tape, they are not to be taken in, and then nobody acts, and everything's at a stand-still. It cer-

tainly causes some delay and confusion, but I know you will rejoice, dear sir, to find how attached we remain to our good old institution. Every officer here, from Lord Raglan downward, will submit to have their heads cut off rather than issue an order not first sanctioned by the red tape. They would send the whole army (what's left of it) into boxes of four deal boards nailed together, (to speak metaphorically, for such luxuries as coffins don't penetrate here,) to be screwed down out of sight, and would never interfere to keep it alive, unless they get red tape telling them to do so. We have exemplifications of this admirable system every day: I'll give you one. Some men were taken with cholera, and certain comforts were necessary for them—it might be medicines—or cordials—or charcoal—or stoves—I forget which, but there's the same bother to get each of these things, though they may be close at hand. The surgeon applied to the general of division; general answered that application must be made in writing. "The men are dying," remonstrated the surgeon. "What if they are?" retorted the general; "we can't violate official etiquette." So the surgeon went back, wrote his demand, and sent it in. Back it came in a few hours. General's compliments, and it was signed on the left-hand side instead of the right, which must be rectified. So the surgeon shrugged his shoulders, wrote another paper, signed it on the right side, and sent that in. Some more delay, and back came the paper: the general begged to inform the doctor that he was not the proper officer to apply to; it should be the commander-in-chief. Up goes the application to head-quarters, and nothing is heard of it for a day and a night; then comes a message that the field marshal has nothing to do with the point at issue—the surgeon should have addressed himself to his colonel. So the doctor, driven nearly wild, goes to the colonel and asks him. "It's not in my department at all," answers the colonel; "you must apply to the commissariat." "That makes three days and nights that I have been banded about from one to the other," squeals out the doctor, in a rage, "and the soldiers were dying when I first applied." "Poor fellows," cries the colonel, "how are they?" "All dead," replies the doctor, "and if I had obtained what I wanted, I could have kept them alive. And now I have got more in the same sore need, and they'll die. This is a shameful state of things." "It's in accordance with official routine," snapped the colonel; "we are all right so long as we obey that. What would you have?" I am sure all these details will delight you, dear sir, attached, as you are, to our glorious old state, and to the ancient cry of "Church and King." I will tell you a little more before closing. We had some cargoes of potatoes and fresh vegetables sent here, but their bills-of-lading, or bills-of-something, were not made out in strict accordance with official demands, and I am proud to inform you, that, rather than receive them unofficially, they were destroyed upon the shore. The smell, during this process, was not very sanitary, and our men were decaying of scurvy, which the fresh vegetables would have cured, therefore the authorities take the more merit to themselves for sticking to

etiquette. When articles of this sort come in, the master of the ship reports, and asks Captain Christie to give an order to land his cargo. Christie won't; says he must ask Mr. Filder; Filder says he must ask a brigadier; brigadier says he must ask the commander-in-chief; and commander-in-chief says he must ask anybody but him. We are intensely proud of all this, especially as it passes in sight of our allies.

Lord Raglan visited the trenches one day—it's a fact!—and, in going away, he dropped a paper, which a sergeant picked up. It seems to be a copy of a dispatch, and I have no objection to transcribe it for you:—

"Before Sebastopol, February, 1855.

"MY LORD DUKE,—I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Grace that the weather is reasonable. The sun comes out by day, but goes in at night, which causes some variation in the temperature of the four-and-twenty hours. There is a wind occasionally; and I have known it to blow from all four points—on different days. The mercury sometimes rises in the glass, and sometimes falls; and the moon occasionally favors us by shining.

"Such of the soldiers as are not on the sick list, remain healthy.

"Sebastopol is still in our view, and has not changed its site; neither have we changed ours.

"My staff render themselves remarkably efficient, especially in making themselves comfortable, in which they succeed better than might be expected from the very limited sources at their command. I beg therefore, particularly to recommend them to your Grace, as deserving of promotion.

"I inclose the list of casualties to the present date.

"I have the honor to be, my Lord Duke—"

The rest was torn off; but I know you will be proud to possess this much, as a souvenir of our great commander. The straightforward simplicity of its style has excited the most unbounded admiration in camp.

We hear that a General Simpson is coming out here, as something—nobody knows what. A few affirm that he is to write all the field marshal's dispatches for him; others, that he will but fold and seal them. We shall see, in the course of time. It's said that his lordship does not like it.

Illness is on the increase. We have rarely cases of cholera, but lots of frost-bites (a very nasty disorder, when the extremities come off) and typhus fever, and dysentery, and scurvy, and weakness, and death. The reinforcements die off as soon as they land; and indeed, we are all dying together. Some are in the trenches five nights out of seven.

But our mortality is nothing, as compared to that at Scutari: the patients there are dropping off wholesale, and the doctors are so polite as to accompany them. A lieutenant, who came up here with a cured lot, says the British ambassador at Constantinople encourages the mortality, as a good means of getting rid of the surplus population. This is probably "official" again: so long life to Lord Stratford!

I can say less about the horses than I did in my last, because there are fewer of them. They have grown to be nine feet long—though Gill says it's only their look, from being so thin. They are tied up, out of reach of each other's teeth, to give their manes and tails a chance of sprouting again, and they are regaled with a half meal of chopped straw twice a week. A ship-load of forage came, the other day, into Balaklava; but in the hurry of putting it on

board, the red-tape regulations had, by some unfortunate oversight, been omitted. So the forage was very properly refused, and sent back again.

There has just been a great battle at Eupatoria. We were not in it, chiefly the Turks and Russians, and I have no time to relate particulars. Turks won. Lord Lucan has been recalled, in consequence of the affair at Balaklava, Nolan's order, as we call it here, and is gone home with his son, Lord Bingham.

Accept my best thanks for your paternal kindness, and believe me, dear sir,

Yours very dutifully,

T. PEPPER.

Death-and-Skeleton Trenches, before Sebastopol,
February, 1855.

DEAR AUNT PRISCILLA,—You say I am to write and tell you how I spent Christmas-day. Very jolly. We had a stunning plum-pudding and two animals. I am not quite sure what the latter were: I and Tubbs bought them for Russian wild geese, but a Zouave, who came in while we were cooking them, said they were *chicous saucages*. I am pleased to hear you were so merry at Christmas; and though poor Jessie cried, when you drank my health, and hoped I had something to eat and drink, tell her to keep up her courage, and perhaps I shall be at home next Christmas-day, if this inf—righteous war is over. I hope, dear aunt, you will excuse mistakes, and if you see any wrong letters, or half words, in my epistles, please skip them, for they are caused by the wretched pens and paper we get in the Crimea.

What with promises in newspapers, and letters from home, advising us of them, we made certain of having the camp full of luxuries for Christmas-day. One officer had a bale of turkeys advised to him, (his father's a squire in Norfolk,) and a dozen tins of bread-sauce, which had only to be hotted up; another fellow had got an invoice of ten hams and a case of raspings; Stiffing's grandmother was sending him seven tons of black-puddings (her writing was not very legible, Stiffings says she's more than seventy, and we could n't be sure whether it was "tons" or "strings;") Gill's mamma forwarded some gallons of mock-turtle, and his sisters a pound apiece of toffy, and some almonds and raisins and peppermint-drops; Major Gum expected a fat buck; Jamieson's mamma advised him of some ducks ready stuffed, and seventeen apple-pies; another chap heard of some wine and frosted cheese, (or toasted; word illegible again;) and I looked out for your hamper, which you said was on the road. Tubbs has got no father or mother, and nothing was advised to him: he did n't expect it. Well, nothing came; not a single package! There were wagon-loads of things lying on the wharf at Balaklava, (and they are lying there still, what have not rotted,) but they were of no avail to us. We don't know whether our things formed part of the heap, and never shall know. Major Gum, in passing our tent, heard us mildly grumbling over the management, and he looked in, and told us that patience and resignation were virtues, and we must exemplify them in our own conduct. So we said patience might be ——— I mean to say, of course we do.

Well, we thought we'd try and make a Christmas dinner for ourselves, as we were done out of one from home. Some of us juniors (very nice fellows, dear aunt, all about my age—who spend our leisure time trying to improve each other's minds, and keep up our arithmetic and other sciences) went exploring down to Balaklava in our handsome toggeries. Tubbs wore Russian boots, slit in front, and coming half-way up his legs, with a tarpauling cloak, or sack, down to his knees, so that his wanting an essential article of apparel was not too conspicuous; Gill had on a pair of red trousers and two shirts—the one has got no sleeves, and the other has nothing else, so he puts them on together; Stiffing was in a brass cap and sword; Jamieson started in stockings and green drawers, and a silk necktie he had picked up, supposed to belong to one of the staff, but he was cold and went back again; I sported a great coat with a train (for it was made for a seven-foot grenadier) and haybands from the knees downward. When we had explored Balaklava, and bought as much as we could get, so far as our money went, and swo—reprimanded the thieves of sellers, we shouldered our spoils, and floundered back to camp. Jamieson was asleep in the tent, and since then he has gone down and died in Balaklava hospital.

The next afternoon, which was Sunday, and a wretched day, we set on to make our pudding. First there was nothing to mix it in, for the crowns were gone from our hats, till Stiffing proposed a drum, and he went out at dusk and boned one, and brought it in on his back. When we had punched one end out, we set it on the floor and broke in the eggs. Stiffing wanted to put them in whole, and beat them up shells and all, for he had seen their cook do it for jelly. Then we turned in the flour, and a sack of raisins, and a big loaf of bread we had bought at Balaklava, and two oranges cut in quarters with the peel, which had cost us three shillings apiece. Jamieson came and looked at us, and said the pudding would be no good unless we put in suet, but Stiffing flew in a rage, and asked if he thought us such consummate idiots as to put greasy suet into a plum pudding. Then Gill shoved in his word: he had seen his mamma make Christmas puddings, and at least half of what was put in was suet—only he forgot that at Balaklava. Tubbs sided with Stiffing, and they had a shindy, and the pudding waited. I supported the suet party, for it came into my mind while they were quarrelling, that once, when you were angry with Jessie for not eating her cold pudding, she made the excuse that the suet was not chopped fine enough. Most votes carried the day, and the suet was decided for; but we had got none, and Jamieson affirmed the pudding would not boil without fat. Gill offered a bottle of hair-oil he had chaffered for with a corporal, servant to one of the staff, and who said his master had got a superfluous quantity; and Tubbs said, perhaps tallow candles, if we took out the wicks, might not taste badly, but we were afraid of both. At last we got some rations of pork, and cut the fat into pieces as big as a walnut, and put that in, and some sugar, and a can of rum, and mixed it all up together with our fingers, agreeing that the

first who sucked them should be out of the stirring. Jamieson had lain down again, after getting the fire ready, some charcoal and wood, (something we had bagged and cut up,) and a great camp kettle on it, which we had borrowed; but when we came to put in the pudding there was no cloth to boil it in. Nobody had foreseen that, and there we were at a nonplus, and concluded we should have to demolish it raw. We tried the raisin sack, but the pudding went out as fast as we pushed it in, for there was a great hole in the bottom. Then Jamieson looked up from the floor, and said we might have a pair of the stockings he bought at Balaklava, at such a cost, if it would not spoil them for wearing. It was just the thing—they were quite new, fresh from the loom; but we had a rare bother filling them. When it was done, and the tops tied round, they looked like great fat sausages, as long as young serpents, and we coiled them up and dashed them into the water, scalding Stiffing. Jamieson, who was good for little else, undertook to keep them boiling, which he did—at least he said so—till the next day, Christmas. They turned out beautifully, and were the jolliest puddings you ever tasted. The stockings had both burst in the pot, but that was nothing—I told Tubbs he rammed the stuff down too tight—and we had to carve them in slices, through the stockings, like you do your roly-dumplings. Jamieson looked blue to see his new stockings cut up, but there was no getting at the pudding any other way. It was very prime. I'll make one for you, if you like, dear aunt, some day when you have visitors, if I live to get home. We had got a ham at Balaklava, but I do n't tell you what we paid for it, and the two animals, all very juicy and nice, and a jolly dinner we had, and lots of fun. I do n't think, after this, you can say we are bad caterers. The only one who did not enjoy it was Jamieson; but I suppose he felt that he should soon hook it, poor fellow, and that kept his spirits down.

But you must not think we have a Christmas dinner every day, and fire to cook it with. I wish we had. We get neither food nor warmth; so that I can't brag much of our health and strength. Sickness is pretty prevalent: eight thousand were taken down from camp in six weeks. A good many are frost-bitten, for the cold here is awful. Some have tried to warm their tents at night with charcoal fires, so as to get to sleep, which the cold won't let us do; and when they came to wake up in the morning, they were stone dead, suffocated by the charcoal. How would you like, dear Aunt Priscilla, some night, when the glass is lower than it will go in England, to take your stand on the top of Clapham Church, with nothing on but a clear muslin petticoat? Don't you think you'd be frost-bitten all over by morning? Well, we have to do worse than that.

Our commander-in-chief has returned to the Crimea. He is made a deal of out here, is this commander of ours, and is everybody's idol. Nothing can equal his attention. He has got on horseback himself, his own, veritable self, and gone down to Balaklava; not once—or twice—or three times—but even four!!! And so anxious are the army to show their sense of his lordship's condescension, that they have set

a ship on fire each time and made a bonfire of it. He has been once into the hospital. The staff were indignant, and followed, holding their smelling-salts to their noses.

The government, both at home and here, display their usual anxiety for our welfare. A notice was sent home that the sick in camp were in want of cordials, port wine, and brandy, with a request that supplies might be forwarded. But Her Majesty's government, in their admirable judgment, deemed it inexpedient to trust medical men with intoxicating liquors; so they forwarded, instead, an unlimited quantity of good, wholesome castor-oil. We never shall see such a government again, live to be as old as we may. It's said that Her Majesty is going to enlarge the chapter of her Knights of the Garter, and give all the management, at home and out, a blue ribbon apiece. There's no other reward adequate to their merits. Captain Christie expects two, one on each knee. Some porter came here in a ship—such a lot of it!—which so angered the authorities that they sent it back again. They wish us to learn to live without drinking; and, as they forbid porter and wine, and there's no water and no tea, and the coffee that's served out is unusable, we have little difficulty in complying with their wishes. Vegetables they quite set their faces against—potatoes especially—and all the cargoes that come in, after being put to decay on the wharf, are pitched into harbor. We can with truth say, that the management, both here and at home, is perfectly miraculous.

I have nothing to say about the war or the siege. Some night skirmishes take place occasionally, and the French and the Russians blaze away at each other. That's all.

Give Jessie a kiss for me; and, with respects to the reverend, I am, dear Aunt Priscilla,

Your affectionate nephew,

THOMAS PEPPER.

Miss Priscilla Oldstage, Clapham.

Blaze-away Trenches, before Sebastopol.
February, 1855.

DEAR GUS,—I told you I'd write again if I were alive; so here goes.

We are in the deepest mess: worse than ever. No pen can paint it—especially these worn-out stumps we get here. Dying by hundreds, going into hospital by hundreds, and everybody getting away from the camp that can. We used to do the work of three, now we do that of six; and it's certain that very few will live it out. Old Gum has done nothing but blow up for this week past; saying some traitors have been writing home and have let out all about our condition, for letters have appeared in the newspapers which never ought to have been read by the public; and he suspects us juniors. Gum can't lock up our pens and tie our tongues; and I shall write to you in spite of him, for I know you'll be dark. I was cautious in what I said to my old governor to-day, and drew it very mild.

One of the fellows out of our set has gone and hooked it: Jamieson—a right sort, but a bit of a girl. He bequeathed me his gray trousers, and I've got them on, but some letters in the pockets are to go to his mother.

Speaking of letters, we hear you say, in England, that the complaints, which go out from camp, are manufactured at home. Gus, I'd give you half a year's pay, if you'd come out and see what's going on here, with your own eyes. They'd never get it out of their sight. Why does not Mr. Gladstone come, or the Duke of Newcastle, or some of that set? What *right* have they to send thousands of their men to a confounded desert, and then abandon them to starvation? Why do n't *they* come and show off their incapacity in the sight of the French, and not make us do it? We know, now, that our suspicions, as to treachery, are correct, for it is too barefaced to be longer concealed. It must be one of two things—that the most pitiable imbecility has fallen upon England's rulers, upon all who have the conduct of the war, from the highest to the lowest, or that they are playing into the hands of Russia, and disgracing their country, so that she may no more hold her place as mistress of the world. Gum salves us over—though nobody goes on about it worse than those old ones, if they think we are out of hearing—and assures us that prime ministers and secretaries of state and boards and admiralities are liable to mistakes like other people. Well, we don't deny that, as they are not infallible; but when the mistakes bring forth misery, and confusion, and disgrace, and death, why do n't they rectify them? We landed in September, and now it's February, and what has been done to stop the disease, the mortality, the *incapacity*, that are rife among us, growing more rife day by day? Nothing. What has been done to accelerate it? Much. Do they think these facts are not spoken of in camp? We are all growing disgusted together, and that's the naked truth. There is no discipline left among the men; there is bitter rebellion in the hearts of the officers. Does our country know the dire straits to which we are reduced—the extraordinary acting of those placed here, in management? Or does she wilfully shut her eyes and say, "Out of sight, out of mind?" You may think, Gus, I am coming out rather strong in oratory, but I can tell you that some of us have had our indignation roused, and have leaped, from reckless school-boys, into thought and feeling. Look at some of the facts. In October and November the horses were famishing, and the highest personage out here (for it's of no use to keep these things dark any longer) shot between twenty and thirty of his, which were dying of hunger. If the horses of his royal highness could not get supplied, how do you suppose those of officers who were not royal, came off? In December, when I last wrote, I said hundreds were dead, and those left were eating each other's manes and tails. Two months since have passed: the old have died out, fresh horses have been brought, which in their turn are famishing, and who has ordered, or provided, forage for them? None. Five whole months of this state of things, and nothing done to remedy it! Yet Asia Minor would give forth largely of her abundant stores, and crowds of steamers are lying useless in Balaklava harbor. But now listen further. Not three weeks ago, a cargo of forage did come in, oats, bran, barley, *but nobody would give orders to land it, and it was sent back to Constantinople.*

There is the same reckless indifference to human life. We are literally dying of want, and who cares to supply our needs? None. Salt pork, salt pork, salt pork, everlastingly, or *nothing*; for, many a day, the men have half or no rations. Yet large herds of cattle and docks graze on the plains of Asia Minor, poultry, vegetables, fruit, may be had there, almost for the fetching, and the same idle steamers lie in harbor, eating their chimneys off and John Bull's money.

Oranges and lemons might be brought to us; lime-juice we ought to have. Potatoes and vegetables, which did come in for us, were refused by the officials, because the bills of lading were written with blue ink instead of red, (something of that,) and they were left to grow into a mass of corruption on the side of the harbor. Yet, at that very moment, we were dying of scurvy, and these same officials knew that fresh vegetables would be to us as the manna was to the children of Israel. Porter, which was sent to us all the way from London, was returned back again, because no official invoice, from some green board with a body of muffs round it, was forwarded of its departure. The sick were perishing in camp, brandy and wine were necessary to them, so another board of muffs undertook to send it, and dispatched, in mistake, a full cargo of castor-oil. Meanwhile, short commons, and these "mistakes" are telling upon us, and we are dying wholesale. Many have had their lives frozen out of them. We have no wood; what little could be found is exhausted; all available tools and articles, that will burn, *are* burnt, and the charcoal doled out to the men is enough for a three hours' fire twice a week. How can they eat their rations any way but raw? Yet firewood, in the abundance of plenty, is only waiting to be fetched from Asia Minor, and still the good steamers lie in idleness. Several hundred sacks of charcoal came in, one day, to port; but they were not tied up with red tape, and not a soul would touch them, and so there the ship and her cargo remained. The captain got in an agony, fearing he should be obliged to sail about forever with that dreadful charcoal, and he went on his knees to Captain Christie. But Christie was obdurate and would not suffer it to be landed, and at last the captain took it away with him, and probably is cruising about with it still. Things are all managed in the same way. Brigadiers, superintendents, Filder, Christie, Commissariat, Commander-in-Chief, they are all in the same boat, displaying their own imbecility, and destroying the army; and it looks as if they had made a league together to do it. Suppose one of them, say the Commander-in-Chief, were to give an order for the benefit of the men, even though it were not in accordance with official routine, does he fear the government would bow-string him for it? The nation would honor him for bursting through these insensate trammels. Who is to account for this long-enduring state of things? Unless it be, as we are told, that government has issued its secret orders, and we are all to be sacrificed. How dare they tamper with us so? How dare they banish us to these inclement regions, and leave us to cold and nakedness, and famine and disease, not for a few commencing weeks—

which, till experience came, might happen to any army—but from month to month, each month showing their incapacity more than the last? Look at our worn and riddled tents! The same land of plenty that could supply other necessities would supply hats, for wood for construction overruns Asia Minor.

It is said, at home—Brigadier Cuff had it in a letter yesterday—that we are now amply provided for, with clothes, food, huts, and firing. All infernal crammers, whoever says it. Wagon-loads of things are piled up alongside the harbor at Balaklava, rotting in the mud and rain; but what's the good of that to us? We hear somebody asserted in the House of Commons that Balaklava harbor was a model of order and regularity. Gill, who's looking over my shoulder, says it was Admiral Berkeley. Admiral Berkeley had better come out, and hire a boat, and set himself down in it for a day, in the middle of the harbor, and take a sight at it. They are going to send old Boxer up, as harbor-master: he's an irritable old fellow, with not a bit of order in him, and they might as well send out a comet with a fiery tail. A road ought to have been made up to camp; a road might have been made: we have lazy Turks enough, who would have done it, had they been directed. And now they go to the expense and trouble of a railroad, which may be rendered useless as soon as finished: by the Russians, or by our abandoning Balaklava.

Where lies the blame of all this? Who is to answer for it? It is a question that is being asked pretty plainly in every tent out here. All our chief officers have cut it, and are being feasted in England; some dining at Her Majesty's table, some here, some there. If the war's being conducted all right and above board, why should they shirk the fighting and the trenches, and leave us to battle it out, and do their share of work as well as our own? Were an unhappy wretch of a soldier to desert, he would be taken up, tried, and shot. If treachery is at work, and they have left because they won't countenance it and turn traitors to their country, they ought to speak out and say why they hold aloof. If, on the contrary, things are fair and straight, and these men in high places get indulged with absence, because of their aristocratic birth and connections, it is time we had a different class of men to officer the British army.

This is not much of a letter, Gus, but we are all boiling over with indignation; and so would you be, if you were one of us. I saw the water in old Gum's eyes, one day, over the sufferings of the men, though he thinks it his duty to blow off to us juniors. Poor old chum Jamie-son, with his dying breath, besought us not to betray to his friends that he had been murdered.

Jessie wrote me a few lines in Aunt Pris's, and said there had been a party at Fanny Green's. Now I have got some questions to ask you. Was there a mistletoe?—Was that bad Lincoln's-inn lot there?—And, did you see him near it with F. G.?—Did she send me any message, and will it be a go, or not, what I asked her about coming to Scutari?

Yours, old boy, TOM PEPPER.

Augustus Sparkinson, Esquire, Junior.

A THIRD OLLA-PODRIDA.

OLIN'S HAT—HIS SUCCESSFUL FAILURE—CUFFER TAKING NOTES—PETER CARTWRIGHT—HIS CHARACTER—HIS LATIN—THE DEVIL FOUNDERING HIS HORSE—DESCRIPTION OF HIS PREACHING—HIS COMBAT WITH MIKE FINK—MAKING THE DEVIL PRAY—PETER IN BOSTON—HIS NOTION ABOUT APOLOGIES—HIS STORY OF A THEOLOGICAL FLEDGLING IN THE WEST—PREACHES BEFORE GENERAL JACKSON—WHAT THE OLD HERO THOUGHT OF HIM.

STEPHEN OLIN was a tremendous preacher. That epithet is no exaggeration of his pulpit power. He had a tremendous intellect inclosed in a tremendous looking cranium—the largest, we think, that we ever saw. It was necessary for him always to get his hats made; none on hand, in any store, fitted him; and his playmates at the village school used to bargain with the farmers, as they rode along with their wagon loads of fruit, at so much for a hatful, and then run to Olin for his hat as the measure. The farmers were usually the worse for the bargain.

When Olin began his discourse, your attention was immediately arrested by the dignity and sterling sense of his remarks. You perceived at once that something well worth your most careful attention was coming. Paragraph after paragraph of massive thought was thrown off, each showing a gradually increasing glow of the sensibility as well as the mental force of the speaker. By the time he had fairly entered into the argument of the sermon, you were led captive by his power; but it would be difficult to say which most effectually subdued you, his mighty thoughts or his deep feeling. You seldom or never saw tears in his own eyes, but they flowed freely down the cheeks of his hearers. Ever and anon passages of overwhelming force were uttered, before which the whole assembly seemed to bow, not so much in admiration of the man, as in homage to the mighty truth. Such passages were usually not poetic, for he was remarkably chary of his imagery; but they were ponderous with thought—they were often stupendous conceptions, such as you would imagine a Sanhedrim of archangels might listen to uncovered of their golden crowns. At suitable periods of the sermon, which usually occupied from an hour and a half to two hours, he would pause briefly to relieve his voice and his feelings. The mental tension of his audience could be

perceived, at such times, by the general relaxation of posture, and the simultaneous, heaving respiration; but as soon as, with a peculiar measured dignity, he resumed the lofty theme, all eyes were again fixed, all minds again absorbed.

Effective as was his preaching usually, it was not always so. His ill health sometimes spread a languor over his spirit which no resolution could throw off. We have known an instance, which furnishes to our clerical readers too good a lesson to be omitted here. We spent a Sunday evening with him after he had failed, as he thought, in a sermon during the day. He referred to it with much good nature, and remarked that his history as a preacher had taught him to expect the blessing of God on even such efforts. He proceeded to relate an instance which occurred during his ministry in South Carolina. He preached at a camp-meeting where a Presbyterian clergyman, who was to address the next session of his synod in Charleston, heard him. The Presbyterian doctor repeated not only the text, but, substantially, the sermon before his clerical brethren, giving, however, full credit to its Methodist author. So remarkable a fact could not fail to excite great interest among the people of Charleston to hear the latter. He at this time occupied the Methodist pulpit of that city, and the next Sunday evening his chapel was crowded with the *élite* of the community, including several clergymen. He preached long, and, as he thought, loudly and confusedly; in fine, he felt, at the close of the discourse, confounded with mortification. He sank, after the benediction, into the pulpit, to conceal himself from view, till the assembly should be all gone. By-and-by he espied some eminent individuals apparently waiting in the aisle to salute him. His heart failed. Noticing a door adjacent to the pulpit he determined to escape by it. He knew not whither it led, but supposed it communicated with the next house, which had once been a parsonage, as he recollected having heard. He hastened to the door, got it open, and stepping out, descended abruptly into a graveyard, which extended beyond and behind the former parsonage. The night was very dark, and he stumbled about among the tombs for some time. He reached at last the wall which closed the cemetery in from the street, but found it insur-

mountable. Groping his way to the opposite side, he sought to reach a back street by penetrating through one of the gardens which belonged to a range of houses there. It was an awkward endeavor in the darkness, and among the graves; but at last he found a wicket-gate. He had no sooner passed through it than he was assailed by a house-dog. Having prevailed in this encounter, he pushed on and reached the street, with some very reasonable apprehensions that the neighborhood would be alarmed by his adventures. He now threaded his way through an indirect route to his lodgings, passed unceremoniously to his chamber, and shut himself up for the night, but slept little or none, reflecting with deep chagrin on the strange conclusion of the day. On the morrow he hardly dared to venture out; but while yet in his study, Mr. —, one of the first citizens in Charleston, and a leading officer in a sister denomination, called at the house; he was admitted to the preacher's study with reluctance; but what was the astonishment of the latter to hear him say that the sermon of the preceding evening had enabled him to step into the kingdom of God, after many years of disconsolate endeavors, during which he had been a member of the Church. The same day a lady of influential family came to report the same good tidings. Other similar examples occurred that morning; and this failure was one of the most useful sermons of his ministry.

PREACHERS in the South hold slaves sometimes. Brother B—— had a "cute" one, whose repartees, if the result of naive simplicity rather than real wit, had nevertheless often the genuine keenness of the latter.

"Well, Cuffee," said the minister to the servant, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes! Eh?"

"Sartin, massa; all the ge'men take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said he.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a stampede of spiders, dipped in ink, had scrambled over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "*I thought so all the time you was preaching.*"

WE once gave a sketch of *Peter Cartwright* in these pages. It would be unpardonable to omit the adventures of such a character from this class of "jottings;" we must then call him again into your presence, "courteous reader," even if he should repeat some of his stories already told.

He appears broken with years and labors, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigor about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has heretofore. He is war-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the integuments of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, and defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green side glasses, his mouth compact and full of force, his head large and round, his forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there is no description of that; it looks as if he had poked it into the bag of the Kilkenny cats, and had not had time to comb it since its extrication. And yet do not suppose there is any fierceness about his caput. Nay, verily; a face more finely characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen. Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of Peter Cartwright, we should summarily say that he is characterized by *good sense* and *good humor*. We know not that we can better describe him. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once. His humor is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humor is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareness; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grinned at, with elongated faces, in even ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among

lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove obstructions to business. Still, a man of combined good sense and good humor is liable to suffer some disparagement. Our poor human nature has a sort of self-complimenting propensity to speak of a superior man with a qualifying "but," the import of which is, that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination, "but" he has not much sense; he has humor, "but" he has not much logic. Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. Peter Cartwright is not merely a man of humor, but of genuine sagacity; woe be to the man that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humor, and spoken by a grave man, they would pass for unique utterances of wisdom; as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits. Peter Cartwright is a "Doctor of Divinity." Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctors of Divinity, replied, "No, sir, we don't need them; our divinity has not yet become sick." Those healthful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for theological medication among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed Peter Cartwright too knowing in the *Materia Medica*, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untitled, and, therefore, dubbed him D. D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skillful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages—a knowledge of which is usually presupposed, in giving that title; the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business, which seemed to be beyond the reach of his brethren; it was, said he, "*in swampus non comatibus.*" The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at college commencements when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is always remarkably striking to them.

His fellow-soldier in the West, James B. Finley, gives the following further account of him, of which we gave an extract once, but now give it fully:—

"Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp-ground near Springfield, on the second Sunday of September, 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The prestige of his fame had lightened before him, and hence the universal eagerness to hear one concerning whom rumor's trumpet tongue discoursed so loudly.

"Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the ex-prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour of the detonation of the heavy gun of orthodoxy—and still there was no news of the clerical lion. A common circuit preacher took his place, and, sensible of the popular disappointment, increased it by mouthing a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite afresh their curiosity and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note, which was immediately read out to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:—

"DEAR BRETHREN,—The devil has foundered my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have performed the journey on foot; but I could not leave poor Paul, especially as he has never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and, therefore, it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and don't let the devil get among you on the sly before candle-light, when I shall be at my post. Your Brother,

PETER CAETWEIGHT."

"At length the day closed. The purple curtain of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in heaven, and men below kindled their watch-fires. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theater. It was a theater in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery, prepared within walls of brick

or marble, where the *élite* of cities throng to feast their eyes on beauty and their ears on music.

"Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn, preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became riveted to the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man, although, in the present case, it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed even more gigantic than the reality from the crowning foliage of luxuriant, coal-black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked as large as a half-bushel; beetling brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire, small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor—a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by a southern sun; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as wearing a perpetual smile; and you have a life-like portrait of the far-famed backwoods preacher.

"Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentary, the dogmatic, the postulary, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative, 'in orthodox blows and knocks,' the logical, and the poetic; but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was *sui generis*, and of a new species.

"He began with a loud and beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night air like successive peals of thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices; but his was matchless in sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes his remarks, being preparatory, were commonplace and uninteresting; but then, all of a sudden, his face reddened, his eye brightened, his gestures grew animated as the waftures of a torch, and his whole countenance changed into an expression of inimitable humor; and now his wild, waggish, peculiar eloquence poured forth like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows, with shafts

of ridicule, *bon-mots*, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes sparkled, flashed, and flew like hail till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For a while the more ascetic strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous emotions. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand his *facetia*. His every sentence was like a warm finger, tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited to mirth far more than other people's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the disposition to burst into loud explosions, as every school-boy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles, and the coldest eyes melted into tears of irrepressible merriment. This continued thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinner, which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker.

"How," I exclaimed, mentally, "will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humor? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides, and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be deadly to his fame? Will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interests? At all events, there is no prospect of a revival to-night; for even though the orator were a magician, he could not change his subject now, and stem the torrent of head-long laughter."

"But the shaft of my inference fell short of the mark; and even then he commenced to change, not all at once, but gradually, as the wind of a thunder-cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasantry; his voice grew first earnest, and then solemn, and soon wailed out in the tones of deepest pathos; his eyes were shorn of their mild light, and yielded streams of tears, as the fountain of the hill yielded water. The effect was indescribable, and the rebound of feeling beyond all conception. He descended on the horrors of hell, till every shuddering face was turned downward, as if expecting to see the solid globe rent asunder, and the fathomless, fiery gulf yawn from beneath. Brave men moaned, and fair, fashionable women, covered with silken drapery, and bedight

with gems, shrieked as if a knife were working among their heart-strings.

"Again he changed the theme; sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and angels attending the spirit to its starry home—with such force, great and evident belief, that all eyes were turned toward heaven, and the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the vision of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full length of his arm.

"He then made a call for mourners into the altar, and five hundred, many of them till that night infidels, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks, and more than a thousand converts were added to the Church. From that time his success was unparalleled, and the fact is chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

He was distinguished by one very unclerical peculiarity—combateness. His battles, although always apparently in the defensive, were as numerous as the celebrated Bowie. The only difference was this, that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while the itinerant used but his enormous fist, which was as effective, however, in the speedy settlement of belligerent issues as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote:—

"At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand, outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that no one could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

"At last, one day, when Cartwright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. The preacher's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:—

"Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray."

"He then proceeded with a smile on his lips to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully—

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

"The desperado rubbed back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied—

"By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter."

"Very well," said Mr. Cartwright; "will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"In course they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink, indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked the preacher.

"Ready as a race-hoss with a light rider," answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

"The bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips when Cartwright made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell, crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming,

"That war n't done fair, so it war n't."

"He aimed a ferocious stroke, which the preacher parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed, and writhed in the dust; but all to no purpose; for the strong, muscular fingers held his windpipe, as in the jaws of an iron vise. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Mr. Cartwright slackened his hold, and inquired—

"Will you pray now?"

"I does n't know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me."

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink; "because you're the devil himself."

"The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise.

At the consummation the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers, and Fink shook Cartwright by the hand, declaring—

"By golly, you're some beans in a bar-fight. I'd rather set-to with an old 'he' bar in dog-days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose-smashers, blast your pictur'!"

"Afterward Fink's party behaved with extreme decorum, and the preacher resumed his Bible and pulpit."

An odd scene that, certainly; and "not very apostolic," say you, sober reader? We join you in the remark; but it is characteristic, as we said in another case. We give it as a fact from our old friend Finley—a fact that illustrates not only the character of the man, but of the country and its early times. "Circumstances alter cases," is a popular proverb in the west, as well as elsewhere; and even good men are heard, occasionally, to affirm out there, that Lynch law is better than no law.

Mr. Bungay, in his volume of "Off-hand Takings of Noticeable Men of our Age," says that he heard Peter, at Boston, during the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and thus describes the occasion:—

"The great western preacher has arrived, and is now searching the well-thumbed Bible for his text. Quite a number of distinguished divines are present. The preacher looks like a backwoodsman, whose face has been bronzed at the plow. His black hair, straggling seven ways for Sunday, is slightly tinged with the frost of age. A strip of black silk is twisted around his neck, and a shirt collar, scrupulously clean, is turned down over it. He is of ordinary size, dresses plainly, and looks like a man perfectly free from affectation. In a faltering voice he reads a hymn. The choir wed the words to sweet and solemn music, a fervent prayer goes up on the wings of faith—another hymn is read and sung—the 12th verse of the 11th chapter of Matthew is selected for his text. Now the old pioneer preacher, who has waded swamps, forded rivers, threaded forests, traveled with Indians, fought with bears and wolves, preached in the woods, and slept in the field or on the prairie at night, is standing before us. Look at him, ye gentlemen with white neckcloths and black coats, who ride in carriages over smooth roads to supply churches with cushioned pews and soft benches to kneel on. How would you like to labor for nothing among wild beasts, and board yourselves, in a climate where the ague shakes the settlers over the grave two-thirds of the year? Would you exchange your fat livings, and fine palaces, and unread libraries for black bread and dry venison, a log hut and the society of bears and blue racers? God bless the brave, wise, and good men to whom we are so much indebted

for the blessings we enjoy. He says he would make an apology if he thought it would enable him to preach better, for he is afflicted with a severe cold. 'Some folks,' said he, 'say I am fifty years behind the age. God knows,' he continued, 'I am willing to be a thousand behind such an age. Religion is always of age, and can talk and run without stilts or silver slippers.' He concluded an able and interesting discourse which elicited undivided attention, with the following fact. 'During a splendid revival of religion at the west, a young preacher, manufactured in one of your theological shops out here, came to lend a helping hand. I knew he could not handle Methodists' tools without cutting his fingers, but he was very officious. Well, we had a gale, a pentecostal gale, and sinners fell without looking for a soft place, and Christians fought the devil on their knees. Well, this little man would tell those who were groaning under conviction, to be composed. I stood this as long as I could, and finally sent him to speak with a great, stout, athletic man, who was bellowing like a bull in a net, while I tried to undo the mischief he had done to others. He told this powerful man to be composed, but I told him to pray like thunder—just at that instant the grace of God shone in upon his soul, and he was so delirious with delight, he seized the little man in his hands, and holding him up, bounded like a buck through the congregation.' It is impossible for the pen to do justice to this fact. The speaker moved us all to tears and smiles at the same moment, while he said what few men would venture to say."

While he was preaching, years ago, General Jackson entered the church, when a pastor seated in the pulpit gave his "brother Cartwright" a nudge, and whispered that the old hero had just come in—as much as to advise, "Now be particular in what you say." But Peter, to the astonishment of every one, louder than ever, exclaimed—"Who cares for General Jackson? He'll go to hell as soon as anybody, if he does n't repent."

When the sermon—a home-made one—was ended, a friend asked the general what he thought of that rough old fellow, and received for answer, "Sir, give me twenty thousand of such men, and I'll whip the world, including the devil!"

It is quite possible, brother reader, that your and our notions might not quite agree with the general's; yet neither of us can fail to see in this eccentric but veteran evangelist, the man of his times and his circumstances. And you, dear sir, starched, and brushed, and perfumed, who now recline in the stuffed arm-chair of your garnished study, wondering why the world should take any interest in such a specimen of humanity—what kind of

a specimen would you have been? what would you have done in the rough battles through which this weather-worn, but jolly-hearted old man has borne the standard of the cross—borne it with a brawny but ever-faithful arm? God bless the old man, with all his oddities; and may he yet fight his way into heaven.

Peter Cartwright joined the "old Western Conference" in 1805, though he began to travel a year earlier, we believe. He was a young man—only about eighteen years old—when he entered the itinerant field, and he has been in its foremost struggles ever since. The "old Western Conference" was in that day the only one beyond the Alleghanies. It extended from Detroit to Natchez, and each of its districts comprised a territory about equal to two of the present conferences beyond the mountains. Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field; and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantically so, by their circumstances. Among them were Young, Walker, Shinn, M'Kendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn, and similar mighty men. Cartwright began his regular travels with Lakin on Salt River Circuit, (save the name!) Most of his fellow-heroes have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of our ultra-montane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honored by their Church.

THE DEAF AND DUMB GENTLEMAN.—I remember, when in the province of Archangel, a deaf and dumb gentleman paid the town a visit; he was furnished with letters of introduction to some families there, and was well received at the governor's table; his agreeable manners and accomplishments, joined to his misfortune, made him a general favorite, and caused much interest; he could read French, German, Russian, and Polish; was a connoisseur of art, and showed us several pretty drawings of his own execution. Two or three times I was struck with an expression of more intelligence in his face than one would expect when any conversation was going on behind his back. It was not until three years after, that I accidentally heard this very man spoken of in St. Petersburg. He was one of the government spies!—*Englishwoman in Russia.*

[For the National Magazine.]

A CHIP OF LOGIC.

NEW imaginations are captivated by a syllogism. A rhyme, an epigram, or a sonnet; a riddle, a bon-mot, or a pun will, at any time, carry the day against it in the contest for popularity. And what is worse, even with many of the hard thinking and the naturally logical, *scientific logic*, with its formal shibboleth of two premises and a conclusion, has for a century or so lost its unquestioned position as a science, and sunk to the category of, at least, suspected humbug. One would think, certainly, that the *science of reasoning*, the *very art of convincing* should be able to reason itself clear of all doubt; and place its claims in a position settled as self-evidence. The *science of demonstration*, surely, ought to *demonstrate itself*. Yet, strange to say, the respectable, though much overrated talents of Whately, and even the transcendent talent of Sir William Hamilton, have failed fully to convince the age—at least that part of our *living age* which is in the afternoon of life—that the syllogism is not only a mode of reasoning, but that it is *the* mode, test, and type of all reasoning. Many look upon Whately as a learned charlatan, with a triple iron mold in his hand, ready to run all our common sense into its iron form. They are as unwilling to believe that they have been always reasoning syllogism, as was Monsieur Jourdan to be convinced that he had all his days been talking prose. Not only do many doubt that all reasoning is syllogistic; but they hold that such claims, to be respected at all, should be above question. If they are doubtful they are false.

Now this may be a case of great distress for this helpless, but pretentious science. But what is it but a part of a still greater distress—a specific difficulty under a generic one? *Mind*, entire mind, is scarce able to analyze itself. Consciousness, the act of self-analysis, is the highest, yet most difficult and least certain of all the mental operations. Our faculties seem made to operate outwardly; and to give them an inward direction is almost as unnatural as to force the ape to walk on his hind feet. Introversion seems almost perversion. Now logic is merely a mental effort to analyze the reasoning process; and the analysis shows that all

reasoning, reduced to the ultimate, becomes syllogism. If the analysis does not make this truth clear to all minds, the same misfortune belongs to all analysis of the inner labyrinth of mental operations. Nor is it wonderful that the most difficult of all mental operations—*reasoning*—should be the most difficult of analysis. No faculty can well turn back and ascertain its own existence. No human eye ever saw itself. Yet the route by which men have arrived at the laws of mental operation is a legitimate one. Metaphysics has a large amount of well-ascertained truths, as well as a large number of unascertained problems. And these very unascertained problems, with all their perplexity and mystery, are most valuable to the human mind. The unanswered questions are perhaps as valuable, as ennobling, as founded in man's best nature in all their unsatisfactoriness, as the ascertained truths. Metaphysics may have abounded with errors. It is liable to many a reproach. It must take its turn as a topic of pleasantry and banter. But he who absolutely discards and *ignores* higher metaphysics is that much an *ignoramus*. And he who rejects logical analysis because it can scarcely, with much experiment and argumentation, make clear the perfectness of its own performance, is not only a poor logician but a mistaken reasoner.

To a warm fancy the syllogism is, indeed, hopelessly dry—dry as the Maine law to a thirsty toper. But then, all reasoning is dry, and the purer the drier; so that absolute, bare, essential ratiocination, must be perfect drouth. Nay, so meagre and thrifless does the syllogism appear to some minds, that they consider it the last reproach upon human reason itself, to assert that the syllogism is its universal type. All A is B, all C is A therefore C is B. If that be the quintessence of human reason, let us abdicate and decamp. Nevertheless, after some patient examination, we feel authorized and bound to affirm to our glowing imaginatives, that *it is even so*. All reasoning, stripped of verbiage, divested of imagination, laid bare and blank, is *syllogism*. We can flounder as we please; we can never, without overstepping the bounds of reasoning, escape Whately, with his trine iron clamp. Reasoning men think syllogism; wise men act syllogism; so far forth as we think reasonably, and act wisely, we are syllogistic.

To illustrate this let us, for a moment, reduce some of the technical terms of logic to popular language. Every syllogism consists of three propositions or assertions:

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| In logical language. | In popular language. |
| 1. The major premise = 1. A general principle or rule. | |
| 2. The minor premise = 2. A specific case or instance. | |
| 3. The conclusion = 3. The conclusion. | |

Now what man does not in every specific case regulate his conclusions and his steps of conduct by some general principle? He who is not governed in specific steps and instances by principle is an *unprincipled* man.

Major premises or general principles are formed in various ways, and are of various kinds. The maxims of experience, the self-evident truths, the popular proverbs, the precepts of the moral law, the dictates of the statute law, the conclusions of science, all form general truths, under which each new case that turns up is subsumed, to guide us to the true conclusion. A man is perpetually learning from others, or deducing from his own experience, those principles which he applies to every particular occasion that demands any one of them. The mature man of experience is stored with those maxims, more or less clearly stated in words to himself, by which he coolly and surely judges at every new step. The professional man, from his standard authors, and from his own experience, draws those truths by which he judges and treats each new case. While the man of genius, or the man of tact, with a keen natural intuitive eye, deduces from his own observations those subtle rules which no words can express, and, therefore, no master communicate; but which enable him, at each new step, to perform those curious *chef d'ouevres*, which he has not learned, and cannot teach. It was, I think, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who said, "Genius begins where rules end."

Much of the difference between minds consists in the degree in which they adopt and control themselves by major premises. Mr. Burke characterized Lord Chatham as being too much governed by general maxims. Imperious geniuses, like Chatham, are fond of sweeping generalizations; they are impatient of nice consideration, whether the specific case is precisely covered by the major; they leap to the conclusion, either by stretching

the extension of the general, or fiercely cramping the minor under its covert. Despotism forces reason. Much of the prejudices too of old men consist in their too great fondness for the maxims they have deduced from personal experience; a fondness, which induces them to apply their maxims to unsuitable cases. On the other hand, there are minds that possess no general principles of action. They guide themselves by no rule. Their life is random. Their character is fickleness. They live to little purpose. Medium between these opposite extremes was the course stated by Patrick Henry. "I have no light by which my feet are guided but the lamp of experience." From experience he learned that fleets and armies are the indications of war; the present conduct of England was a case of fleets and armies; the case of England therefore was a case of war.

The power to draw large major maxims and wide generalizations from many individual experiences is the high prerogative of a comprehensive mind. To do this with great newness, truth, and justness; to do it with a value and a surprise, is a high reach of philosophy. It marks an inventor in ideal operation for which the patent office makes no provision; for which the world makes no adequate compensation; and for which the contents of the millionaire's purse has not the material for a proper equivalent. The mind which lives amid these truths of its own originating has an Olympian residence. The man who in addition to this is able to apply the maxims he forms to each new case as it rises, adds the practical to the theoretic philosophy. He who draws up his major with comprehensive truth, and applies it to the fortuitous minor with accuracy, is master of the great syllogism of life. The man who is grand at a major only is in great danger of becoming a closeted *abstractionist*; the man who is merely clever at the minor, sinks to an expert *red-tapist*; the man who is great in the former and exact in the latter is a born statesman.

It is amusing to everybody but himself, to see how the bookish inhabitant of the major regions is snubbed by his lively neighbor of the minor. It is a feud between the Highlands and the Lowlands. The sublime dweller in the Highlands breathes a pure auroral ether; his visible

horizon encircles a range of grand sublimities; his ear is saluted with echoes of far-floating melodies from dim transcendental mountain tops. The Lowlander is, mayhap, a snug mechanic, who listens with good stomach to the click of his own hammer, or the clack of his own mill, which promises the eating of his three meals a day, and a favorable surplus in his annual balance of account. Neither party should indulge in contempt; since each is the complement of the other. The magnanimous master of the major lives in splendid uselessness for want of the power of practical appliance; the adept of the minor lives a life of littleness for want of a range of comprehensiveness. Let each not despise his fellow's want, but properly realize his want of his fellow.

But it is time that we show by a few illustrations how truly men reason in obedience to the unfelt laws of the syllogism. We shall find the illustrations wherever we turn in the most obvious walks of business or professional life.

Your tradesman who pays you a debt which you could not prove, has learned that, for him, "*Honesty is the best policy.*" Under this major, his minor is, *this act would be honesty*; and ergo *it is policy*. His syllogism, H is P; A is H; ergo A is P. The thief who steals your purse under plea of necessity, assumes the major that *necessity is justifiable*; *this theft is necessity*, ergo, &c. His syllogism is, N is J; T is N; ergo T is J.

A court of law, unconscious as it may be of the fact, is a syllogism. The judge, in whose brain the general principles of civil law are deposited, furnishes the *major premise*; the witness, aided, or, perhaps, plagued by the lawyer, furnishes the specific case, or *minor*; the jury, who apply the general principles obtained from the judge to the case made out by the testimony, furnish, in their verdict, the *conclusion*. Saith the judge, *He who doeth thus and so, is guilty of murder*; and this is the *major*. Saith the witness, *This prisoner here at the bar, Jack Ketch, did thus and so*; and that is the *minor*. Saith the jury, in their verdict, *Jack Ketch is guilty of murder*; and that is the conclusion. The syllogism, D is G; J K is D; ergo, J K is G.

A doctor, his patient and his pill, albeit very innocent of all knowledge of the fact,

are a syllogism. As the doctor rides to the scene of disease, he carries the general principles of medicine, derived from books and practice, in his head. For *such and such symptoms, such and such a medicine is beneficial*; and this is the *major*. The patient, whom he finds, presents such and such symptoms; and this is the *minor*. The conclusion is, *For this patient there is this pill*; and this conclusion, (or rather the major term therein,) the patient must therefore swallow. Syllogism S is M; P is S; ergo P is M.

Theology has also her great syllogisms. Assuming a division of theology into evidences of revelation and doctrines of revelation, the former present a variety of majors, the latter one great major.

The argument from miracles assumes the major, that what is miraculous is of divine origin; the minor, that Christianity is miraculous; and the conclusion, that Christianity is of divine origin. Hume's argument against miracles was, Whatever is contrary to experience is false; miracles are contrary to experience; miracles are therefore false. The argument from and against prophecy is essentially the same as miracles; for prophecy is simply a case of miraculous knowledge. The various arguments in behalf of revelation derived from confirmatory history and archaeology, unexpected coincidences in the various Scripture narratives, from human need of revelation, from the moral character and influence of the Bible, all have their various majors, minors, and conclusions.

In regard to the doctrines of revelation, as provable by Scripture, there is one great major, and one general syllogism: the argument is, this doctrine is true; for whatsoever revelation asserts is true; and this doctrine is asserted by revelation. Or, clothed in the exactitude of syllogism—the assertions of revelation are true: this doctrine is an assertion, &c.; ergo, &c. A is T: D is A: D is T. Scripture controversialists assume the major as common ground. The battle is generally upon the minor. This is a matter of fact to be made out by interpretation of Scripture language; which is not essentially and strictly a logical process, although logic is an instrument perpetually employed in it.

We have, of course, in our observations, dealt only with the great syllogisms that belong to the leading paths of life. But it

would be easy to show, did our space and the reader's patience justify a minute disquisition, that these big syllogisms are pregnant with less syllogisms; and those with lesser, down, down, to the ultimate syllogism, "which is the least of all seeds."

So naturalists affirm, the flea
Hath other fleas on him that prey;
And these have others still that bite 'em,
And so descend *ad infinitum*.

We trust that we have said sufficient to show to reasonable people, that they are, in fact, governed by the syllogism in the whole process and in every step of life. It may seem a cramped sort of a dominion; but it is always best to take the most comfortable views of our worst conditions. They will learn, we trust, to treat that respectable formula with less contempt; and always show proper deference to their High Mightinesses, the Major, Minor, and Conclusion.

BLESS THE BABY!

THE reader may be curious to know at what period the event I am about to relate occurred. Reasons of delicacy, however, prevent me from gratifying even so reasonable a desire; and I will only say, that the harrowing circumstance took place in the summer of a certain year, between the time of the arrival of the first bear at the Zoological Gardens in London and the present day.

I had been a midshipman on board the well-known ship named after His Majesty King William the Fourth; but receiving letters from home announcing my father's death, I had just returned to England to take possession, as well as a minor could, of the family estate. I was not very well acquainted with the world—except the liquid part of it—having been brought up in a country town, and shipped in boyhood; but to make up for that, I had an excellent opinion of myself, and watched both with pride and anxiety the sprouting of what I conceived to be a very promising mustache.

One evening, after getting myself into full tog, I was displaying my horsemanship near the Zoological Gardens, when I saw, in the path leading to the entrance, one of the loveliest women that ever appeared to the eyes of an ex-reefer. What

was that to me? I do not know. It was a thing completely settled in my mind, that I was a full-grown man, and that a full-grown man has a right to look at any woman. In short, I dismounted, gave my horse to the groom, and followed my divinity. A little girl was behind her, walking with the nurse-maid, who had another child, an infant, in her arms; and to my great satisfaction, this careless servant put the baby presently into the arms of the older girl, not much bigger than itself. I watched the proceeding, saw the little creature, whose walk was but a totter at the best, swaying to and fro under her burden, and the baby's long clothes trailing on the ground.

"Madam," said I to the lady, touching my hat in quarter-deck fashion, "that baby, I fear, is in dangerous hands: you are perhaps not aware of it?" She turned round instantly. It was what I wanted, but the flash I received from her beautiful eyes had a world of haughtiness in it; and although she bent her head slightly, and said: "Sir, I thank you," I did not dare to continue the conversation, but walked rapidly on. In fact, it was obvious the woman thought I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in criticising the arrangements of her walk; and as when turning away I caught a smile at my discomforture on the face of the nurse-maid, who snatched the baby roughly away, indignation mingled with my awkwardness.

Who was this lady? Was she the mother of the two children? Was she the governess? Was she a relation? Was she single, or married? She was single; she was the mother's sister: I decided upon that. And, after all, was her haughty look so very reprehensible? Had she not been addressed suddenly by a stranger, and that stranger a man—a man of somewhat *distingué* figure, and most promising mustaches? I relented; and as I saw her enter the Gardens my heart gave a great leap, for I considered it uncommonly likely that a lion would break loose, or something or other occur to draw forth my chivalry, and extort her gratitude. I was not in error in my anticipations; although the circumstance that did occur was too wild even for an imagination like mine. Had it come suddenly, I almost think I should have shut my eyes, held my breath, and stood still: but as it was, I had no time to reflect; the uppermost idea

in my mind was, that I would do something heroic, something desperate; and when opportunity offered, I instantaneously did it.

The party, with many others, were looking over the inclosure at the bear on his pole; and in order that all might see, the nurse-maid had the little girl in her arms, while the little girl had the baby in hers. This arrangement was not very reprehensible, as a momentary freak, for the maid of course had good hold of both the children, the elder of whom was jumping with glee; and my attention, therefore, was exclusively directed to the lady, who stood absorbed in the spectacle before me. All on a sudden there was a scream from the little girl—the unfortunate baby was over the inclosure, and lying senseless on its face in the area—and the bear was hastily descending the pole to secure his prey.

To climb the inclosure, and spring into the area, did not take me many moments—but it took me too many. I was at a little distance from the spot; and before I reached it, the bear had caught up the infant, whose little face was buried in its fur; and on my approach made for the pole, and began to ascend with great rapidity. I followed, without giving myself time for a moment's reflection, and while I climbed caught hold of the long clothes of the baby. The action was well intended; but the consequences were dreadful—perhaps fatal; for the bear loosed his hold, and the poor little thing fell to the ground. I began mechanically to descend; but did not dare to look at what was in all probability a lifeless corpse. And presently I could not look, for the exigencies of my own position demanded my every thought. The bear above was descending with huge strides and angry growls; and another below—a great black monster, of whose presence in the inclosure I had not been aware—was shambling along to the support of his comrade, and had already almost reached the pole.

The fix was terrible, but it lasted only an instant; for the keeper now made his appearance, and with a few hearty wall-ops sent the black bear to the right about, while my pursuer stopped short with a terrific growl.

"What are you doing here?" cried the keeper, as I staggered upon the ground. "I must give you in charge to the police for a lunatic!"

"Never mind me," said I faintly; "look to the child, for I dare not."

"The child!—what child?"

"Are you blind? There!" and I forced my eyes upon the hideous spectacle.

The creature's head was off! It was wax!

I hardly know how I got over the inclosure. A sound of laughter was in my brain, as if I was made of ears and every ear ringing its loudest. The nurse-maid enjoyed the adventure more than anybody; but the little girl in her arms clutched at me furiously, as if charging me with the murder of her doll, and was not pacified till the fragments of that sickening baby were handed to her over my shoulder. I darted away; and it was high time to do so, for all the company in the Gardens were rushing to the spot.

The fair cause of the mischief was standing a little way off, leaning on the arm of a tall noble-looking man, with mustaches ten times as big as mine. She seemed choking between recent alarm and present mirth; and as I passed—

"Sir," said she, with swelling cheeks and unsteady voice, "my husband wishes to thank you for our little girl's doll!" But I was off like a shot, without waiting even to touch my hat; and thankful I was to get out of the gate, for many of the spectators, on seeing me run, followed mechanically.

It would be vain to attempt to describe my reflections as I sped rapidly along. But in the midst of all, I knew what was before me—I had an intense consciousness of what was to be done. My resolve was fixed, and I felt an insane joy at the idea that no possible intervention could prevent me from executing it. As soon as I reached home, I went straight to my own room, locked and bolted myself in, sat deliberately down before the glass, drew forth my razor, and shaved off my mustaches.

THE SCRIPTURES ALWAYS FRESH.—The venerable Dr. Woods, in addressing the students at Andover, said, that when he commenced his duties as Professor of Theology, he feared that the frequency with which he should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture would abate the interest in his own mind in reading them; but, after more than fifty years of study, it was his experience that with every class his interest increased.

THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

I stood on the side of a leafy hill
 One summer Sabbath morn,
 When the fragrant air was so hush'd and still,
 It scarcely rustled the standing corn;
 And the sun shone so bright,
 And the trees look'd so green,
 And such heavenly light
 Stream'd the branches between,
 That an air of delight
 Seem'd to dimple the scene;—
 An air of delight, as though the earth,
 And the trees, and the standing corn,
 Rejoiced together to welcome the birth
 Of that summer Sabbath morn.
 The fragrant air was hush'd and still:
 Save the gurgling plash of the shallow rill,
 The song of the joyous bird,
 And the drowsy hum of glittering flies,
 Like drops of sunshine from the skies,
 No other sound was heard.
 All was so tranquil above, around,
 Such a sense of repose seem'd to hang o'er the
 ground,
 So lazily still the cattle lay;
 It seem'd as though Nature herself obey'd
 The word of the Mighty Voice which said—
 "Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day."
 Why is it that still, 'mid the fairest scenes,
 The heart is touch'd with sadness?
 Why is it that grief o'er the spirit steals,
 When all around is gladness?
 And why, as I stood on that leafy hill,
 Did a nameless fear my bosom chill,
 That whisper'd to me, "Though the earth be
 fair,
 And the sun shine bright, and the balmy air
 Be vocal with sweetest melody,
 And the flowers be beautiful to see;
 Yet a day will come when the wintry wind
 And the biting frost will not leave behind
 A vestige of all the bright array
 That smiles in the sun of this summer day.
 And as I gazed with sadden'd eyes,
 A cloud seem'd to cover the bright blue skies;
 The beauty around me was all forgot,
 And I turn'd, in sorrow, to leave the spot.
 But, on the instant, a Sabbath chime,
 Like some bright angelic choir,
 Pour'd forth its melody sublime
 From a neighboring village spire;
 And, wafted over the valley near,
 Fell sweetly soften'd on mine ear;
 And those pealing bells had a voice for me,
 Which rung through my heart, O how thrill-
 ingly!
 For they seem'd to say, "Though the world you
 see
 Is as fair as mortal world may be,
 We tell of a world more fair, more bright,
 Of scenes of holier, purer delight;
 Where no wintry wind, no piercing shower,
 Shall wither the bloom of the delicate flower;
 Where the sun, though bright, shall cease to
 shine,
 Eclipsed by the splendor of glory divine;
 And the music of earth be hush'd to hear
 The strains of the celestial sphere.
 And we ask you to turn from the fleeting show,
 To lift your affections from things below;

And, forsaking awhile the flowery sod,
 For the better joys of the house of God,
 There seek, on the wings of faith, to rise
 To the home prepared beyond the skies,
 When all shall be bright, yet no more decay,
 And sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Such voice had the pealing bells for me
 On that summer Sabbath morn,
 When the sun shone bright o'er meadow and
 lea, [tree,
 And the hush'd air stirr'd not a leaf on the
 Nor rustled the standing corn.

And, truly as spake the bells that day,
 The glittering summer pass'd quickly away;
 The golden autumn more quickly flew o'er,
 And hoary old winter return'd once more.

When, as I sat, one gloomy night,
 By the blazing bogwood fire;
 Basking in the ruddy light,
 As the flames leap'd higher and higher;
 And listened to the driving rain
 That patter'd against the window pane;
 And the hollow wind, that moan'd around,
 Whirling the dead leaves that strew'd the ground,
 I shudder'd to think how changed the scene—
 How little remain'd of what had been

On that summer Sabbath morn,
 When the sun shone so bright on that leafy hill,
 And the fragrant air was so hush'd and still
 It scarcely rustled the standing corn;
 And I sigh'd, as I felt how little of bliss
 We can hope in a world so changeable as this;
 When sudden, amid the rout
 Of moaning wind and driving rain
 And whirling wind-swept leaves, again
 The pealing bells rang out;
 And, though their tone was no longer glad,
 As on that bright summer day,
 Yet still a meaning voice they had,
 And thus they seem'd to say:—

"When all was light and loveliness,
 In sky, in earth, in air,
 We told of a better world than this,
 Of scenes more goodly fair;
 And we bid you hope and strive to win
 A place that heavenly realm within.
 "And now, when all is dark around,
 And the wind and the driving rain,
 And the whirling leaves, are the only sound,
 And each is a sound of pain;
 We bid you remember that, once again,
 The summer will brighten o'er hill and plain.

"And we speak to thee, O weary heart!
 That strugglest with sorrow or care,
 And we bid thee, however depress'd thou art,
 Yield not thyself to despair;
 But remember, though dark the night may be,
 The morning will come as certainly.

"And we summon you all from a world of
 gloom,
 As we did from a world of light,
 To realms of never-fading bloom,
 Whose days shall know no night;
 Where the troubles of life shall no more assail,
 And joys shall be yours that shall never fail."

Thus spake the bells on that winter's night,
 As I sat by my bogwood fire,
 And bask'd in the ruddy, cheerful light,
 As the flames leap'd higher and higher.

And is not the voice of those bells, in sooth,
 An emblem meet of the Word of Truth ?
 Alike, when the summer's sun pours down
 His flood of golden light ;
 Alike, when winter's angry frown
 Contracts the brow of night ;
 Whether pleasure brighten the cheek with
 a smile,
 Or grief dim the eye with a tear,
 Its solemn voice is heard the while,
 Pealing forever near ;
 Telling the happy this is not their rest—
 Speaking of peace to the sorrow-depress'd ;
 Warning us all that time passes away,
 With the passing chimes of each Sabbath-day.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE AURORA.

TO say that attempts have long and often been made to explain the cause of the aurora, is not new ; but it will be new to many readers to hear that progress has been made in reasoning about this interesting phenomenon, as well as in the demonstration of facts less difficult of proof. According to theorists, the cause was to be found in certain effects of refraction, or antagonisms of cloud strata, or the presence of metal in a gaseous form in the atmosphere, or to cold, or to electricity ; while others regarded it as cosmical—belonging to remote space. Among so many explanations, which was the true one ? This was a question not easy to decide, and so savans have gone on experimenting and speculating with praiseworthy diligence and curiosity, for the one as well as the other is essential to the progress of science.

Professor de la Rive, of Geneva, is one of the few who have made the aurora a special object of study. Nearly twenty years ago he suggested that to one and the same cause was due the origin of hail, of electricity, of the variations of the magnetic needle, and of the aurora ; and he now finds himself in a position to state, that the view then put forth has been confirmed by all subsequent observations. As chroniclers of the advance of science, we think we may worthily offer a brief outline of his theory, as developed by him in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*.

Let us premise that an aurora borealis is always preceded by the formation of a sort of vaporous veil on the horizon, which rises slowly to a height of from four to ten degrees. Presently, that portion of the sky which is in the magnetic

meridian of the place of observation begins to darken with a brownish hue passing into violet, and embracing the segment of a circle. The edge of this segment is bordered by a luminous arc of brilliant white light, that sometimes quivers and dances, and appears in a strange kind of effervescence for hours together. A play of colors, through every tint, from the darkest to the lightest, with bewildering rapidity, long streamers flash upward to the zenith, and a sea of flame, traversed by dark rays, floods the northern sky. Then at that spot to which the magnetic needle points, the rays curve together, and form what is called the crown of the aurora. This result is, however, rare ; when it does take place, it always announces the conclusion of the phenomenon. The vivid colors and undulations disappear, and soon nothing but a few pale ashen-gray clouds are seen.

These appearances, which are familiar to many persons, are attended by certain remarkable phenomena : a crepitating noise, for example, not unlike the rapid flutter of a distant sail, which has been popularly described as the noise made by the petticoats of the merry dancers ; and this sound is accompanied by a peculiar sulphurous odor. Positive electricity, too, has at such times been found in the air ; the direction of the magnetic needle undergoes perturbations more or less intense, and so unfailingly, that M. Arago, when pursuing his researches in the lower vaults of the observatory at Paris, could always announce the appearance of the aurora in our hemisphere from the movements of his needles. During an aurora in November, 1848, the instruments of the electric-telegraph between Florence and Pisa were as strongly magnetized as though the batteries—which was not the case—had been in action. The compasses of ships at sea have been at times so disturbed by the aurora, that the vessels steered a false route ; and the error was only detected after the phenomenon passed away.

We thus see a very intimate relation between the aurora and certain magnetic or electrical effects ; and now we may proceed to M. de la Rive's theory. The atmosphere, he says, in its normal state is constantly charged with a considerable quantity of positive electricity, which increases in proportion to the height ; while

the earth, on the contrary, is charged with negative electricity. Between these two, a process of recomposition or neutralization takes place; most frequently by the humidity of the air; at times, by the fall of rain or snow; and less frequently by thunder-storms and water-spouts, which, in a very energetic form, exhibit the tendency of these two accumulated electricities to unite. The winds serve also to mingle them, wafting the positive to the negative, and the reverse.

It has been proved that the earth is an almost perfect electric conductor, and that it is constantly traversed by electric currents. According to M. de la Rive, these currents are produced by the positive electricity of the atmosphere which enters the earth at either pole, because those points being always covered by condensed vapors, present the best conducting medium. This is the normal process for establishing an equilibrium between the two electricities; the intense electrical discharges which take place, particularly within the tropics, constitute the variable or accidental process.

It is at the poles that the great electrical discharge takes place. "This discharge," says M. de la Rive, "when it has a certain degree of intensity, will be luminous, especially if (as is nearly always the case near the poles, and sometimes in the higher regions of the atmosphere) it meet on its way with those extremely tenuous frozen particles out of which the loftier clouds and mists are formed." Of the existence of these particles, and in inconceivable numbers, there is no sort of doubt. In the balloon ascent of Barral and Bixio at Paris, in 1850, the aéronauts found themselves on a sudden, although the sky was cloudless, in the midst of a thin transparent haze, which was alone produced by needles of ice so small as to be scarcely visible. Lunar halos, rain and snow, almost invariably precede an aurora: it is to the presence of these needles that the halos are due, and the rain and snow to their condensation of aqueous vapors. They form also the auroral veil, through which, owing to their tenuity, the stars are visible.

From simultaneous observations made by observers forty or fifty miles apart, the parallax of the aurora has been ascertained, and its height above the earth determined. This ranges from six to ten

miles; the phenomenon, therefore, takes place within the limits of our atmosphere. With respect to the auroral arc, there is reason to believe it to be a luminous ring, with its center at the northern magnetic pole, and cutting the magnetic meridians, which converge toward that pole, at right angles. Hence it is that the apparent summit of the arc always appears to be in the magnetic meridian of the place of observation. The arc, moreover, is supposed to have a sort of rotary movement from west to east, which is precisely what might be predicated from the course of the electrical current.

The nearer we approach the pole, the more frequent are auroræ; and as the appearances take place in all northerly latitudes, it sometimes happens that the observer is surrounded by the auroral matter escaping from the earth, and he then hears the fluttering or rustling noise which has been alluded to. On this point, M. de la Rive speaks positively. He considers the cause to be "the action of a powerful magnetic pole on luminous electric jets closely surrounding it;" and by means of an ingenious apparatus he has succeeded in producing a similar noise with attendant phenomena. The sulphurous odor proceeds, as in thunder-storms, from the conversion of the oxygen of the air into ozone, by the passage of electric discharges. Like the noise the odor can only be perceived by an observer situated in the midst of the auroral matter.

A striking fact remains to be noticed; it is one that appears completely to identify the aurora with other electrical phenomena: the auroral light is not polarized, neither is there any trace of polarization in the light obtained from electricity by artificial means. No better proof of the identity of the two classes of phenomena could perhaps be furnished.

We have mentioned an ingenious apparatus contrived by M. de la Rive. With this, he brings his theory to the test of experiment, and, as we believe, makes out his case. It consists of a glass globe, in which is inserted an isolated bar of soft iron, bearing a copper ring, which communicates by a wire with the conductor of an electrical-machine. On exhausting the air within the globe, and exciting the electricity, all the luminous phenomena of the natural aurora are produced around the ring and the bar.

THE GRAVE OF IZAAK WALTON.

LONG ere we determined to make pilgrimage to the last resting-place of the high-priest of angling, we had become, through the medium of his book, an appreciator of his gentle craft. We have companioned the volume so much that we can hardly believe we have not known its author in the flesh. Under his influence our sympathies have expanded, our knowledge of the true and beautiful has increased. He has guided us through many a mountain pass, and beside many a mountain stream we should never have known but for him! What peaceful hours and days we have spent beside the Lee; and when, evening after evening, we lingered amid the fastnesses of Derbyshire, when the sun's rays touched the hills with the last farewell of light, and the moonbeams came trickling down upon the waters, and the stillness was so intense, that the whispering voice of the trout stream seemed to prate loudly of the mysteries of the far-off moors from whence it came—it was pleasant to picture the *wraith* of the good old angler, bending over the Dove, then melting away into the mists which hang about the cliffs of that delicious river. We have sat beneath the shadow of the "great hawthorn," until the stars crept up the blue vault of heaven, or darted into sudden brightness in their own appointed spheres; we have worshipped in the temple of the dale consecrated by the friendship of "Walton and Cotton," and ever and anon the sayings of "old Izaak" would come upon our memory, sweet and soothing as the evening air. We have read by moonlight his description of the river which flowed at our feet. We have, in the spirit of humility, trod in the venerable angler's footsteps; we thought only of him in the streets of his native town of Stafford, where he was born in the year 1595, and sought with reverent zeal for his whereabouts in the great city of London. We have sauntered by the Lee, and fancied we saw the print of his footsteps in the mossy banks. We have been sitting beside a dear friend, when he has taken up old Izaak's book, and, according to his receipt, set about manufacturing that marvelous "*green drake*," which he warrants to take a great grayling, in a sharp stream, at "eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the clock at night;" when he has procured with much

trouble, and at great cost, "the dubbing of bear's dun with a little brown camlet very well mixed," and has so placed it, that "the fly"—*when finished*—"might be more yellow on the belly and toward the tail underneath, than in any other part." We have even seen him with hands torn after an abortive attempt to purloin "two or three hairs of a black cat's beard," to be fixed on the top of his hook as directed, "standing almost upright, and staring one from another," and we have seen him make a very triumph, in the wings, which were "long and large, of the dark gray feather of a mallard."

Truly our Izaak must have been not only the blandest but the most gentlemanly of anglers. There is a high-bred tone in his rusticity, as well as a Quaker-like precision in all he does, which tells of the business habits of a citizen grafted on gentle blood; and then how harmoniously he tunes his words and thoughts to sacred things—how he tells these to his friends, that they also may enjoy his contented and thankful spirit! How charmingly he turns a sentence into the riches of truth:—"Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and laughed and angled again, and slept securely, and rose next day and cast away care—which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. The *cares that are the keys* that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly." The brother-in-law of Bishop Kenn, it is only just to apply to Izaak what Johnson said of Congreve:—"He lived only for himself and his friends, and among his friends he was able to name almost every man of his time whom wit or elegance had raised to reputation." He had the happiness of bringing up his only son to the Church, and his only daughter was married to a dignified clergyman, Dr. Hawkins, of Winchester. History and tradition are alike barren of incident respecting this man of gentlest nature, but he is one who is not injured by their silence; he "wrote his epitaph before he died." All who love the repose of nature do

homage to its high-priest. Were a statue erected to his memory we would not have him as a mere common-place angler with rod and line and fish-basket, but as the philosopher of his art, with the feeling and sentiment of one who joyed in and studied nature, loving her companionship better than townly things, and making this sport of angling rather his excuse for being so much with her than an occupation for the mere pulling of fish out of deep or shallow waters.

Washington Irving bears witness to the charm of Izaak Walton's theory and practice; and relates in one of his pleasant papers, how he, fascinated by what he calls "the seductive pages of old Izaak," set out, after a winter's preparation, to put in practice all he said, and endeavor to do all he did.

"Our first essay," he says, "was along a mountain brook among the Highlands of the Hudson, a most unfortunate place for the execution of those piscatory tactics, which had been invented along the velvet margins of quiet English rivulets. I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely 'satisfied the sentiment' and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's opinion, 'that angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it.' I hooked myself instead of the fish, tangled my line in every tree, lost my bait and broke my rod, until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees *reading old Izaak: satisfied that it was his vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling.*"

But it is not only as a brother of the angle, and a lover of nature, that we admire Izaak Walton. He has a claim upon our sympathy as a man of letters, and we may wish his pen had been the inheritance of many biographers, who spin out a great many words about a small matter, while he "ensamples" the enrichment of a page with great things in few words. To be sure, he was fortunate in his subjects; the lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Hooker, Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Sanderson were fruitful of subject-matter for biography of the best kind; and the period was so full of interest and movement, that the sweetness, simplicity, and tenderness of "honest Izaak" could

not have appeared to greater advantage than it does in the biographies of these old English worthies. We have read them over and over again—that of George Herbert especially—beside the fishing-streams where Izaak wandered, and always with increased delight.

Sir John Hawkins, in his life of Walton, says very plainly, but very truly, of the venerable angler, that he "was not distinguished by his rank, or eminent for his learning, or remarkable for the performance of any public service; but, as he ever affected a retired life, so was he noted only for an ingenious, humble, good man." In spite of the qualifying word "only" used by Sir John, he adds, with true judgment, on the value of such personal attractions—"however, to so eminent a degree did he possess the qualities above ascribed to him, as to afford a very justifiable reason for endeavoring to impress upon the minds of mankind, by a collection of many scattered passages concerning him, a due sense of their value and importance."

The life of the good old man does indeed "point a moral," and impress us with the value of the kindly, manly, and honorable plainness which characterized him through life. Qualities of an unpretending kind, which slowly but surely worked their way on his fellow-men's love and respect, and obtained for him the personal friendship of the great and the good, so that the humble London tradesman was a welcome visitor to some of the greatest and best men of his age; and Wood tells us that after he had given up business and quitted London, "he lived mostly in the families of the eminent clergy of that time."

He was born, as we have already noticed, at Stafford, in the month of August, 1593; but the particulars of his early life and education have not been detailed.

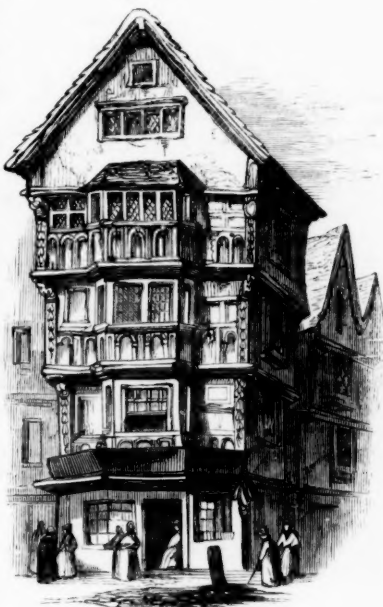
His first settlement in London was in the trade of a sempster, and his shop was duly placed in a good situation for such a calling, in the Royal Burse, in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham; the original Royal Exchange, and the favorite resort of the city madams, and all others who were desirous of fashionable novelties, and foreign trifles, which were much sought after by the wealthy or the extravagant of those days. Whatever the profit of his situation here might be, he must have been "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," as effectually as any imprisoned proprietor

of a counter in a modern bazaar. Sir John Hawkins says "he could scarcely be said to have had elbow room; for the shops over the Burse were but seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide; yet here did he carry on his trade till some time before the year 1624; when he dwelt on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow."^{*} Sir John gives this information from the original deed in his possession, which bears the date of 1624, and in which Walton is said to have followed the trade of a linen-draper. He adds, "It further appears by that deed, that the house was in the joint occupation of Izaak Walton, and John Mason, hosier," from whence we may conclude that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton.

The frugality which led to such an arrangement was perfectly in accordance with the taste and habit of the times, and many a wealthy man "did business" in dark and obscure tenements, which now-a-days would not be considered fit habitations for their horses. The enormous progress of modern building precludes us from forming an adequate idea of London in Walton's time—either of its internal discomfort, or its exterior facilities for a country walk; but we can fully appreciate the delight with which he must have shouldered his rod, and walked across the fields toward Tottenham, "to drink a morning's draught at the Thatch'd House in Hodsden," and so toward the Lea; or, peradventure, betake himself to a nearer fishing station on the New River, "especially in such days and times," as he talks of in the preface to his Angler, "when I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe," two enthusiastic friends and brothers of the angle, whose loss he deplores with touching simplicity:—"But they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours."

After his marriage, he occupied a house

^{*} The engraving shows the aspect of Chancery-lane on the western side; the house at the corner being that which bore the sign of the Harrow. The locality is peculiarly sacred to Walton, who after his marriage lived a few doors higher up the lane, and must continually have passed the fine old timber building delineated, and which has been frequently described as his residence.



CHANCERY LANE.

in Chancery-lane, and is described in the lease as a "sempster or milliner." His wife was Anne, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Thomas, afterward Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. She was one of those excellent women, of religious and prudent conduct, with good endowments; and was peculiarly suited to a man like Walton, who in his turn revered her as she deserved, and speaks of her on her tomb as a woman of "remarkable prudence, and piety; her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and blessed with so much Christian meekness, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument."

The moderate desires and earnest aspirations after retired ease which Walton possessed, accompanied with a wish for the quiet friendship and ease "which angling brings," were no doubt shared by his wife; and they both relinquished London, with its business cares, and retired on a bare competency, living easily in the society of his friends.

While residing in London he formed an intimate acquaintance with Dr. John Donne, dean of St. Paul's, who was vicar of the parish of St. Dunstan's in the West,

in which Walton resided; and in 1631 Sir Henry Wotton applied to Walton to collect materials for a life of the doctor which he had undertaken to write. But death prevented Sir Henry from completing the task, which was at last undertaken and perfected by Walton himself; a work which was gratefully noticed by the doctor's son, as well as by others whose opinion must have greatly pleased the worthy angler.

His most popular work, and that which will make his memory ever dear "to brethren of the rod and line," was published in 1653. It was entitled "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," and was a small duodecimo, very neatly and tastefully brought out, with exceedingly good engravings of fish by Lombart, an artist mentioned by Evelyn.

"And let no man imagine that a work on such a subject must necessarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninteresting, for the contrary will most evidently appear from a perusal of this excellent piece; the style, the ease and unaffected humor of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates, has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages." Its success was equal to its merits; he saw five editions through the press in his life-time, and received his due of celebrity.

His other literary labors were, as we have intimated, biographical, and consist of the lives of Richard Hooker, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," and the poet, George Herbert, which were both written



BERESFORD HALL.

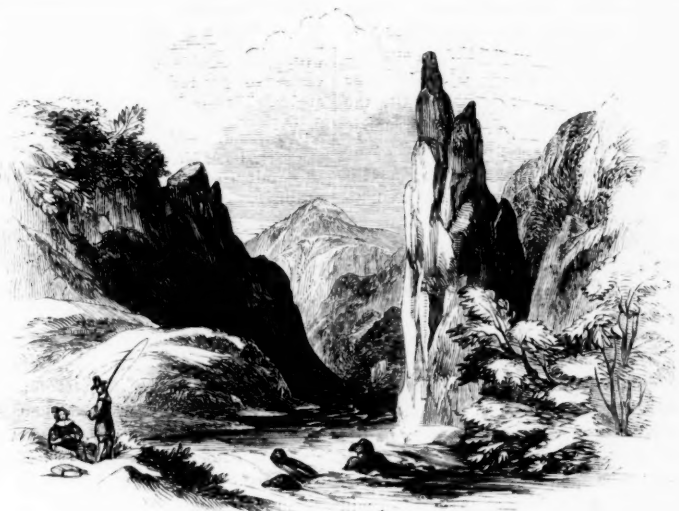
in the house of Walton's friend and patron, Dr. George Morley, Bishop of Winchester; the first life being undertaken at the request of Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury—a proof of the respect and position he had gained among the highest members of the clerical body. So indefatigable was our author that he undertook in the eighty-third year of his age to write the life of Dr. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln: a work he carried out successfully at a period of life which, as he phrases it, "might have procured him a writ of ease;" but he found truth in the words of the bard of Avon:—

"The labor we delight in physics pain."

Walton's acquaintance with Cotton, which began soon after the publication of

the Angler, ripened into the most intimate friendship, and both himself and his son were frequent visitors at Beresford Hall, the home of Cotton, in the Peak of Derbyshire, and in the close vicinity of the river Dove, a river which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, and a famous stream for fish. At Beresford Hall there is still a room shown as Walton's chamber, and the neighborhood has other indications of the intimacy which subsisted between them.

This great intimacy between two such men has always appeared to us a little extraordinary. Walton was an unsophisticated man, whose thoughts and writings are a model of purity. Cotton was a man of the world, some of whose writings are totally unfit for modern reading, and who



PIKE POOL.

on more than one occasion bewailed the fate which obliged him to live on his own patrimony in the country, instead of enjoying the dissipation of town life in the reign of the second Charles; and who speaks of the lovely district in which he resided as—

“Environ’d round with nature’s shames and
ills,
Black heaths, wild rocks, black crags, and naked
hills.”

Perhaps the secret of the intimacy may be in the “antagonism” of two such minds. The one glad to be relieved from its wearisome regrets, and taught to enjoy nature it its purity; the other glad to be such a teacher to one who had much that was good in him; and so the two men “angled on” in strict intimacy, and the *blasé* man of the world was charmed and improved by the precept and practice of the good old Izaak, and after the fashion of the day was adopted as “his son,” and spoke of him as his “best and truest friend,” giving this testimony to Walton in the second part of “The Angler,” where he declares “My friend Walton will be seen twice in no man’s company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me, one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.”

Cotton appears to have always been an enthusiastic angler, and his proximity to the Dove, one of the most romantic and beautiful of English rivers, gave him full opportunity for the practice of the art. The exquisite beauty of the river must have been equally understood and valued by so pure an admirer of the beauties of nature as Walton. The two friends have consecrated by their notice one of the most exquisite localities on its banks—“the Pike Pool,” a romantic seclusion, abounding in fish, and taking its name from the solitary peaked rock which is seen in our view, and which is thus quaintly described by Cotton:—

“It is a rock in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove, and not far from Mr. Cotton’s house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career between many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul’s Church before it was burnt. And this Dove, being opposed by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way through it, and after a mile’s concealment appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition; running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.”

The charms of this delightful spot must have been thoroughly enjoyed by the two friends, and Cotton relates that “Mr. Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape in black and white,

in a blank book I have at home." This "deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish," is still the favorite resort of anglers; while to those who are not brethren of the craft, the exquisite beauty of the locality has made it equally sought by pic-nic parties, who are frequently seen enjoying the green-sward for the views, their pleasures sometimes enhanced by the music which reverberates from the rocks.

As a memorial of the friendship which existed between Walton and Cotton, and in order to make their fishing-days more comfortable, the latter erected on the banks of the Dove the picturesque fishing-house here delineated. This little building is noticed fully in the second part of "The Angler," where Piscator, speaking of the Dove, says, "I have lately built a little fishing-house upon its margin, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the first two letters of my father Walton's name, and mine, twisted in cypher." This little temple of friendship still stands; it is of stone; but the decorations within have entirely disappeared. The interior was thus described by Sir J. Hawkins in 1759:—

"The room on the inside is a cube of about fifteen feet; it is paved with black and white marble. In the middle is a square black marble table supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscotted, with curious moldings that

divide the panels up to the ceiling; in the larger panels are represented in painting some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner, on the left, is a fire-place, with a chimney; and on the right, a large beaufet, with folding-doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. Cotton, with a boy servant, and Walton in the dress of the time: underneath is a cupboard, on the door whereof the figures of a trout and also of a grayling are well portrayed."

When the weather was too warm for in-door delectation, the friends dined in a shady spot beneath trees, and in the close vicinity to the fishing-house. It was a little dell beside the stream, which Walton called his "open-air dining-room."

The friendship continued unabated for life between the two anglers; both were devoted to the angle, and both enthusiastically sung the praise of fishing. There is no more beautiful passage in our native literature than that in which good old Izaak sums up all his advantages at the close of his book, with fervent thankfulness to God for all things in a true spirit of Christian philosophy, which appeals irresistibly to the heart by its pure simplicity. How heartily does he exclaim:

"What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with. And this and many other blessings we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common,



FISHING-HOUSE.



WALTON'S DINING-ROOM.

most men forget to pay their praises, but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content—and *leisure to go a-fishing!*"

The life of Izaak was one especially to be envied—almost proving

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows—not substantial things;"

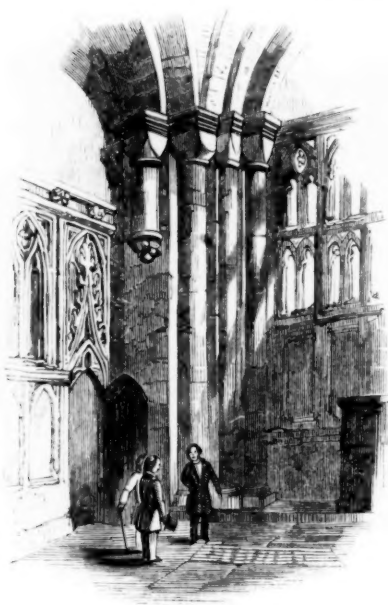
for here we see an humble man content with a moderate competency, enjoying an amount of innocent relaxation, with constant thankfulness to the Giver of all good; whose leisure was employed in narrating the lives of estimable men for the benefit of their fellow-men; and always inculcating just ideas, in whatever he pursued. Beloved by all who knew him, and an accepted guest among the best men of the day, whose positions were so much above his own, he achieved a quiet glory and a happiness, that few men of greater *éclat* can ever hope to obtain. His temperate life gave him robust health. In his eighty-third year, he declared his intention of beginning a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles "into a country the most difficult and hazardous for an aged man to travel in," to visit his friend Cotton, and again enjoy angling in the Dove; and on the ninetyeth anniversary of his birth-day he speaks of himself as of perfect health and memory. It was at this advanced age that he edited and published Chalkhill's beautiful poem of "Thealma and Clearchus, a pastoral, by a friend of Edmund Spenser;" which shows that the

good old man still retained his clear judgment and love of nature.

He died soon after this publication; ending his days at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. William Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester, toward whom he expresses much affection in his will—that document again proving the clearness of his mind, and the kindly nature of his remembrances to all.

As we have said, we had long ago marked the resting-place of this, one of nature's high-priests, as a "shrine" we must visit; and as railroads enable us to count by time and not distance, we journeyed to Winchester on the early morning of a warm July day, and pursued—a ramble in which he had surely delighted often—the low meadows through which the Itchen pursues its creeping way, with the lofty mount of St. Catharine on the left; and losing sight, after a walk of a few minutes, of Winchester, as completely as if it had been swallowed by an earthquake, we felt as if miles away from city dwellings; the river winding and twisting in a very intricate, but deliberate manner, in no degree impatient of the restraint of its plashy banks, which the cattle enjoyed to their hearts' content. There was a dense heat, a dreamy sort of haze over the landscape, which made us lag along the path-way.

Having spent an hour at St. Cross, we returned to the fair and ancient city, and found the verger, who attended our pilgrimage through the cathedral, one sufficiently versed in its antiquities to appre-



WALTON'S TOMB.

ciate them as they deserved, and not prone either to hurry or to insist upon our sacrificing our tastes to his; yet it was evident that we fell in his esteem by inquiring too soon for the last resting-place of the gentle angler. He had a great deal to tell, and it was only natural he should desire to tell it in a straightforward way; and truly there was so much to excite the strongest interest in the past, and so much to admire in the present state of that noble cathedral, that, satisfied we should come in due time to the small chapel in the south transept where the dust of Izaak Walton mingles with that of the hierarchy of England, we suffered ourselves to be "conducted," and reveled amidst the antiquities of Winchester. The very want of uniformity in this noble pile increases its interest. This "out of keeping" is accounted for by its having been above four centuries in building, from the Conquest to the Reformation; and certainly nowhere can the antiquary enjoy a richer treat, while the architect may find innumerable studies within these walls. The rise, progress, and perfection of the Gothic style, every stage of that interesting species of building, and every ornament made use of in it, can be found

in some part or other of Winchester Cathedral. The great porch has suffered fearful desecration. There is no reason in so rich a country as England why the restoration of everything beautiful should not be in a system.

The nave is magnificent, and the eastern window pours into it a flood of many-tinted light, which produces some of the finest effects we ever remember to have seen. The arms of Cardinal Beaufort, the tomb and chantry of William of Wykham, that mighty prelate who deserved the eulogium that for once tells truth, "Unbounded in his hospitality," a "sage politician and counsellor of state," the founder of colleges, "the first at Oxford, the second at Winchester," a "princely prelate" in every sense of the word. It is something to remember having stood beside his tomb, and the mutilated one of his predecessor Edginton, graved with the command, "You who pass by his tomb remember him in your prayers," is a type of the times. Then in another chapel on the tomb of William de Basing, "who was formerly prior of this church," is displayed one of the strong features of Romanism, for the inscription adds that whosoever shall pray for his soul "shall obtain three years and fifty days' indulgence." The tomb of Cardinal Beaufort led us to doubt the testimony of Shakspeare, for if the likeness be correct there is something far too saintly in the expression of the face to lead to the belief that he could "die and make no sign." The chantry of Cardinal Beaufort is perhaps the most beautiful one in England—the fanwork of the ceiling, the canopies, with their studded pendants, the crocketed pinnacles. The tomb itself is of gray marble, upon which the figure in colored alabaster reposes, cloak and hat, and ten knotted tapers. But to us the most interesting, the most suggestive contents of this noble cathedral, are six mortuary chests containing the "dust and ashes" of many royal and noble Christians, of those who were first to "come out of darkness into light." These chests are placed on the top of the stone partitions on each side of the sanctuary, which were erected by Bishop Fox in 1525. Within these chests are mingled the dust of Egbert and Kenulph, of the Danish Canute, and his lovely queen Emma, the

fair maid of Normandy, of the tyrant Rufus, of the first Christian king of the West Saxons, and of Edmund who swayed the royal scepter while his father Alfred still lived.

It was impossible not to repeople this magnificent building with its creators—to recall the sovereigns, and pontiffs, and priests, arrayed in all the pomp and glory of ecclesiastical splendor, the lights, the perfumes, the processions, the “pealing anthems,” the solemn chants, the passing and repassing of the richly-robed priests, the swaying to and fro of the multitudinous worshipers, the royal processions, the scenes and ceremonies when knights from the Holy Land knelt at some favorite shrine, and laid their banners, their jewels, and their gold, at the door of the sanctuary.

But we must seek the grave of our gentle angler, and now that we have done ample justice, rendered sufficient homage to the grandeur and majesty of the sacred pile, the verger is well pleased to take us there.

Izaak Walton is buried in a small inclosed chapel in the south transept of the cathedral, named after the Prior Silkstede, who did so much in past times to decorate and renovate the sacred pile. The chapel is inclosed with richly-carved screens, above which appear the clustered massive columns of the Norman capitals, and arches of the roof. The chapel contains some presses, which hold the surplices of the singing-boys who use the inclosure as a vestry. It is altogether a quiet little nook; by no means out of character as a resting-place for the aged angler; and here beneath a large black marble slab, he sleeps; this inscription covering the surface:—

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF

MR. IZAAK WALTON,

Who died the 15th of December, 1683.

Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more;
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done:
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI.

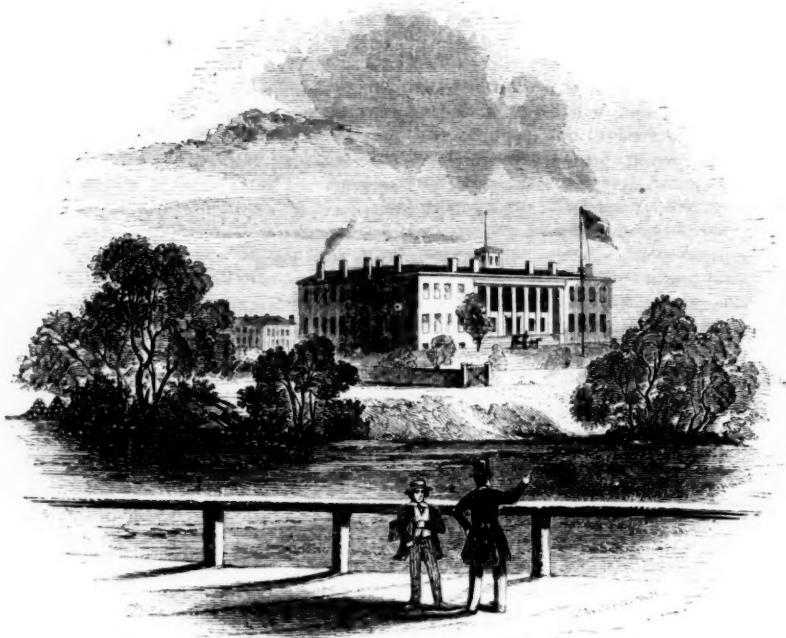
THE MARINER'S HOSPITAL.

THE United States Naval Hospital at New-York is located on the eastern side of the Wallabout Bay, and is intended for the use of the officers, sailors, and marines of the navy. It was built from a fund called the Hospital Fund, created by the payment of twenty cents a month by all employed in the United States naval service, whether officers or privates.

Nearly fifty-five acres of ground belong to this institution. On the most elevated part of the premises are the hospital buildings, two large airy edifices constructed of white marble from Sing Sing. The main building consists of a center seventy-six feet long by seventy-two deep, and two wings, each sixty feet front and one hundred and forty-six deep. Its height is forty-five feet, including two stories and a basement above ground. The whole arrangement appears to be excellent; the rooms airy and neat, and every provision made for the welfare of the patients. In the attic are four large water tanks, each containing six thousand gallons, two for rain and two for well water. The latter is pumped up by means of a small steam engine, and the former brought in from the roof.

The building in the rear, seen in the engraving, was erected as a small-pox hospital, but being too near the main edifice, it is intended to put another in a distant part of the grounds for that purpose, and make use of this as a laboratory. Under the direction of Dr. Squibb, the first assistant physician, the work in this department has been already commenced, and it is intended to manufacture here the various drugs necessary for the naval service. This step has been taken partly because of the impurity of too many articles, and partly as a matter of economy. They can also be put up here in a manner better adapted for use on board of vessels, than under the old system of contract.

The other buildings on the ground are the surgeon's residence, (a pleasant house north of the hospital,) the dead house and the porter's lodge at the gate, which opens from Park Avenue. The buildings were commenced in 1841 or 1842, and completed in 1846. Dr. Bache is the principal physician and surgeon: he occupies the dwelling above referred to, and has a salary of \$2,250 per annum. Drs. Squibb



THE MARINEE'S HOSPITAL.

and Mayo are his assistants, each receiving the yearly sum of \$1,150, and having apartments in the main building. The whole number of employees is about twenty, including steward, nurses, gardener, &c. All the vegetables used are raised on the ground.

The number of patients varies greatly, being at times as small as twenty-five, and at other seasons as high as eighty.

Only those who are laboring under temporary disease are attended to here. The government has at Philadelphia an asylum for the aged and disabled.

On the east side of the street running in the rear of the hospital premises is the burying ground. It is neatly inclosed, having a very handsome iron railing in front, and such improvements are in progress as will give it a very pleasant aspect. All officers, sailors, and marines dying at the hospital or station, are here interred, unless relatives or friends make provision for them. The body is deposited for a season in a receiving vault, until it can be ascertained whether any connections of the

deceased wish to remove it: if none come to claim it, it is placed in a grave and a neat board, resembling a head-stone, put up. The visitor will perceive that the age and birth-place of those who slumber here is seldom recorded—those who die away from all their kindred do not often leave any explicit statements on these points. It is not often that these graves are watered with the tears of mothers, sisters, parents, or wives—these relatives are perhaps still expecting their return, and wondering why so long a time has elapsed since they were last heard from. But they rest as quietly as in the village church-yard, and shall just as surely hear, at the last day, the voice of the Son of Man, and come forth from their graves—some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

A plain granite vase and obelisk has been erected over the spot where the victims of the explosion of the *Fulton* are interred. It bears no inscription at present; it is said that it is designed to put one on it.

FLAWS IN DIAMONDS.

IT is sometimes instructive, and at all times interesting, to learn something of the eccentricities, failings and foibles of remarkable persons. Such traits form the most attractive and salient points of biographical works; they may be called the coloring of literary portraiture, and, being endowed with an individual vitality, are found to linger longest in the memory of the general reader.

Having gathered together a number of these personal anecdotes, we propose to pass away a gossiping, and not wholly an unprofitable, half-hour in relating them to our readers.

It is painful to reflect upon the inordinate vanity which characterizes many illustrious lives. When Cæsar became bald, he constantly wore the laurel-wreath with which we see him represented on medals, in the hope of concealing the defect; and Cicero's egotism was so great, that he even composed a Latin hexameter in his own praise:—

O fortunatam nato me consule Romam.

(O fortunate Rome when I was born her consul!)

a line which elicited the just sarcasms of Juvenal. Queen Elizabeth left three thousand different dresses in her wardrobe when she died; and during many years of the latter part of her life, would not suffer a looking-glass in her presence, for fear that she should perceive the ravages of time upon her countenance. Mæcenas, the most egregious of classic exquisites, is said to have "wielded the Roman empire with rings on his fingers." The vanity of Benvenuto Cellini is too well known to need repetition. Sir Walter Raleigh was, perhaps, the greatest beau on record. His shoes, on court-days, were so gorgeously adorned with precious stones, as to have exceeded six thousand guineas in value; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with jeweled sword and belt, the worth of which was almost incalculable. The great Descartes was very particular about his wigs, and always kept four in his dressing-closet; a piece of vanity wherein he was imitated by Sir Richard Steele, who never expended less than forty guineas upon one of his large black periwigs. Mozart, whose light hair was of a fine quality, wore it very long and flowing down between his shoulders,

with a tie of colored ribbon confining it at the neck. Poor Goldsmith's innocent dandyisms, and the story of his peach-blossom coat, are almost proverbial. Pope's self-love was so great, that, according to Johnson, he "had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life." Allan Ramsay's egotism was excessive. On one occasion, he modestly took precedence of Peter the Great, in estimating their comparative importance with the public: "But haud [hold], proud czar," he says, "I wadna niffer [exchange] fame!" Napoleon was vain of his small foot. Salvatore Rosa was once heard to compare himself with Raphael and Michael Angelo, calling the former dry, and the latter coarse; and Raphael, again, was jealous of the fame and skill of Michael Angelo. Hogarth's historical paintings (which were bad) equaled, in his own opinion, those of the old masters. Lamartine, the loftiest and finest of French poets, robs his charming pages of half their beauty by the inordinate self-praise of his commentaries. Rousseau has been called "the self-torturing egotist;" and Lord Byron's life was one long piece of egotism from beginning to end. He was vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even of his vices; and he was particularly proud of his good riding and his handsome hands.

Penuriousness, unhappily, has been too commonly associated with learning and fame. Cato, the censor, on his return from Spain, was so parsimonious that he sold his field-horse, to save the expense of conveying the animal by sea to Italy. Attilius Regulus, at the period of his greatest glory in Africa, entreated permission to return home to the management of his estate, which consisted but of seven acres, alleging that his servants had been defrauding him of certain agricultural implements, and that he was anxious to look after his affairs. Lord Bacon is a melancholy instance of the dominion obtained by avarice over a great mind. Among artists, Nollekens and Northcote were proverbially penurious. Swift, in his old age, was avaricious, and had an absolute terror of visitors. "When his friends of either sex came to see him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their pro-

vision." Of the great Duke of Marlborough, it is said by Macaulay, that "his splendid qualities were mingled with alloy of the most sordid kind."

We will now turn to the errors of self-indulgence. Socrates, Plato, Agathon, Aristophanes, and others of the most celebrated Greeks, drank wine to a surprising extent; and Plato says, in his *Symposium*, that Socrates kept sober longer than any. Tiberius was so much addicted to this vice, that he had frequently to be carried from the senate-house. Cato was fond of the bottle. Ben Jonson delighted in copious draughts of Canary wine, and even contrived to have a pipe of that liquor added to his yearly pension as poet-laureate. The fine intellect of Coleridge was clouded over by this unhappy propensity. Montaigne indulged in sherry. The otherwise unexceptionable morality of Addison was stained by this one error. Sir Richard Steele, Fielding, and Sterne shared the prevailing taste for hard drinking. Mozart was no exception to the rule. Churchill was a very intemperate man; and Hogarth gave a ludicrous immortality to the satirist's love of porter, by representing him in the character of a bear with a mug of that liquor in its paw. Tasso aggravated his mental irritability by the use of wines, despite the entreaties of his physicians. During his long imprisonment, he speaks gratefully in his letters of some sweetmeats with which he had been supplied; and after his release, he relates with delight the good things that were provided for him by his patron, the Duke of Mantua—"the bread and fruit, the fish and flesh, the wines, sharp and brisk, and the confections." Pope, who was somewhat of an epicure, when staying at the house of his friend Lord Bolingbroke, would lie in bed for days together, unless he heard there were to be stewed lampreys for dinner, when he would forthwith arise, and make his appearance at table. Dr. Johnson had a voracious liking for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," he said, "I ate so much of a leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it." A gentleman once treated him to a dish of new honey and clouted cream, of which he partook so enormously, that his entertainer was alarmed.

Quin, the famous actor, has been known to travel from London to Bath, for the

mere sake of dining upon a John Dory. Dr. Parr, in a private letter, confesses to his passionate love of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce. Shelley was for many years a vegetarian; and in the notes to his earliest edition of *Queen Mab*, speaks with enthusiasm of a dinner of "greens, potatoes, and turnips." Ariosto was excessively fond of turnips. He ate fast, and of whatever was nearest to him, often beginning with the bread upon the table before the other dishes came. Being visited one day by a stranger, he devoured all the dinner that was provided for both; and when afterward censured for his unpoliteness, only observed that "the gentleman should have taken care of himself." Handel ate enormously; and Dr. Kitchener relates of him, that whenever he dined at a tavern, he ordered dinner for three. On being told that all was ready as soon as the company should arrive, he would exclaim: "Den bring up de dinner *prestissimo*—I AM THE GOMBANY!" Lord Byron's favorite dish was eggs and bacon; and though he could never eat it without suffering from an attack of indigestion, he had not always sufficient firmness to resist the temptation. Lalande, the great French astronomer, would eat spiders as a relish. Linnaeus delighted in chocolate; and it was he who bestowed upon it its generic name of *theobroma*, or "food of the gods." Fontenelle deemed strawberries the most delicious eating in the world; and during his last illness used to exclaim constantly: "If I can but reach the season of strawberries!"

The amusements of remarkable persons have been various, and often eccentric. The great Bayle would frequently wrap himself in his cloak, and hasten to places where mountebanks resorted; and this was his chief relaxation from the intensity of study. Spinoza delighted to set spiders fighting, and would laugh immoderately at beholding their insect warfare. Cardinal Richelieu used to seek amusement in violent exercise, and was found by De Grammont jumping with his servant, to see which could leap the highest. Cowper kept hares, and made bird-cages. Dr. Johnson was so fond of his cat, that he would even go out himself to buy oysters for puss, because his servant was too proud to do so. Goethe kept a tame snake, but hated dogs. Ariosto

delighted in gardening ; but he destroyed all he planted, by turning up the mold to see if the seeds were germinating. Thomson had his garden at Richmond, respecting which the old story of how he ate peaches off the trees with his hands in his pockets is related. Gibbon was a lazy man. Coleridge was content to sit from morning till night threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind. Gray said that he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading eternal new novels of *Crebillon* and *Marivaux*. The eminent scholar, Fenton, died from sheer inactivity : he rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers. A woman who waited upon him in his lodgings said, that "he would lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." Contrary examples to that of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote all his finest works before breakfast !

To return to the recreations of celebrated persons. Oliver Cromwell is said to have sometimes cast aside his Puritan gravity, and played at blind-man's-buff with his daughters and attendants. Henri Quatre delighted to go about in disguise among the peasantry. Charles the Second's most innocent amusement consisted in feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, and in rearing numbers of those beautiful spaniels that still bear his name. Beethoven would splash in cold water at all times of the day, till his chamber was swamped, and the water oozed through the flooring to the rooms beneath ; he would also walk out in the dewy fields at night or morning without shoes or stockings. Shelley took an unaccountable delight in floating little paper-boats on any piece of water he chanced to be near. There is a pond on Hampstead-heath which has often borne his tiny fleets ; and there is an anecdote related of him—rather too good, we fear, to be true—which says, that being one day beside the Serpentine, and having no other paper in his pocket wherewith to indulge his passion for ship-building, he actually folded a bank-bill for fifty pounds into the desired shape, launched the little craft upon its voyage, watched its steady progress with paternal anxiety, and finally went over and received it in safety at the opposite side.

This paper might be extended almost indefinitely ; but there must be limits, even to an essay, and certainly to the good-nature of our readers.

AN ASTRONOMICAL YEAR.

THE duration of the astronomical year, as now determined with great precision, consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-one seconds. The real length of the year is thus six hours greater than it was according to the estimate of the old astronomers ; so that, if we reckoned by their calculation, on every fourth year a day would be lost. Such a circumstance must, in a comparatively short period, produce the most awkward results : a man born in spring would, before gray hairs covered his head, have to celebrate his birthday at the end of winter ; harvest would, after the lapse of a few years, have its festival in mid-summer ; and the time would come when summer and winter would change names. It became therefore necessary, in all countries where the astronomical year was used, to correct the calendar at intervals, to prevent the increase of an evil for which no provision was made.

Julius Cæsar was probably the first man in authority who attempted a permanent correction of the calendar, assisted by Sosigenes, an Egyptian astronomer. Their device was, to add a day, every fourth year, to February, and the principle adopted was so excellent that it has been both retained and extended. This correction of time was ordered to be made in all countries where the Roman authority was acknowledged ; and to secure a uniformity of dates, the sixth day before the kalends of March was to be reckoned twice, for which reason, the fourth year, now called leap year, was by the Romans designated bissextile. But this clever contrivance did not perfectly correct the calendar, or cause the civil and astronomical years to remain long in permanent agreement. The addition thus made every fourth year was eleven minutes more than was required for the correction ; and although this may seem a trifling error, yet spread over so long a period, it soon became a very marked quantity, and in the course of centuries threatened to interfere with some social and many ecclesiastical arrangements. The Julian year, therefore, possessing an element of error, could not permanently remain in use, unless a means of absorbing the miscalculation it perpetuated could be discovered.

The necessities of the Roman Church ultimately led to the requisite improvement. The Council of Nice, which assembled in the year 325 A. D., ordered, among other matters, that Easter should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon following the vernal equinox. This was a guide to many other of the Church festivals, so that any alteration in it caused a much greater confusion than at first sight appears. Now it was well known that in 325, when the council met, the 21st of March was the vernal equinox; but in the fifteenth century it fell on the twelfth day of that month—a difference sufficiently important to force upon the attention of the pope and the conclave the necessity of correcting the calendar.

This enterprise was meditated many years before it was accomplished; but it would probably have been effected in the pontificate of Sixtus IV., instead of Gregory XIII., if the preliminary calculations had not been interrupted by the sudden death of John Muller, the astronomer selected to advise the pontiff, and prepare for the contemplated change. This rare genius, so well known as the founder of the printing-house at Nuremberg, though it is as an astronomer that he is most deserving honor, was summoned from his useful labors to assist the pope in correcting the calendar. He unwillingly obeyed the command, and repaired to Rome, where he had at an early period of life exhibited his great talents, to undertake the task; but the year after his arrival, in the fortieth of his age, he died, or, as some say, was murdered by the sons of an eminent Greek scholar, whom he had mortified by some severe criticisms. Sixtus being thus deprived of the assistance of the man best able to accomplish his object, lost the honor of effecting his useful design.

Pope Gregory XIII. was a man of science, and we have little cause to regret that the task of reforming the calendar fell into his hands. To restore the civil year to a correspondence with the astronomical, he ordered that the 5th of October, 1582, should be called the 15th: for at that time ten days had been lost, and the vernal equinox fell on the 11th of March instead of the 21st. To prevent the intrusion of the same errors in the measurement of time in future ages, and to secure the recurrence of the festivals at the same period of the year, he further decreed that "every year

whose number is not divisible by four, without a remainder, consists of three hundred and sixty-five days; every year which is so divisible, but is not divisible by one hundred, of three hundred and sixty-six; every year divisible by one hundred, but not by four hundred, of three hundred and sixty-five; and every year divisible by four hundred consists of three hundred and sixty-six. A more perfect correspondence of the civil and astronomical years will probably never be obtained than by the use of the rules enforced in this decree; for after the lapse of four thousand two hundred and thirty-seven years, the error will be less than a day. In their preparation every source of disagreement was duly estimated, and as far as possible corrected. The allowance of an extra day every fourth year is, as already explained, an excess; but this is not allowed to accumulate, for, at the commencement of every century, when it amounts to about three-fourths of a day, a deduction of one day is made. An error of about six hours is thus left as the accumulation of one hundred years, but this is not passed without correction: for every year divisible by four hundred, which ought to be a common year by the ordinary rule, is made to consist of three hundred and sixty-six days.

Little opposition would probably have been made to the introduction of these changes in any European state, so generally was the necessity of a correction admitted, had they not been enforced by the pope, under an authoritative command for the immediate and universal adoption of the reformed calendar. The princes who acknowledged the sway of the Bishop of Rome gave an uncomplaining and apparently willing compliance; but in the Protestant states the introduction of a very useful and important correction in the measurement of time was long delayed, from a recollection of the source from which it came, and the impudent assumption of a command with which it was announced. At last the Gregorian calendar was universally adopted by the European states, but by Protestant communities always with a protest against the interference of the pope, and an entire rejection of his authority. The new style was established in Great Britain by act of Parliament, as might be expected in a country so justly jealous of its civil and religious privileges, in the year 1752.

The National Magazine.

AUGUST, 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

PERSONAL.—The Editor departed for Europe by the steamer *Arcti*, on the 19th of May. He left on hand ample materials for the June and July numbers. From that time, at the urgent request of Mr. Stevens, the undersigned took charge of the Magazine, has supervised the present number, and is responsible for all that may appear, with the exception of articles especially designated as editorial, until his return. Mr. Stevens will continue, during his absence, to write for the NATIONAL, and his next letter to Bishop Simpson will appear in the ensuing number, together with, as we hope, an account of his voyage, and his impressions of the old world.

J. FLOY.

MARY MAGDALENE.—In our Magazine for May is an article on the family of Bethany, in which the writer alludes to the "woman who was a sinner," who anointed the feet of Jesus and wiped them with her hair. A correspondent takes umbrage at what he supposes to be an unjust aspersion of her character, in the article referred to. We are quite willing that he should be heard, with the single remark, that we are unable to imagine any special "harm" done to the Christian religion by representing Mary Magdalene, or any one else as a sinner, "prior to her conversion." We give the material part of our correspondent's letter without comment:—

In the number of the National for May, there is an article on the "Family of Bethany," in which Mary Magdalene is represented to be the woman who anointed Christ's head in the house of the Pharisee, and is called a *sinner*. I protest against the slander, and hope you will do as much toward taking it back, as you have done in circulating it. The character of Mary Magdalene is worth everything to the Christian Church and the world; and besides harming the Christian religion by fastening so dark a stigma upon her moral character prior to her conversion, it is a very serious matter to bring a false accusation against the dead. Who dare reproach the character of that noble woman, unless he is certain that he is right in his accusation, and who can prove that the common opinion relative to Mary Magdalene has any truth in it? We should be very careful what we say about the dead; and who that is a Christian does not regard with peculiar tenderness the character of those noble women who provided for Christ's bodily wants, "ministering unto him of their substance." I verily believe that if ever a good woman suffered in her character wrongfully, it is Mary of Magdala, and I also believe that it is time that the friends of Christ came to her rescue.

DRESS.—The Hon. Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has been staying for some days in New-York. Miss Murray is a lady of fine person, robust health, and uncommon energy of character—about thirty-five years of age. Her frank and cordial manners, her intelligence and great kindness of heart, secured her many friends. She appears, however, to have been struck with amazement at the extravagant expenditure, the helplessness, and the ill-health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities. Miss Murray, like the fashion-

able women of Europe, dresses so plainly that it probably costs her less to dress a whole year, than many a New-York lady expends for half-a-dozen handkerchiefs. It is a settled thing in Europe, that extravagance in dress is the very extreme of vulgarity, and is never indulged in except by those whose only claim is their length of purse.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—We copy from one of the city papers the following advertisement:—

"TO ORGANIST AND CHOIR SINGERS.—The Vestry of an Episcopal Church in the upper part of the city wish to engage, at such moderate rates as their present means will allow, an ORGANIST, a BASS, a TENOR, and a SOPRANO. Parties open to such an engagement will please address, with references, stating the lowest terms they would be willing to accept for one year, Episcopal Committee, Box 270, Post Office."

A very judicious body of men, this vestry. If the people will not praise God in the sanctuary, they feel the necessity of having it done by "parties open to such an engagement." But then if they must pay for the praises offered to the Most High, they want them offered artistically. They must have a *Soprano*, as well as a *Bass* and a *Tenor*. How delicately they hint, too, that theirs is a fashionable congregation! Their church is "in the upper part of the city;" to be sure they are in rather straitened circumstances—poor as well as proud. Hence applicants must "state the lowest terms" on which they are willing to sing God's praises on the Sabbath. They can only afford "such moderate rates as their present means will allow." Their *present* means—another gentle insinuation that they may do better hereafter, that is, pay more, if, as they expect, the musical talent they are in quest of should, in the slang of the theatre, *draw*.

Seriously, and without reference to the particular case above referred to, or to the Christian denomination from which the advertisement emanates, the practice of hiring men and women to do what the people ought to be taught to do voluntarily and heartily, is worthy of the reprobation of all who would not have God's house made a place of merchandise.

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?—Macaulay's celebrated picturesque idea of a New-Zealander, at some future time, musing over the ruins of London, has been attributed, we know not on what authority, to Sydney Smith. Kirke White has the germ of the idea; but the original, so far as we have been able to trace it, belongs to Horace Walpole. In one of his letters he has this passage:—

"The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New-York, and in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Babel and Palmyra."

With regard to the two famous lines in Lochiel's warning—

"T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before,"

the following memorial has been preserved. The poet was on a visit at Minto. He had gone early to bed, and, still meditating on the wizard's

"warning," fell fast asleep. In the night he awoke repeating, "Events to come cast their shadows before;" that was the idea he had been in search of nearly a whole week. He rang the bell more than once with increased force. At last the servant appeared. The poet was sitting with one foot in the bed and the other on the floor, with an air of mingled inspiration and patience. "Sir, are you ill?" inquired the servant. "Ill! never felt better in my life. Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea as soon as possible." He then started to his feet, seized hold of the pen, and wrote down the happy thought, but as he wrote changed the words "events to come" into "coming events," as it now stands in the text. Looking to his watch he observed that it was two o'clock, the right hour for a poet's dream; and over his "cup of tea" he completed the first sketch of *Lochiel*.

A similar thought occurs in Shelley's *Defense of Poetry*: "Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present."

BRITISH LOYALTY IN DANGER.—A Canadian paper dolefully laments the extensive circulation of newspapers and magazines published on this side of the line. The editor fears that this wide dissemination of Yankee thought throughout Her Majesty's dominions will tend to supplant British loyalty by a tone of republican independence. The remedy is in their own hands. Let them print better periodicals and sell them cheaper.

DETERMINATION.—"The longer I live," says Sir T. F. Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed in, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

A DECIMAL CURRENCY.—Our Canadian neighbors are striving hard to get a decimal currency, and from present appearances will eventually be successful. In this respect, Canada is ahead of the United States; for while nominally we have one, practically we have not; and though the utility of a practical decimal currency is becoming more and more apparent, there is not the slightest effort made to secure so desirable an object. The truth is, Mexican shillings and sixpences have almost entirely superseded our own currency.

In our northern states the terms dime or half-dime are seldom mentioned, but in their stead we hear of shillings and pence. While in our state there are twelve pence in a shilling, and eight shillings to the dollar, in Massachusetts a Mexican shilling is a "ninepence"—and there are 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents to the shilling. Intrinsically the Mexican shillings are not worth more than a dime, yet they pass for twelve and a half cents.

Were Congress to pass a law making a Mexican "shilling" of the value of ten cents, a

sixpence five cents, &c., it would, we think, remedy the evil, and do away altogether with the vexatious half cent. A decimal currency is the simplest and most convenient, and should, we think, be put in practical use. The Mexican pieces are, we are aware, at times a convenience—but so are they a great nuisance. Let us, then, have a good, sound, practical decimal currency, and that right speedily, and either reduce Mexican pieces to their real value, or abolish them altogether from the country.

There will, however, still be a difficulty in making exact change when a sum less than a dollar is to be divided into quarters. With the coins of the United States it is impossible to pay an eighth of a dollar or a quarter of fifty cents. This may be remedied by reducing the value of the present three cent pieces to two and a half cents, or by striking a new coin of that value.

DEATH OF JESSY LEWARS.—Mrs. Thomson, the Jessy Lewars of Robert Burns, died recently at Dumfries, in Scotland, at the age of fourscore.

Persons familiar with the life of the poet will remember that Jessy Lewars was on the most intimate terms with Burns and his family. Her father had been supervisor of excise for the district, but died some years before the poet, and Miss Jessy Lewars, during most of the time that the poet lived in Dumfries, resided with her brother, John Lewars, who was then an officer of excise, and who became afterward also supervisor of the district.

Jessy, some years after the poet's death, was married to Mr. Alexander Thomson, writer in Dumfries, who died in 1849, and was succeeded in business by his son. Mrs. Thomson, in personal appearance, was tall, somewhat stout, with a beautiful blue eye. She was of a cheerful disposition, with a kindness and openheartedness which endeared her to all; but her warm friendship for and unremitting attention to the poet constituted the claims which the memory of Jessy Lewars has upon the affection and grateful remembrance of the admirers of Robert Burns. When in his later days evil reports as to the tendency of his political opinions and his private conduct had alienated many of his acquaintances, Jessy Lewars, with her brother and sister, became the more unremitting and constant in their friendship.

With such opportunities of judging of the poet's sentiments and character, and herself eminently qualified, by her strong religious opinions and mental capacity, to speak on such a subject, it becomes interesting to know that Jessy Lewars frequently stated that there never was a man more maligned than the poet, and that especially he was by no means so intemperate as he was said to be.

At the poet's death, Jessy Lewars possessed a great many manuscripts and letters of the poet. These she gave to Dr. Maxwell, of Dumfries, to be forwarded to Dr. Currie for the biography, and it was often a cause of great regret to her that none of them were returned.

She possessed the MS. of "The Blue-eyed Lassie," two verses on the back of a bill for an exhibition of wild beasts in Dumfries, and a presentation copy of Johnson's *Miscellany*, with verses in the handwriting of the poet. Two

large glasses, referred to in "The Life of the Poet," on which he wrote some verses with a diamond, were unfortunately broken in a thousand pieces by the carelessness of a servant who was carrying them from one house to another in Dumfries. Few have lived more respected and beloved than Jessie Lewars, and so long as the human heart beats in unison with anything that is noble in genius and sentiment, so long will the name of Jessie Lewars, the affectionate and constant friend of Robert Burns, be dear to the admirers of Scotland's poet.

ARMAGEDDON AND SEBASTOPOL.—A writer in one of the English Magazines recently put forth a statement that Sebastopol, in Greek, has the same meaning as Armageddon in Hebrew. The Rev. Dr. Cumming, a divine of some reputation in Great Britain, seized at once upon the idea, and not having the intelligence or sagacity to put the matter to the test, he proceeded, upon the basis of this discovery, to lay open the seals, trumpets, and thunders of revelation, proving, no doubt, to his own satisfaction, that the siege of Sebastopol is the final battle of the world, and that when it is over the new heavens and the new earth will appear. Unfortunately for the good doctor, after publishing his hypothesis with the inferences thence derived, every scholastic reader at once discovered that Sebastopol and Armageddon had no more linguistic affinity than Bonaparte and Bashan—indeed, much less. Dr. Cumming, however, notwithstanding this discomfiture, sticks to that part of his text wherein he says that the end of the world will happen in the year 1865.

LATE AUCTION SALES.—The extraordinary prices brought for certain articles of taste, which were sold on the 10th ult. in England, are exciting the attention of the curious in such matters. Two Sevres vases, standing only a few inches high, were knocked down at 1,550 guineas. They were described as "a pair of vases, rose du Barri, each painted with two groups of cupids, in medallions, the curved leaf-shaped lips forming handles on ornate plinths, fourteen and a half inches." Mr. Henry Hope was the purchaser of these articles, which cost the former owner £200. Another pair of elegant form turquoise, painted with oval medallions of a shepherdess with a sheep and a dog, and a girl bathing the feet, &c., height eighteen inches, was sold for 1,350 guineas. Among the curious objects dispersed at this sale is a large crystal, on which is engraved scenes in the history of Susannah. It is mounted in copper gilt, the work of the fifteenth century. Round the central compartment is the inscription, *Lothario, Rex Franc., fieri fecit*. From the account, published by Martene and Durand in 1727, it would appear, that this crystal was then belonging to the Abbey of Vassor, on the Meuse. The art is of the same character as the illuminations in the MSS. of the period, but much finer in style. It is remarkable that the French antiquaries suffered such a singular and unique object to escape them. It was knocked down to the British Museum for £267, a price, in the estimation of competent judges, much below its real value. It is said to have been purchased at Brussels for ten francs, and

subsequently sold to Mr. Bernal for as many pounds. Mr. Franks, who exhibited casts of this crystal at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, is preparing an account of it, to be read before that body.

FULLY EXPLAIN YOUR TEXT.—Mr. Wesley says, "The less knowledge you take for granted among uneducated people the better. Suppose you preach on the text, 'Unless your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven,' I beg you will not take it for granted that your hearers know what Pharisees are; for I met a person once, and who was quite a Bible reader, who describes the Pharisees as a 'little people, not positively wicked, but inclined to mischief.' I could not imagine what the good woman meant, till at last the truth flashed upon me. She took them for *fairies*!"

KOSSUTH.—The celebrated Magyar, in a recent letter, published in one of our city papers, says of himself:—

"I am a Protestant by birth, education, and conviction. I belong to that community which profess in principle the Augsburgian evangelical confession. So the followers of Luther call themselves, and are called in the covenants and fundamental treaties to which our persecuted ancestors, (I have some among mine who died on the scaffold, others who died in exile for religion's sake,) sword in hand, have pledged the Hapsburg in faith and oath."

Of the peculiar religious tenets of his people he says:—

"Having seen from the history of the Reformation that Luther was compelled by circumstances to accept a compromise about some doctrines, we do not consider ourselves bound even by his interpretation to a special dogmatism; not even he is infallible with us, and not he an imperative authority; the Bible is. Thus it came to pass, for instance, that our community did absolutely not interfere with those parishes which desired their ministers not to put to them the question, on administering the Lord's supper, whether those who approach the table of the Lord do believe the formula of Luther in regard to the mystery of the Lord's supper."

"The Bible relating to it being read, the feast made a feast of pious recollection, repentance of sins, mutual forgiveness of evils—a feast of love and fraternity—it was thought to conform with our doctrines to leave the mystery to the individual conscience of each man. Had any parish substituted authoritatively another dogma for that formula which they left out, we would have considered them as seceding from our community; but having propounded the Bible, and left the dogma to each man's conscience, they were and remained of our creed."

"Upon this principle, in several places, the Lutherans and Calvinists united in receiving the communion together, without being considered seceders from their own community."

"Such is the character of that religion I profess, and the organization of the Church to which I belong. The Bible and perfect autonomy is its basis. Alas, that autonomy in Church and school is crushed under the iron rule of the Jesuitical Hapsburgs, reinstated to power by Russian bayonets. But it is and will remain alive, indomitable in the conscience of individuals; and so may God bless us as we shall neither cease nor rest till we have reintergrated the collective personality of our nation to the inalienable right of freedom and autonomy, religious, civil and political."

NEAT COMPLIMENT.—At a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society of this city, Dr. Osgood was unexpectedly called upon to address the meeting in absence of the poet Bryant, who had been expected, but was detained by illness. The speaker paid a playful tribute to Mr. Bryant as being a grower of fairer and more enduring flowers than any that bloom in his own rural

home at Roslyn. For himself he had no claim to represent him or the flowers; and the best that he could say for himself was to quote the saying of the Persian Saadi, about the clod whose fragrance charmed him in his garden walk. "What are you?" said the poet to the clod: "are you musk or amber, that you fill the air with sweetness?" "Alas, I am nothing but earth," said the clod; "but roses have grown near me, and their fragrance has filled my whole being." So I say this evening: I claim to be only earth, a clod among the flowers; and if my speech has any sweetness, the sweetness must be theirs.

ROSSINI IN PARIS.—A correspondent of one of the Parisian journals thus speaks of this eminent musical composer:—

"Rossini has arrived in Paris. This is the happiest and most important musical event of the week. To this excellent piece of news I can add another, which is still better and equally certain—there is every hope that the health of the sovereign maestro will be completely restored.

'Che sovra gli altri come aquila vola.'

"All that science can do to preserve such a valued life for many long days will of course be done. His ordinary physician has already had several consultations with some of the most distinguished members of the faculty in Paris. If all who owe to the immortal author of William Tell, Moses and the Barber, hours of ineffable beatitude, of exquisite enjoyment, were to leave their names at Rossini's door, we should see an immense procession from sunrise to sunset for days without number.

"Many private friends of the master, however desirous they were to contemplate those fine and intelligent features which age and suffering have changed but very little, contented themselves with leaving their cards and good wishes at the threshold of his august abode, and abstained from feelings of delicacy from any attempt to disturb the privacy of the first days of his installation in Paris. Others, either less timid or more intimate, could not resist the desire to press to their heart the old friend so long absent, and who had been represented by correspondence as much more seriously ill than he really was."

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS PRESS OF ENGLAND.—An English pastor furnishes for *The Congregationalist*, from which we copy, the following statement relative to the religious monthlies of England:—

The *Westminster Methodist Magazine* is not only the oldest, but among the most respectable of the monthlies. It was projected by John Wesley, in the year 1778, and it has without flagging held on its way to the present day. It has been enlarged and improved at various times; and if, in nothing else, with regard to all that is merely mechanical, it has well nigh reached perfection. There are about it no traces of carelessness or haste; it is in all respects fit for the best tables in the land. But its literary claims are decidedly great. It contains a vast amount of solid thought and excellent suggestion; and is, withal, richly evangelical and sternly Protestant in its tone. Its present editors are the Rev. W. L. Thornton, and the Rev. W. H. Rule. Mr. Thornton is a most accomplished writer, eminent for his suavity, yet manly in his tone; not less eminent for his catholicity, while strongly attached to his own Wesleyan tenets. Mr. Rule is more distinguished as an author; his published works are now becoming voluminous. He is a perfect master of history and the Papal controversy. He is endowed with real genius for the reproduction of the past. His "Brand of Dominic," "Third Crusade," and "Mohammed II.," are corroborative of this.

The *Evangelical Magazine* comes next in point of age. It is one of the most welcome of my monthly visitors, and there is always much to instruct and to cheer in its issues. Toward the *Evangelical* we cherish the best wishes, both on account of its simplicity and hard-won honors, and the excellent object to which the profits arising from its sale are devoted.

Dr. John Morison, minister of the Congregational Chapel, Brompton, London, occupies the editorial throne, having succeeded the Rev. George Burder thirty years ago. This magazine gives a beautiful portrait of some Independent minister with every number, and seventy two pages of matter, for sixpence. Its circulation verges on fifteen thousand copies monthly, and the profits, amounting to about £1,400 a year, are given to the poor widows of Independent ministers.

The *Honist* is preeminently adapted for circulation among the intellectual and philosophic. Its editor is the Rev. David Thomas, a young minister in London, of rising fame. It is not intended exclusively for ministers, but is a work for all thinkers. If a man cannot think, he had better fight shy of the *Honist*; for its standard is a lofty one, and it is every way fitted to purify the spirit and heighten the tone of pulpit literature. It is, beyond all question, the most suggestive and philosophical journal of the day; and every page is redolent of life and vigor. It is entirely original, the fruit chiefly of the editor's own masculine mind. If any objection were made, it would be on the score of a too prodigal expenditure of mental wealth. Gillilan says that "Arnold would have loved it, and Coleridge written for it."

The *Christian Witness* was started nine years ago by Dr. John Campbell, under the auspices of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. It is a prodigy of cheapness, giving forty-eight closely printed pages for threepence, or six cents. It is always full of life, variety, and information. The profits are devoted to the assistance of aged ministers, who are in necessitous circumstances, belonging to the Congregational Union. About £1000 annually are employed in this manner. The doctor is thoroughly independent in his course, and has occasionally been brought into collision, not only with other denominations, but with some of his own brethren both of the press and of the pulpit. Besides the *Christian Witness*, Dr. Campbell also edits the *Christian Magazine* and the *British Banner*—so that his labors are of the Herculean order.

The *Monthly Christian Spectator* is now in its fifth year, and is conducted by some of the most intellectual and daring of our young Baptist and Independent ministers. It has nothing to do with the beaten ruts of orthodoxy, and all religious cant it most earnestly reprobates. At first it was frowned upon by the grave seniors; but is now viewed with greater favor. For original thought, mental freedom, animation, and eloquence, it is far ahead of the older and princely orthodox magazines.

The *Baptist Magazine* is one of the fathers in periodical literature, edited by the Rev. W. Groser. This magazine, although respectable in appearance, is perhaps the fewest of our denominational organs. The editor is an invalid, and having no assistance, is dependent upon the voluntary contributions of his friends to an extent far too large; so that no one would care to look into his magazine but for the current news of the denomination. Strange it is that the Baptist denomination, possessing some of the master minds of Britain, has not long ago displaced Mr. Groser.

The *Bible and the People* is the title of a small monthly edited by the Rev. Brewin Grant of Birmingham. This magazine, like Mr. Grant himself, is devoted to the overthrow of infidelity, and the defense of the Bible. It is altogether warlike; but its weapons are good, and it is destructive only of error and vice.

HOUSTON—THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.—A life of General Houston has been published which records many interesting adventures, and among them an account of the battle of San Jacinto. The details of the fight are horrible; we can hardly give a better lesson on the murderous iniquity of war than by a few extracts:—

"The day was now wearing away," says the biographer, "it was three o'clock in the afternoon, and yet the enemy kept concealed behind his breastworks, and manifested no disposition to come to an engagement. Events had taken just such a current as Houston expected and desired, and he began to prepare for battle.

"Those who expect a minute and accurate account of this engagement, from the writer, or any one else, must be disappointed; for no such description can ever be written. It was a slaughter, more than a

battle. We can only give the reader an idea of the position of both armies when the engagement began—fill up the interval of the next few minutes with blood, and smoke, and cries, and slaughter—and then tell the almost incredible result. The two armies were now drawn up in complete order. There were seven hundred Texans on the field, and Santa Anna's troops numbered over eighteen hundred.

"Everything was now ready, and every man at his post, waiting for the charge. The two six-pounders had commenced a well-directed fire of grape and canister, and they shattered boxes and baggage where they struck. The moment had at last come. Houston ordered the charge, and sounded out the war-cry, 'Remember the Alamo.' These magic words struck the ear of every soldier at the same instant, and 'the Alamo! the Alamo!' went up from the army in one wild scream, which sent terror through the Mexican host. At that moment a rifle came up on a horse covered with mire and foam, swinging an ax over his head, and dashed along the Texan lines, crying out, as he had been instructed to do, 'I have cut down Vince's bridge—now fight for your lives, and remember the Alamo,' and then the solid phalanx, which had been held back for a moment at the announcement, launched forward upon the breastwork like an avalanche of fire. Houston spurred his horse on at the head of the center column, right into the face of the foe.

"The Mexican army was drawn up in perfect order, ready to receive the attack, and when the Texans were within about sixty paces, and before they had fired a rifle, a general flash was seen along the Mexican lines, and a storm of bullets went flying over the Texan army. They fired too high, but several balls struck Houston's horse in the breast, and one ball shattered the general's ankle. The noble animal staggered for a moment, but Houston spurred him on. If the first discharge of the Mexicans had been well-directed, it would have thinned the Texan ranks. But they pressed on, reserving their fire till each man could choose some particular soldier for his target; and before the Mexicans could reload, a murderous discharge of rifle balls was poured into their very bosoms. The Texan soldiers rushed on. They were without bayonets, but they converted their rifles into war-clubs, and leveled them upon the heads of Santa Anna's men. Along the breastwork there was a little more firing of muskets or rifles—it was a desperate struggle, hand to hand. The Texans, when they had broken off their rifles at the breech, by smashing in the skulls of their enemies, flung them down, and drew their pistols. They fired them once, and having no time to reload, hurled them against the heads of their foes; and then drawing forth their bowie-knives, literally cut their way through dense masses of living flesh.

"It would be a gross mistake to suppose that the Mexicans played the coward that day—for they were slain by hundreds in the ranks where they stood when the battle began—but the fierce vengeance of the Texans could not be resisted. They fought as none but men can fight, when they are striking for their homes, their families, and their dead kindred. The Mexican officers and men stood firm for a time, but the Texans stamped on them as fast as they fell, and trampled the prostrate and the dying down with the dead, and clambering over the groaning, bleeding mass, plunged their knives into the bosoms of those in the rear. When they saw that the dreadful onset of their foe could not be resisted, they either attempted to fly, and were stabbed in the back, or fell on their knees to plead for mercy, crying, 'Me no Alamo!' 'Me no Alamo!' 'Me no Alamo!' These unfortunate slaves of the Mexican tyrant had witnessed that brutal massacre of brave men, and now they could think of no other claim for mercy, but the plea that they were not there; for they knew the day of vengeance for the Alamo had at last come.

"But before the center breastwork had been carried, the right and left wings of the enemy had been put to rout or slaughter. The Mexicans, however, not only stood their ground at first, but made several bold charges upon the Texan lines.

"A division of their infantry, of more than five hundred men, made a gallant and well-directed charge upon the battalion of Texan infantry. Seeing them hard pressed, by a force of three to one, the commander-in-chief dashed between them and the enemy's column, exclaiming: 'Come on, my brave fellows, your general leads you.'

"The battalion halted and wheeled into perfect order, like a veteran corps, and Houston gave the order to fire. If the guns of the Texans had all been moved by machinery, they could not have been fired near

the same instant. There was a single explosion—the battalion rushed through the smoke, and those who had not been prostrated by the bullets, were struck down by the cleaving blows of uplifted rifles; and the leveled column was trampled into the mire together. Of the five hundred, only thirty-two lived, even to surrender as prisoners of war.

"On starting out from our camp, to enter upon the attack, I saw an old man, by the name of Curtis, carrying two guns. I asked him what reason he had for carrying more than one gun. He answered: 'The Mexicans killed my son and son-in-law in the Alamo, and I intend to kill two of them for it, or he killed myself.' I saw the old man again during the fight, and he told me 'he had killed his two men; and if he could find Santa Anna himself, he would cut out a razor strap from his back.'

"The flight had now become universal. The Texans had left on the ground, where the battle began, more than their entire number, dying and dead; and far away over the prairie they were chasing the flying, and following up the slaughter. Multitudes were overtaken and killed as they were making their escape through the deep grass. The Mexican cavalry were well mounted, and after the event they struck deep their spurs into their fleet horses, and turned their heads toward Vince's Bridge. They were hotly pursued by the victors; and when the latter came up, the most appalling spectacle, perhaps, of the entire day, was witnessed. When the fugitive horsemen saw that the bridge was gone, some of them, in their desperation, spurred their horses down the steep bank; others dismounted and plunged in the stream; some were entangled in their trappings, and were dragged down with their struggling steeds; others sunk at once to the bottom; while those whose horses reached the opposite bank, fell backward into the river. In the mean time, while they were struggling with the flood, their pursuers, who had come up, were pouring down upon them a deadly fire, which cut off all escape. Horses and men, by hundreds, rolled down together; the waters were red with their blood, and filled with their dying gurgles. The deep, turbid stream was literally clogged with the dead!"

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Negotiations for a treaty for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property have for some time been carried on between the governments of France and England; and there is every probability that they will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The only point on which any difference of opinion is understood to exist is as to the length of time for which the protection is to run.

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A sarcophagus, apparently of immense antiquity, was, says a Smyrna newspaper, recently discovered at Sayda. A dispute arose as to whom it should belong, but the government at Constantinople put an end to it by ordering the sarcophagus to be sent to that city. It bears an inscription in the Phœnician language.

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A Persian poet says: The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick veil of darkness; he made mirrors of the worlds, and threw a reflection from his own face on every atom.

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A certain writer of evident good sense and good taste says:—In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time.

OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Our New-England literature is becoming rich in historical records. Few countries have such a history to write, and fewer still have been favored with such worthy and appreciative historians. The charming records of the old annalists, and the quaint inscriptions of Puritan secretaries and clerks are now, with reverent affection and fidelity, sought out in their various hiding places, and reproduced in all their ancient simplicity of rhetoric and orthography. Every city and town, almost, includes among its *institutions* an historical society; and gentlemen of leisure, and *con amore* antiquarians, in all these municipalities, are earnestly engaged in gathering up all the vanishing incidents and historical records of the heroic age of New-England. The material is accumulating so rapidly that it is well-nigh impossible to keep up with these loving cultivators of the past. The very *seeds* of history and all the antiquated and musty documents that ordinarily are sealed to all but those who write the story of the world for the million readers, are now hurried out from the press, in the most tempting forms, upon spotted paper, and in generous type.

The old Bay State herself has caught the prevailing enthusiasm, and is now reprinting her old colonial records, in a style of almost matchless perfection. "The Records of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay in New-England" have just been reissued. They form six royal octavo volumes; and while they exhibit the filial respect of the state for its noble origin and history, they serve, in their mechanical execution, as a favorable exponent of the progress and triumphs of the arts among us. Under the direction of the intelligent Secretary of State, Honorable E. M. Wright, who, in the preparation of these volumes, has so worthily expressed the sentiments of the state, and subjected to the painstaking supervision of Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, than whom no one is better fitted by taste or cultivation for the office of editor, the Records of the Plymouth Colony, until it was merged with Massachusetts, into a provincial government, are to be published in the same style of typographical beauty.

The Massachusetts Records extend from 1625 to 1686. It is impossible to open the pages of these beautiful volumes without being beguiled into reading and tempted to make salient and instructive extracts. In glancing over the last volume, among the records of the "great and general court" held at Boston, November 3d, 1675, we find the following preamble and resolutions, which, in some respects, are appropriate enough to be a "tract for the times": "Whereas the most wise and holy God, for several yeares past, hath not only warned us by his word, but chastized us with his rods, inflicting upon vs many generall (though lesser) judgments, but we have neither heard the word nor rod as we ought, so as to be effectually humbled for our sins to repent of them, reforme, and amend our wayes; hence it is the righteous God hath heightened our calamity, and given comission to the barbarous heathen to rise up against us, and to become a smart rod and severe scourge to us, in burning and depopulating severall hopeful plantations, murdering many of our people of all sorts, and seeming as it were to cast us off, and putting us to shame, and not going forth with our armies, hereby speaking aloud to us to search and try our wayes, and turne againe vnto the Lord our God, from whom we have departed with a great backsliding.

"1. The court, apprehending there is too great a neglect of discipline in the Churches, and especially respecting those that are their children, through the now acknowledgment of them according to the order of the Gospel: in watching over them, as well as chatechising of them, inquiring into their spirituall estates, that, being brought to take hold of the covenant, they may acknowledge and be acknowledged according to their relations to God and to his Church, and their obligations to be the Lord's and to approve themselves so to be by a suitable profession and conversation; and doe therefore solemnly recomend it vnto the respective elders and bretheren of the severall Churches throughout this jurisdiction, to take effectual course for reformation herein.

"2. Whereas there is manifest pride openly appearing among us in that long haire, like womens haire, is worn by some men, either their owne or other haire made into perewigs, and by some women wearing borders of haire, and their cutting, curling, and immodest laying out their haire, which practise doth prevayle and increase, especially amongst the younger sort,—This Court doeth declare against this ill custome

as offensive to them, and diuers sober Christians amongst us, and therefore doe hereby exhort and advise all persons to use moderation in this respect; and further, doe empower all grand juries to present to the County Court such persons, whither male or female, whom they shall judge to exceede in the premises; and the County Courts are hereby authorized to proceed against such delinquents either by admonition, fine, or correction, according to their good discretion.

"3. Notwithstanding the wholesome lawes already made by this Court for restreyning excesse in apparell, yet through corruption in many, and neglect of due execution of those lawes, the euill of pride in apparell, both for costliness in the poorer sort, and vaine, new, strange fashions, both in poore and rich, *with naked breasts and armes*, or, as it were, pinioned with the addition of superstitious ribbons both on haire and apparell; for redress whereof, it is ordered by this court, that the County Courts, from time to time, doe give strict charge to present all such persons as they shall judge to exceed in that kinde, and if the grand jury shall neglect their duty herein, the County Court shall impose a fine upon them at their discretion." Fourteen such occasions for divine discipline are solemnly recorded by this general court; for they were "painful" and faithful men in these days, watching carefully over the manners and morals of the community. It would be a wholesome work to extract the remainder of this "act" if there were space, consisting of "resolutions" to mechanics and mechanics who charged too much for their work, or made too much profit upon their commodities, (it is to be hoped that the flour dealers will look at this "solemn" advice,) and to all idle and dissolute persons. The twelfth resolution reads as follows:—

"Whereas there is a loose and shifful custome of going or riding from toun to toun, and that oft times men and women together, vpon pretence of going to lecture, but it appears to be merely to drinke and reuell in ordinaries and tavernes, which is in itself scandalous, and it is to be feared a notable means to debauch our youth and hazard the chastity of such as are drawn forth thereto, for prevention whereof,—the court goes on to apply the most summary process of cure. It is very evident that prohibitory laws were constitutional in those days. We may look into this treasure house of practical wisdom again hereafter. These are the records of Massachusetts during the eventful colonial period; and as a fitting commentary upon them we have, just published, in a handsome octavo, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., "The History of Massachusetts—the Colonial Period. By John Steienson Barry." This volume has been announced by the press, and has been expected with no inconsiderable interest; as certain important historical manuscripts had fallen, for the first time, into the hands of a New-England historian. The volumes are so faithfully written, and its always interesting annals are told in a clear and entertaining style. It will find a ready welcome in all New-England homes, and will be sought after by her wandering sons all over the States. A succeeding volume will continue the history down to revolutionary days. This is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the season.

New-England had both a glorious political and ecclesiastical history; sometimes, indeed, the two were very closely intermingled together. Her religious system was rigid, sometimes proscriptive, marked with the weakness and superstition of the times, but always downright and earnest, full of noble principles, and prompting the most generous sacrifices for the truth's sake. Their weaknesses were of the times, their strength of God; they laid the foundations of our liberties, in toil and in tears, upon Christ as a sustaining "rock," and they painfully built up upon it a worthy superstructure. This portion of our history is not without a faithful disciple and exponent, Joseph B. Felt, who for twenty years has made this subject his special study, and who has enjoyed extraordinary opportunities for its investigation, and has brought out the first volume of his life work. It is entitled "The Ecclesiastical History of New-England, comprising not only Religious, but also Moral and other Relations." It bears the imprint of the Congregational Library Association, and shows marks of careful study on every page; it is full of details, but so skillfully are they arranged as to hold and charm the attention. It will be sought after by the student and the minister, and form another addition to the noble and now enlarged library of New-England illustrations. We may recur to its contents in some subsequent letter.

Just at this crisis, another interesting record of the same period is issued from the press. Little,

Brown & Co. have just published, in a handsome duodecimo, "The Life of Sir William Pepperrell, Bart., the only native of New-England who was created a Baronet during our Connection with the Mother Country. By Usher Parsons." This is a very pleasantly written memoir of the "Hero of Louisbourg," a native American, born in Kitting, N. H., becoming a merchant prince, and finally the leader of the New-England militia in a battle and siege, the result of which produced a profound impression in its day. Mr. Drake, in his "History of Boston," now publishing in numbers, and one of the most entertaining antiquarian chronicles of the day, says, "Few events have caused such rejoicing in Boston, as did the reception of the news of the capture of Louisbourg. An express packet arrived in the night of the second of July, bringing dispatches from Lieutenant-General Pepperrell, containing the account that that stronghold of the power of France, in America, had surrendered. As soon as it was day the intelligence was communicated to the town by the officers of the military, with three discharges of small arms; at which summons, the people, of all ranks, arose from their bed, to joy and thanksgiving, and each one severally contributed their part to wear away the day in rejoicing. In the evening there was a very handsome bonfire on the glial occasion, and the town universally illuminated, with all other public testimonies of joy, with a surprising decency and good order." The editor has made good use of his materials, and prepared a characteristic and interesting memoir both of his hero and of the times in which he lived.

The record of this wealthy and intelligent merchant's life reminds us of another volume of biography, which we have of late perused with interest. This is the unpublished life of the late Amos Lawrence, by his son, W. R. Lawrence, M. D. If the family would permit its general circulation, it would both be welcomed by the reading public, and be of eminent service to young merchants, and to young men of every form of business or profession. He commenced in Boston with a capital of eighteen dollars, a good country school education, sound principles, which never depreciated, and tireless activity. Before he died, his annual income some years amounted to between seventy and eighty thousand dollars—varying somewhat with the rise and fall of factory stocks. For twenty years, on account of delicate health, he was not engaged in active business, but devoted his time and strength to labors of benevolence. He fairly made the doing of good the business of his life, and managed this beautiful and blessed work with as much skill and ardor as he had been accustomed to arrange his daily business. During these years he had the pleasure of bestowing about "seven hundred thousand dollars" upon institutions of learning, and subjects and objects demanding aid and charity.

The memoir is admirably written, manifesting filial affection and honest admiration, but with extreme delicacy and truthfulness. His endowments of colleges and academies have perpetuated his good deeds, and being dead he yet speaketh. Thousands who drink at these fountains of learning will bless his memory and imbibing his spirit.

The new Library edifice for our city, worthy the large collection of books all ready for its shelves, and the larger donation still to come, is gradually rising from its foundations, just at the foot of the Common, and *vis-à-vis* to the State House upon the opposite eminence.

A well-conceived monument to Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, is in execution, the model having been accepted, and the funds subscribed for its preparation.

Ball Hughes has executed a beautiful and characteristic group, called "The Lamplighter," founded upon, and illustrating the charming story bearing this title.

The publishers of Dr. Worcester's Dictionaries, Messrs. Hixling, Swan & Brown, are bringing through their press a new quarto edition, greatly enlarged, carefully edited, and finely illustrated, which will be a powerful reinforcement to the Boston side, in this war of words, and protract the dictionary controversy another generation. The mechanical execution of the work will be admirable, and no pains, or study, or scholarship, will be wanting to secure the highest excellence in its interior preparation. The same publishers are enjoying an encouraging sale of the Earl of Carlisle's (the Lord Morpeth of American travel) "Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." The volume is written with great simplicity and beauty, and covering the scene of the existing European struggles, has an additional interest. It is the manly record of an

intelligent, reflecting scholar, giving ample time and careful attention to the examination of the present physical and social state of lands which have both a classic and modern history. No one can read the volume without interest and profit. Dr. Filton's charming notes make one's mouth water for the volume of his own travels over nearly the same sites, which is promised at a future day.

Crosby, Nichols & Co. announce, as in press, "Travels and Truth Pictures of a European Tour. By Rev. C. A. Bartol, 1 vol. 12mo.;" "The Lake Shore, or, the Slave, the Serf, and the Apprentice. By Emile Souvestre, author of the *Attie Philosopher* in Paris, translated from the French;" "Metrical Pieces, Original and Translated. By N. L. Frothingham, D.D.;" and "The Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life." The same publishers have just issued an interesting volume of doctrinal sermons, by George W. Burnap, D.D., entitled "Christianity, its Essence and Evidence, or, an Analysis of the New Testament into Historical Facts, Doctrines, Opinions, and Phraseology." It is especially worthy of consideration, as presenting an elaborate examination and refutation of European Rationalism from the stand-point of "Liberal Christianity." Its admission and premises will not commend themselves to many of your readers, but its argument is enriched by scholarly learning and a beautiful rhetoric, and so far as the rationalistic theories with which it battles is concerned, is irrefutable.

Ticknor and Fields are about to publish the fifth edition of Mr. Hillard's admirable volumes of travel, and critical examination of works of art, entitled, "Six Months in Italy;" a volume of poems by Charles Kingsley; "The Note Book of an English Opium Eater. By Thomas De Quincey;" "Land, Labor, and Gold, or, Two Years in Australia. By Wm. Howitt;" "The Wisdom and Genius of Walter Savage Landor. Edited by G. S. Hillard;" "Glaucus; or the Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley;" "Oakfield. By W. D. Arnold, (son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby);" a new volume of Poems by Tennyson; "Life of Professor Wilson, by Ferrier;" "Table Fruits—Habits and Men—Lives of Four Queens. By Dorian."

Gould and Lincoln have in press several works of marked value which will be issued at an early day; among these are, "God Revealed in Nature and in Christ," a new work by Rev. James B. Walker, the author of the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." The volume will include a refutation of the development theory contained in the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." This work will be expected with much interest, from the extraordinary reception which was accorded to the previous treatise of the author, "Patriarchy, or the Family, its Constitution, and Probation. By John Harris, D.D." This volume is the last of the series, to which "Pre-Adamite Earth" and "Man Primeval" have already been contributed, and have passed through four or five editions. Such a subject with such an author must command the attention of an immense audience. The same publishers are about issuing a new edition of "Bogert's Thesaurus of English Words," which will be considerably enlarged; they have also in press "The Christian Life, Social and Individual," by Peter Bayne, A. M., 12mo. It is a Scotch publication, and it is said to have created quite a sensation when first issued, being styled by one of the organs of the Free Church, "the religious book of the season."

The republication of the brilliant series of articles in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled "The Story of the Campaign," by this house, has met with deserved success. It is altogether the best description of the terrible events of the great European war, and its introduction in a most graphic style. Should the series be continued, the additional letters will be collected and published in the same style.

S. K. Whipple & Co. have lately issued a charming volume from the pen of Rev. J. T. Tucker, bearing as a title the expressive words, "The Sinless One." It is a classic religious volume of meditations upon Christ—clear, full, evangelical, of perennial interest—a companion for the Sabbath and hour of quiet—an appropriate gift-book to the young or to the mature. From the same press has come, "The Child and the Man, or the Children, the Sabbath School, and the World," by Rev. Charles Greenwood, with an introduction by Rev. E. X. Kirk—a lively volume upon a subject of vital importance. It cannot be read without quickening Christian activities, and should be widely circulated.

Little, Brown & Co. will speedily issue the Poems of Shelley, in three volumes. B. K. P.

Book Notices.

In January last the Honorable Mr. Chandler delivered in the House of Representatives a speech on the *Temporal Power of the Pope*, which is republished by *Carlton & Phillips*, accompanied by nine letters addressed to the honorable gentleman, by Dr. McClintock. Mr. Chandler appears to be an honest-hearted, well-meaning man, but very far from being well acquainted with the pretensions of the papal hierarchy. He is, if we may use the expression, but a Romanist of the low Church pattern—a Gallican rather than an Ultramontane. This is well shown by the learned reviewer, as it had been, indeed, already done by that great Ajax of the faith—Orestes Brownson, and the editors of that accredited papal organ—*The Dublin Tablet*. They scorn the aid of such a half-hearted defender of the faith; and it becomes the honorable representative to take a fresh observation, and ascertain if possible his own whereabouts.

Incidental Illustrations of the Economy of Salvation, its Doctrines and Duties, by Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. This well-printed volume bears the imprint of Henry V. Degen of Boston. It is prefaced by an engraved likeness of the author, who is well known in the religious community for her multiplied works of faith and labors of love. The present publication is mainly made up of facts, all tending to one great object—holiness of heart and life. Many of her illustrations are beautifully simple, and told in a winning strain of touching eloquence. Hair-splitting critics and possibly theoretical preachers of the perfect law of liberty may cavil and find fault, as they have done in time past with some of the peculiar teachings of this gifted lady. It were better, as we judge, to recognize her as a faithful and earnest-hearted fellow laborer, exemplifying her profession by her practice; and, overlooking all minor differences of sentiment, to heed the entreaty of the apostle to his true yoke-fellow—"Help those women which labored with me in the Gospel." The book cannot fail of doing good whenever it is read—the blessing of the Almighty is with it.

Gould & Lincoln of Boston have sent us a beautiful little volume entitled *My Mother; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence*. It is a new edition of a work originally published some six years ago, and is from a pen already distinguished in other works of literature. It is a pleasant addition to the library of books adapted to the Christian family circle.

The brief notice of *The Patent Hat* in our last number was thought not to be sufficiently explicit. We can scarcely afford the space, but may say, for the benefit of those anxious for more information upon this curious production, that it is a well-printed duodecimo volume of doggerel verses and bald prose, with "pictures to match." The author, or rather the manufacturer, had the good sense or the good luck to conceal his name. He tells the world that the book is "manufactured by PHILLO, and warranted

to do great service to all who wear it according to directions." Poor Philo! he has mistaken his calling. He had been better employed in making hats of the old fashion. His patent is worthless; it will do no good anywhere, and he will be out of pocket by it. Take a specimen of what Philo calls poetry. He is giving advice to ministers of the Gospel, and informs them that

"He who God's highest glory has in view,
One thing must not, another he must do,—
Preach on no subject till he understands,
But use all means God puts into his hands
Wisdom to gain; with skill and power to impart
The same to others; to the sinner's heart
To hurl the arrows of conviction, and
With such resistless force none can withstand."

Rather hard to say, after all, Philo, what is the one thing he must not do. Certes, you meant to say he must preach on no subject till he understands (it?) Did n't you? But Philo is equally severe upon the laity, O how badly they behave even in the house of God! Philo can't stand it. Why, says he,—

"In all their dealings some are full of tricks,
On Sabbath days they'll talk on politics."

And worse than that—

"They'll talk about the weather, markets, or
Discuss the subject of the foreign war."

In his invocation Philo meekly said:—

"I ask not lofty style, Shaksperian flame;
Unless 't will tend to good—I ask not fame."

That request was certainly granted, at least in part. About the fame we can say nothing yet; but the lofty style did not come, nor the Shaksperian flame; and Philo himself found it out after manufacturing fifty-five pages of rhyme. And so he says:—

"And so, from stern necessity,
He had to press part number III."

And so he presses it through the remaining three-fourths of his volume, with which no reasonable man can find fault, seeing "he had to" do it.

Dr. McElligott has done good service, more especially to young men, by the preparation of a neat duodecimo volume, entitled *The American Debater*. It contains a plain exposition of the principles and practice of public debate; discusses at some length the question, What is a good debater? has some very judicious remarks upon extemporaneous speaking, and is in all respects well calculated to answer the design of the author in furnishing a complete manual of all that is essential in the formation and conduct of associations for mutual improvement. There is also a collection of nearly six hundred questions suitable for discussion, and specimens of argumentation on both sides of several important topics. The rules of order in deliberative assemblies are the most full of any with which we are acquainted; and there is scarcely any question that can arise but here finds a satisfactory solution. It is from the press of *Leison & Phinary*.

Dr. Foster has issued, in a very neat style, *A Treatise on the Need of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with respect to her Ministry*. It is the substance of a sermon delivered before the ministers of the New-York East Conference, at their late session, and is published at their request. The main proposition—the Church needs a thoroughly-educated and liberally-informed ministry—is cogently enforced by arguments drawn from the present condition of the Church, as contrasted with the past; from the relations of Methodism to theology; from the relation of the ministry to the development of the Church; and from the nature of the work itself. It is among the auspicious signs of the times that a body of Methodist ministers should request the publication of such an earnest plea for ministerial education. Published for the author by *Carlton & Phillips*.

Carter & Brothers have added to their already long catalogue of truly devotional books, a neat little volume, entitled *The Devotions of the Apostle Paul*. It is anonymous, but evidently from the pen of a warm-hearted disciple. It would have pleased us better if the author had given the names of the poets, from whom quotations are so liberally made; and we must add, that the alterations in the verses of Charles Wesley are not improvements. The author is Calvinistic in sentiment, but catholic, and the book will do good.

Life and Times of Rev. Elijah Hedding, D. D., late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This long-expected work has at length made its appearance in a well-printed large duodecimo volume of nearly seven hundred pages. The more interesting portion of the volume—the history of the bishop's early labors in the ministry—his career as an itinerant preacher— anecdotes and incidents of Methodism while in its infancy, were furnished by himself, and taken from his lips, mainly by the Rev. M. L. Scudder, to whose persevering industry the Church is largely indebted. In his will the bishop appointed his colleague, Bishop Janes, "to receive those papers, write the biography, or appoint some one else to write it, and cause it to be published for the benefit of the Methodist Episcopal Church." By appointment of Bishop Janes, the Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., undertook the preparation of the volume, and has interwoven with the biography much of the early history of Methodism in New-England, and the more prominent events—especially those connected with the great evil of slavery, of a later day. An introduction by Bishop Janes precedes the volume; closing with a notice from Bishop Morris, who read the work in manuscript, and who gives it as his opinion that Dr. Clark has proved himself equal to the trust confided to him. The late hour at which we receive the volume—just as we are going to press—prevents our giving it that careful perusal to which it is entitled. *New-York: Carlton & Phillips*.

The New-Englander. From the papers of this Quarterly, we have been in the habit of deriving instruction and profitable themes for meditation. Although, as it should be, decidedly Calvinistic in its theology and Congregational in its ecclesiastical preferences, we rank it among the

best periodicals of the age. It is not creditable to the descendants of the Puritans that though the writers for its pages have received no pecuniary remuneration, the New-Englander has barely sustained itself. We trust that under its new editorial supervision a better day has dawned upon its prospects, and that it will long continue to flourish.

It is not a great many years since the name of Wilberforce was as hateful, his motives as much misrepresented, and his character as savagely traduced by multitudes in Great Britain, as those of Garrison are, in our own day, in some sections of these United States. The perseverance, the fidelity, and, above all, the fervent piety of the British Anti-Slavery champion bore him successfully onward to the end of his career; but God did not let him die until he had seen with his own eyes the success of the great cause for which he lived. Baffled, outvoted, defeated again and again in the House of Commons, success came at last; and no man received such tokens of esteem and love. After the great victory, in the British Parliament, one of the speakers contrasted "the feelings of the emperor of the French in all his greatness, with one present, who will this night lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the slave-trade is no more." Every eye was turned toward Wilberforce, and the assembled legislators, forgetful of their usual gravity, burst out in acclamations of applause." Full of days and full of honors, the good man went to his reward, and his countrymen gave his body a resting-place by the side of their greatest statesmen, in Westminster Abbey. The life of such a man is full of interest and encouragement to perseverance in every good work. We tender our thanks to the *Messrs. Carter* of this city for the delightful little volume entitled, *Memoirs of William Wilberforce*, by Mary A. Collier. She has performed her task admirably, condensing from the minute biography compiled by the sons of the great statesman, all the more important facts, and weaving the whole into a most pleasing narrative. We suggest the propriety of issuing a less expensive edition, for the use of common schools and Sunday-school libraries.

A series of lectures on the character of Nehemiah, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, England, has been revised, modified, and made into a book, with the title of *A Model for Men of Business*, by Dr. Curry, now president of the Asbury University, in the state of Indiana. It is full of good advice and sound theological sentiments, and will benefit that class of persons for whom it is intended—if they read it. The style, however, is not the most attractive. *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*.

Blanche Dearwood, a tale of modern life, from the press of *Bunce & Brother*, is well-written, and entitled to a high rank among the fictitious publications of the day.

Carter & Brothers have issued in a neat volume *The Dead in Christ; their State Present and Future*, by John Brown, D. D. Without much originality and with no attempt at display, this little book is well adapted to impart comfort to Christians who have been bereaved of Christian friends.

Literary Record.

A VALUABLE work, by the Rev. Dr. Akers, is now going through the press of the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati. It is entitled, "Introduction to Biblical Chronology, from Adam to the Resurrection of Christ, comprising five thousand five hundred and seventy-three Years of the World, synchronized with Julian Time; with such Calendars, Cycles, Tables, and Explanations, as render the whole subject easy of comprehension to every Bible student."

An edition of Bryant's Poems has just been published at Dessau, in Prussia, by the house of Katz Brothers. It forms the first of their series of Standard Americans, which they are publishing under the editorial superintendence of Dr. Karl Elze.

It turns out, on the evidence of a manuscript note of the late Lord Cockburn, of Edinburgh, the biographer of Jeffrey, and the careful collector during his life of everything relating to the *Edinburgh Review* and Scottish literature generally—that the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which drew forth the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and stung Byron into the splendid revenge of his subsequent career, was written, not by Jeffrey, but by Brougham.

Who was Thomas à Kempis?—Mr. Disraeli, in a recent sitting of the House of Commons, asked, "Who was Thomas à Kempis?" and an honorable and learned gentleman gave the profound answer, "He was Thomas à Kempis." The same great authority, if asked "Who was the man in the iron mask?" would no doubt answer that he was the man who wore the mask of iron; and he would consider the reply as perfectly satisfactory. But our object in referring to the Thomas à Kempis affair is, to inform Mr. Disraeli and his honorable colleague of a fact of which neither seem to be aware—and that is, that Thomas à Kempis, whoever he was, was *not* the author of the famous "Imitation of Jesus Christ." The authorship of that extraordinary work was ascribed to him, because the oldest manuscript of it known to be extant was signed by him; but it has now been ascertained, beyond all reasonable doubt, that he only put his name to it as copyist, not as author; and that the real author of the work was the learned John Gerson, who was one of the most celebrated theologians of his day, and who was for some time Chancellor of the University of Paris.

Translation of the Bible into the Arabic.—The following account is given of the translation of the Bible into Arabic at Beyroot:—First of all, a native scholar, a slender, sallow, careworn man, well-versed in Hebrew and Greek as well as in Arabic, made the translation. Then this man, Dr. Smith, the first Arabic scholar of the world, revised that translation. Then a profoundly versed Arabic scholar, whose ear had not been vitiated by any foreign idiom, revised it again, and the revised revision was again revised by Dr. Smith. The New Testament is

printed, and considerable progress has been made in the Old Testament. A small steam-engine has been set up at the mission, which drives the printing-press that printed that Bible.

We had yesterday the pleasure, says an exchange paper, of a visit from Mr. Macaulay, United States Consul at Venice, on his way to New-Orleans. Among other items of intelligence, he told us that he had an interview in London with Macaulay, the historian, whose health is good, and who assured him that his next volume, on the history of England, will appear before the public in a few weeks.

Education in Great Britain.—Sir John Pakington in his place in the House of Commons has made it appear from the census tables, that of five millions of children, between the ages of five and fifteen, in the kingdom of Great Britain, only forty-one and a fraction per cent. attend school; twelve and a fraction per cent. are at work; and forty-six and a fraction per cent. are neither at school nor at work. The cause of this he ascribes partly to the poverty of the parents, and partly to their indifference—an indifference arising in part from their own want of education, and in part from the bad education given at the schools. In his judgment, with the exception of Russia, Spain, Italy, and the slave States of America, England is at the bottom of the scale in point of education.

The Federal Government of Switzerland, which has heretofore in that capacity done nothing for public education, is now proposing to establish an institution of a superior order, which will, in a measure, combine the objects of a university with those of technical schools. The establishment will probably include six departments:—First, an architectural school; second, a school of engineers for roads and bridges; third, a chemical school; fourth, a school for mechanics; fifth, a school of *foresters*; and sixth, a philosophical faculty, with professors of philology and literature, law, mathematics, history, &c., &c. Among the distinguished men whom it is intended to invite to occupy chairs in this institution, the name of Professor Agassiz, now of Cambridge, Mass., but formerly of Neuchatel, is mentioned in the European journals.

The London *Critic* contains an account of a great work in preparation by Count Tullio Dandolo, of Milan, upon *early Christian history*, entitled "Studies upon Rome and the Empire till the Times of Marcus Aurelius." The work is to be in six volumes, which are said to be all prepared—the sixth of them has been published under the title, "Nascent Christianity," in the "Bibliotheca Ecclesiastica" at Milan. The other five are to contain the general history of the Roman Empire in this, its most splendid period, its statistics, its manners and customs, and the history of the Latin and Greek literature. Count Dandolo is the author of several other works—one on "Dante and Columbus," "Italy in the Last Century," "Northern Europe and America in the Last Century," "Swit-

zerland in the Middle Ages," "Switzerland Picturesque," &c. All these works, with the one now in the course of publication, are again only parts of a still more comprehensive scheme, a "History of Thought in Modern Times," for which the author is represented as admirably adapted, and in which he has received the encouragement of the pope.

Among the books announced in Paris are the following: Unpublished Letters of Voltaire, with Notes and Introduction, by St. Marc Girardin; History of Attila, his Sons and his Successors, followed by Legends, by Amedee Thierry; England in the Eighteenth Century, Historical Essays and Political Portraits, by Charles de Remusat; History of Christianity and of Roman Society in the Fourth Century, by Albert de Broglie; History of the Revolution of 1848, by Garnier Pages, member of the Provisional Government; a new volume of poems—Contemplations—by Victor Hugo, the first line of his pub-

lished in France since his exile. The jealousy of the censorship may have discovered dangerous allusions in these poems, which are not ostensibly political; they were commenced long ago, and, in the natural course of things, should have appeared before this.

An English paper says:—"When Thackeray finishes his 'Newcomes,' he will go to America with a new set of lectures all hot for the Yankees, and not delivered here first. I believe Mr. Macaulay's historical volumes will appear this year. Mr. Carlyle is working at the Life of Frederick the Great. He seems to get despondent about it occasionally, perhaps from fits of disgust with the characters it brings him in contact with. Mr. Tennyson has a new volume of poems 'written,' which are spoken of as equal to anything he has done; but when or how they will appear, I cannot say. He lives very quietly in the Isle of Wight, and has a young family springing up about him."

Arts and Sciences.

A FRENCH gentleman has discovered a vehicle for painting, which he calls *colocirium*; and believes it identical with that used by Pompeian artists. It is described as brilliant and durable—as having no smell—as capable of being used in any weather.

Saving Red-hot Iron.—Iron bars and shaftings are cut to length by a circular soft steel saw. The iron to be cut is presented red hot to the saw, which rotates at a high velocity, and is kept cool by its lower part passing through a trough containing cold water. A large bar of iron can thus be cut through in a few seconds.

Iodine.—Iodine derives its name from *ioides*, a Greek word signifying violet-colored; but the transcendent beauty of the color of its vapor requires further elucidation than simply saying that it has a violet hue. If a little iodine be placed on a hot tile, it rises into a magnificent dense vapor, fit for the last scene of a theatrical representation. This remarkable substance was discovered by accident about forty years ago. At that period chemical philosophy was in great repute, owing principally to the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy. So singular a substance as iodine was to Davy a source of infinite pleasure. He studied its nature and properties with the fondness and zeal of a child at a puzzle-map. His great aim was to prove its compound nature; but in this he failed; and to this day it is believed to be one of the primitive elements of the world we live in. Iodine is found in almost every natural substance with which we are acquainted, although in very minute portions. The sea furnishes an inexhaustible supply of iodine; all the fish, the shells, the sponges, and weeds of the ocean, yield it in passing through the chemical sieve. Whatever be the food of sea-weeds, it is certain that iodine forms a portion of their daily banquet; and to these beautiful plants we turn

when iodine is to be manufactured for commercial purposes. The weeds cast up by the boiling surf upon the desolate shores of the sea-islands, would at first sight appear among the most useless things in the world; but they are not; their mission is fulfilled; they have drawn the iodine from the briny wave, and are ready to yield it up for the benefit and happiness of man. The inhabitants of the Tyrol are subject to a very painful disease, called goitre or cretinism; for this malady iodine is a perfect cure. Go, and have your portrait painted as you are. Photography tells the whole truth without flattery; and the colors used in the process are only silver and iodine.

The Progress of the Submarine Telegraph.—The American Telegraph Company, we learn, expect to have telegraphic communication from Europe via St. Johns, Newfoundland, to New-York, before the close of the season. The company is preparing to lay down under the Atlantic a submarine cable, from St. Johns to Newfoundland, for which purpose a contract has been made with some French and English operators to complete the same within three years. In 1858 London and New-York will communicate hourly by telegraph.

N. Deyere, formerly engineer of the Parisian Fire Battalion, in a work recently published by him, confirms the universal opinion that leather hose fastened with copper rivets are the best in every respect. For the last fifteen years hose have been manufactured from hemp and flax woven without seam, which, although they are capable of resisting great pressure, leak badly, even when new and well-greased; they also rot easily, if not dried with the greatest precaution after use, and, if they burst, no system of repair is available. Since 1844, India-rubber hose have been used, formed by means of a wide band of linen or cotton twine, covered

with caoutchouc, and rolled around a cylinder of proper diameter, so as to present a quintuple thickness. Such hose are air-tight, but they perish quickly, from the peeling of the rubber.

An equestrian statue in bronze of Napoleon the Third has been erected on a pedestal opposite the eastern front of the exhibition palace. The statue is of the size of life, and was cast by *M. Gaillard*, from a model by *M. Debay*. The emperor is represented in the uniform of a general officer, and is mounted on a magnificent horse. His majesty holds the reins in his left hand, and is saluting with his hat in the right.

Bank Notes.—It was supposed that the new invention of daguerreotyping bank notes would render counterfeiting so perfect, as to render detection impossible. But there are no secrets which our chemists cannot discover. Half a dozen grains of corrosive sublimate, dissolved in a tea spoonful of water, will instantly obliterate the letters on a daguerreotype note, while it has no effect whatever upon a printed one. This is well to be known.

The Scientific American, published weekly in this city, is an ably-conducted and reliable paper. It is embellished with costly engravings of new inventions, and conveys in an intelligible manner descriptions of new machinery, and notes the progress of the arts and sciences in all parts of the world. We acknowledge our indebtedness to its accomplished editors, and wish them all possible success.

The Mariner's Medal.—The State Department has received the first impression from their new steel dies, cut for making the silver medal to be presented to masters and crews of vessels rescuing Americans from shipwreck on the ocean. One face represents a sailor clinging to a broken mast, with the waves dashing around him, and gulls hovering over him, the rescuing ship being seen sailing up, in the background. On the reverse side is a wreath of laurel and ivy, encircling thirty-one stars at the head and the American eagle at its base, with space enough between them in which to engrave the inscription the medal is to bear. The artist is *Mr. W. F. X. Kochler*, of Baltimore, who has in this case made one of the most beautiful medals in the possession of this government.

Marble.—An article in Hunt's "Merchant's Magazine," upon American marbles, says that the tract of country lying between the Adirondac Mountains on the east, and extending from the northern part of Vermont south into Connecticut, contains the finest specimens of marble in the world. The Parian marble, so long celebrated as unsurpassed in quality and variety, the writer says, is exceeded in every respect by that of New-England. The value of the marble quarried there is now amounting to nearly two millions of pounds sterling, annually.

A remarkable machine for the purpose of abstruse calculations has been sent over to England, and deposited for the present at the Royal Society's rooms. It is the invention of an ingenious Swedish gentleman named *Schultz*, who has, it is said, expended the greater portion of his property in the various operations necessary to bring such an attempt to a suc-

cessful issue. The principle and the *modus operandi* of the machine are not yet fully made known, but it has the highest commendation of scientific men.

Progress of Reaping Machines.—We have been informed by a manufacturer of agricultural implements—one who is excellent authority—that between fifteen and sixteen thousand reaping machines will be manufactured and sold this year in our country. The demand is so great that manufacturers cannot make them fast enough for their orders. This affords evidence of agricultural prosperity, as the cost of these machines will amount to nearly two millions of dollars. Our farmers exhibit wisdom in using and patronizing machinery. A reaping machine will save the price of itself in one season.

The Ames Manufacturing Company, in Chicopee, Mass., are casting a colossal equestrian statue of Washington, to stand in Union-square, New-York. It was modeled by *H. K. Brown*, and, as a work of art, is spoken of in the highest terms of praise.

Fish.—The artificial lake and river in the Bois de Boulogne are now stocked with thousands of artificially-hatched fish—salmon, trout, and other varieties—recent graduates from the nurseries at the College de France. These legitimate offspring of science wriggle and frisk and dart about as vigorously as any natural-born fish in the world.

Mr. Weathered, a well-known manufacturer at the South, has invented an improved generator of steam, which has been successfully tested in his own factory, and is said to effect a saving of sixty per cent. in fuel. Steam, as everybody knows, is produced by heating water, a square inch of water producing a square foot of steam. The ordinary steam has had its power increased by passing through it red-hot pipes. This new invention combines the original and the surcharged steam, and thus increases its intensity and consequently its power, as the inventor maintains, twenty-five per cent. It is called "Weathered's Combined Steam," and to extensive manufacturers will save hundreds of tons a year of fuel.

A railroad bridge of monstrous dimensions has just been completed over the main channel of the river Maumee. It is seven hundred and eighty feet in total length, and fifty-five feet high from the water-level to the roadway. It is built on the "Howe-truss" principle, and contains three hundred and fifteen thousand feet, board measure, of pine lumber, forty tons of wrought, and thirty tons of cast iron.

A patent has been granted to a man in Illinois for a new hay-press. It presses the bales into a square form, and the levers act so as to press them when moving both forward and backward; that is, no time is lost when one bale is pressed, in returning the followers to the point where they commenced, to press in the box a second bale from the point where they commenced to return. There is no time lost, therefore, in running back the followers and hooping the bale, as this is done while the box is being filled for the succeeding bale.